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THE
LETTERS OF EDWARD DOWDEN

Edward Dowden.

Aged 43.

LETTERS

OF

EDWARD DOWDEN

AND HIS

CORRESPONDENTS

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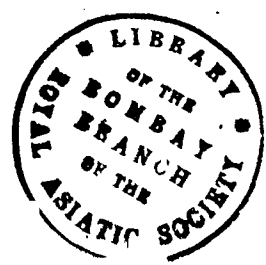

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EDITORS' NOTE

WE gratefully acknowledge kindness received from many of Edward Dowden's correspondents or their representatives—loan of letters written by him—and permission, whenever we made request, to publish letters written to him.

We thank not only the correspondents whose names appear in this book, but also those who sent us letters, which to our great regret we have not been able to include. Some of those letters seemed of a nature not acceptable to the general public; and some, though full of interest, and very suitable for publication, reached us unfortunately, too late.

To Mr T. W. Lyster we are deeply indebted for valuable advice on many points and for his friendly service in making notes. We have also had the great gain of assistance from Mr W. K. Magee—"John Eglinton"—who furthermore, in his preface, has said the right word about his friend Edward Dowden—for which we thank him.

These kind friends—by researches through old newspapers and periodicals, unearthed correct dates for many of the earlier letters of E. D. to his brother John Dowden, which were either undated or bore dates which proved to be astray—often by several years. The erroneous figures were due to the fact that at a later period the Bishop of Edinburgh wrote, from imperfect recollection, conjectural dates on the letters. In arranging the MS. for the printers we, the Editors, accepted unquestioned the dates thus written on these letters, and thereby determined their sequence.

With the correction of the errors in dates, came of course a disturbance of the order as previously arranged. But it was not possible to attempt a redistribution, the book being

far advanced through the press when the discovery was made of what was amiss.

We can only ask the readers' indulgence, whenever they find themselves obliged to trace the sequence up and down through scattered pages.

A few other misplacements have occurred in consequence of our making, at the eleventh hour, an entire change in the structure of our book.

Yielding to the wise advice of our publisher, we adopted then the plan of chronological order, instead of that at first chosen—the grouping of all letters under the names respectively of each correspondent, regarding chronology only within each group.

In making this alteration, with the haste required, it chanced that some pages escaped their rightful sequence, and the mishap was not perceived until too late to remedy it.

These defects are obvious—and—regrettable.

ELIZABETH D. DOWDEN
HILDA M. DOWDEN

April 1914

PREFACE

THE truth contained in the saying, "A critic is one who has failed in art," needs to be more explicitly stated. A critic is often one whose power of conception exceeds his power of execution, but who is left with enough of the latter not merely to make him endlessly curious as to "how the thing is done," but to give him a special insight into the processes of its accomplishment. When in addition to this technical equipment he is endowed with a special instinct for getting at the truth of things, he is an ideal critic. Edward Dowden lived in an age of criticism, and many wrote in a more brilliant and personal style than he, but it may be doubted if any critic of his time in these islands surpassed or even equalled him in the power of getting at the structural idea in any imaginative work considered by him. He astonished the author of *Sordello* when, a young man barely out of his teens, he applied this faculty of his to its interpretation; and all through life, in his enormous and incessant reading, he laid up for himself a continual increment of skill and wisdom by its exercise. Yet although at the age of twenty-four he was already the well-known "Professor Dowden," and though for nearly half a century he was the chief representative of culture in Ireland, he remained less an example of one who has "wrought upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought" than of one who has propitiated fortune at the outset by the sacrifice of a youthful dream. In this quiet and gracious-mannered man there always appeared to be something which did not transpire in ordinary intercourse, and which he was glad to get back to. In truth, Dowden was and felt himself to be a poet. About the years 1872-3, his *annī mīrābiles*, when the poetic impulse was strong

upon him, he had been tempted to sacrifice everything to it. One has a feeling of regret now, in reading his collected poems, which contain such beautiful and interesting things as "La révélation par le desert," his various sonnet-sequences, etc., that one did not make more of them while he lived, for it is certain that academic or mundane honours were as nothing to him in comparison with recognition as a poet. The poet in Dowden was the secret of his personal distinction; it was the secret also of that strange humility of his, for he hardly valued himself at all on the possession of those faculties for which the world in his case found most use: his aptitude for mere book-learning, for instance, of which he says in his letters, "Somehow I have acquired a lot of wholly useless knowledge and can't get rid of it." The creative faculty was what he valued; and his instinct for recognising it, which enabled him to contribute to literature so large a body of most helpful criticism, was derived from the poet in himself.

In English literature criticism has been for the most part as much a mode of personal expression as poetry. Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey lapsed as readily into personal reminiscences as into the confession of their loves and hates in literature. In Dowden's critical work, on the other hand, there is an entire elimination of his own personality: a "subordination of self to the faithful setting forth of the entire truth of one's subject"—his own definition of the proper frame of mind in the critic. How differently from Dowden would Hazlitt have told of his "first acquaintance" with Browning or Walt Whitman! of the day in Trinity College Library when he had climbed a ladder in some search and opened a book new to him at the page, "A grammarian's funeral"; or of Browning's exclamation, when he beheld his youthful interpreter, "A Daniel come to judgment!" Personal confessions of this kind were not in Dowden's manner; there is even in his work a comparative silence as to those writers who had become part of himself. It was generally a problem, something to be accounted for to him-

self in an author, which prompted him to criticism; it was of those whom he had to "live with" for a time—a favourite expression with him—in order to understand them, that he chiefly wrote. He thus came to know a larger number of souls, one may think, than almost any English critic; and perhaps, could an ideal employment have been found for him, it would have been that of doing for English literature something like what Sainte-Beuve did for French literature. His greatest achievement is no doubt his work on Shakespeare. By "living with" each play in turn, and by much patient work in fixing the chronological sequence of the plays, he has perhaps done as much as anyone to make Shakespeare a real person to us; to a certain extent he may even be said to have imposed his conception of Shakespeare on modern criticism. Yet when he began to study Shakespeare it was with a "natural indifference to dramatic poetry." Similarly, the life of Shelley was a task accepted by him, and one would say it was written by a "Shelleyite"; yet the phrases and mannerisms which gave occasion for the badinage of Matthew Arnold were really due to an attempt to tell that life sympathetically, with the excuses for Shelley which Shelley found for himself. No, the real Dowden was neither "Shakespearian," nor "Shelleyite," nor even a "Wordsworthian." There was in him a kind of superiority to the various tasks which he accepted through life, and discharged with a maximum of zealous efficiency: that something which his friends missed in his writings, and which from most society he was so glad to get back to!

It is this missing personal element in his writings which the present collection of letters comes to supply; and the mere fact that so many of his correspondents, from his earliest years, preserved his letters, is already a sort of credential of their interest and value. The writing of letters was at all times with him one of his principal relaxations. He seemed always ready for it, and wherever he happened to be—in the Examination Hall of Trinity College, or lying

out on the grass, or in the midst of his family—he would pull out his fountain-pen, and in that beautiful handwriting welcomed by his correspondents all over the world, would give the piece of advice solicited, find what he could say in praise of some MS., supply a fact in literary history, or gossip about himself, his literary, professorial, political activities, with the same blending of irony and sympathy with which he looked on at life and the world. It was almost his chosen mode of intercourse with his friends, as he admits playfully to the friend to whom he wrote his best letters: "It is satisfactory to be at writing distance. It is only now and then I am friendly to you in bodily presence. However, you are aware that under my talk of the weather there is something more real. But on paper I can even talk of 'two new points in Hamlet's soul' (much better than the weather)." The personality which presents itself in these letters is that almost of a saint of culture: a saint, however, not lost to humanity, nor whom celestial diet has spoiled for human nature's daily food; for they are a record of a life passed with the great personalities of literature. Incidentally, they reveal a gradual passage from religious orthodoxy, or belief in a special revelation, to that standpoint which the modern mind has won for itself, and from which it regards all human utterance, in art, literature and science, as a progressive revelation of the divine-human. They are perhaps of special value on account of the many literary judgments which they contain, in which the writer speaks *personally*, and no longer as the professional appraiser of literature. They are, so far as they go, probably the best record of a singularly well-filled life, the life of a man who was always as ready for the inward life as he was for the claims of the outward. His excellent general health (he never knew what it was to have a headache), and his rare fund of nervous energy, no doubt helped in this, but his spiritual health, his unflagging interest in the things of the mind, was an achievement of character.

As one caught a glimpse of him in the Dublin thoroughfares, placidly reading on the top of a tramcar or hurrying homeward with an armful of books, and noticed how the Dublin citizen turned to look after his picturesque figure, one asked oneself what his true place was in the intellectual life of his native country. For many years Dowden's mind was probably the first point touched by anything new in the world of ideas outside Ireland. He was probably the first to speak of Nietzsche, Ibsen, Bergson; and in this way many influences which afterwards entered Ireland, had an existence in Dowden's brain somewhat analogous to the existence of Christianity in Ireland before Saint Patrick. Dowden, however, was not a patriotic Irishman: "a half-breed Irishman," he was fond of calling himself, and "with none of the instincts of Irish nationality." Yet Dowden's life and character have a special value for Ireland, and this book perhaps contributes to Irish literature what it has hitherto lacked, a literary personality. Our Irish writers have nearly always lost themselves in their themes and become impersonal. In the whole range of Irish literature we have hardly had a writer who found himself in the rendering of his country's history and traditions. And it is for Irish literature that Dowden's life, so austerely shut up within itself, has its chief lesson. It is a "point of rest" in Ireland's literary history, and possibly also a "point of departure." Several efforts were made at various times to bring Dowden into the Irish literary movement, and more than once, through a combative instinct which the world has agreed to call "Hibernian," he came into collision with the leaders of "national" literature—at the time of the Moore Centenary, for instance, when he wrote to the Committee that "a centenary celebration was a national homage which it is well for us to reserve for men in a high sense of the word great,"—whereupon there was an outcry; and in the early 'nineties, when the rising young men of the 'Irish Literary Revival' assailed him as a Frederick the Great of his country's litera-

ture. Mr Yeats, Mr O'Grady, and others thought they had a clear case against him when they urged the analogies of Greece, of Germany, of Norway, of Scotland, countries which in their great literary periods had reverted to their own traditions: but what possible force could such claims have with a man for whom literature was above all things a manifestation of personality, a progressive revelation of human nature? In truth, it can hardly be said that Irish nationality hitherto has understood literature, at least in any sense in which Dowden understood the word; and it is remarkable that Dowden, the life-long foe of Irish nationalism, had as much to suffer as any man from the fact that his life was lived in a provincial society. His isolation in Ireland symbolizes the incompatibility of Irish nationalism hitherto with the principle of spiritual culture. His contribution to Irish literature was perhaps the greatest he could have made, a personality; and if there was something in that contribution in the nature of a rebuke, perhaps a rebuke from one so wise and kindly, gentle yet unflinching, so experienced in all affairs of the mind, was what was most required.

JOHN EGLINTON

EDWARD DOWDEN'S LETTERS

PATTERDALE HOTEL
(*Aug. 1st*, 1859)

MY DEAR MAG.[1]—This letter is a proof of unlimited affection, I consider, as I am just resting after a terribly hard day's walking. John intends to send an epistle on to-day's doings, so I shall not "trespass on his preserves," but I may perhaps go so far as to say that after coming down the whole length of Ullswater in a boat, we then (partly, indeed, at my own instigation) set off to "climb the steep brow of the lofty Helvellyn," a distance of five miles from the hotel by the nearest route. Of course the adverse fates insisted on our losing the way, and so after the most laborious climbing, scrambling, up-goings and down-slidings, we at length reached the top.

But I trespass—I must confine my ardent spirit to the tamer scenes of yesterday.

Well, then, the first remarkable event to notice was getting Mr Slatter's Royal Railway Bill, and, I am sorry to say, paying it. All I need say, is that our reflections thereupon were of a very melancholy character, especially observing that "riches take unto themselves wings and flee away." Leaving our Royal abode we tramped, bags in hand, to the station, a walk of about half a minute. On the way I tossed a letter into the post-office for Mamma, having forgotten, as I discovered the moment after, to put on a stamp. I hope you did not waste two-pence on the rubbish? The

[1] E. D.'s sister Margaret.

journey from Liverpool to Penrith, if you are curious, you may find traced in that one book of travels of irreproachable fidelity, Mr Bradshaw's Guide. Our companions were perfect characters, I suppose, for they appeared to have no peculiarities, till at Kendal or Lancaster, I think, a little man with a big voice, and a big woman with a little voice, and a little girl with a very little voice, came in. They were from Carlisle and proved to be domestic.

At length we reached Penrith; after having given our luggage in charge to the conductor of the Sun Omnibus, Pooley Bridge (an hotel bus), we got off to see the sights of the town. These were, as you may imagine, not very numerous. The churchyard contained a most curious old monument beneath which the King of Cumberland, one of the sovereigns in the time of the Heptarchy, lies. It consists of two carved weather-worn stone shafts at head and foot, and a flat stone covered with Runic inscriptions. . . . The inside of the church contains some curious portraits of Richard III., the Shepherds of Bethlehem, and other celebrated characters, besides two miserable looking candelabra, a royal gift to the town for its loyalty during the Revolution of 1745. After leaving the church we hastened away to get to "The Beacon," an old building on the top of a hill about a mile from the town, whence a fine view of Ullswater was to be obtained. The view did, indeed, repay the little exertion we had in reaching the spot, but we had no time to lose as a seven mile walk to Pooley Bridge was yet before us. About a mile and a half or two miles from Penrith are some strange druidical remains called King Arthur's Round Table and Maybrough. The first of these we saw. It is merely a circular field surrounded by a grassy ditch. Alas! that the good king's fare should be so scant and poor. A very lean piece of horse-flesh was browsing on the famous table—round where all the knights used to sit in olden time.

There was nothing else noteworthy till we came near Pooley

Bridge, the lower end of Ullswater. But I'll say nothing of the splendid scenery nor the delightful ramble by the shore we had after tea, as John's letter will give you enough of "beautiful hills and fine trees" for one day.

Why have we got no letters yet? Oh, shame! Shame! Miss. The paper is very suggestive of good-bye.

Have you guessed that I am your affectionate brother,

E. D.

GEORGE HOTEL, KESWICK
August 2nd (1859)

MY DEAR PAPA,—In the letter he is just now writing John will tell you how we arrived here safe last night, tho' with rather a dangerous introduction to our coaching experiences.

An account of to-day's proceedings falls to my share. Well, then, after the ordinary unsentimental but very necessary beginning of breakfast, we set off to visit the great lead pencil manufactories of the town. Strangers are very kindly admitted, so we were fortunate enough to be shown through the whole place. The works are very well worth seeing, and the more so, perhaps, because the machinery used is so simple that anyone almost could understand it. On leaving the pencil manufactory we rambled away for about a half a mile out of Keswick in the opposite direction, to the boat pier where we might get a couple of hours rowing on Lake Derwentwater.

Plenty of little skiffs were lying about the strand and we engaged one for a shilling an hour. In this we pulled up to within about three-quarters of a mile from the southern end of the lake. I must abstain, I am afraid, altogether from any attempt to describe the scenery about Derwentwater, for really the best description would give but very little

idea of it. The lake itself somewhat resembles the middle lake in Killarney, but is certainly grander and more extensive. There are three or four good-sized and well-wooded islands, which gives this lake an advantage over that we last saw, Ullswater.

After returning to the landing-place and holding a conference of a few minutes, we resolved to push on foot (you have no notion what pedestrians we are) to the upper part of the lake, where the famous cataract of Lodore was to be seen. On the way to Lodore we visited a very beautiful cascade called Barrow Fall, which descends the height of 124 feet in two splendid leaps. The volume of water is small, but it has an excellent effect as it hurries down spread out in foam over the surface of the rock like Torc. A mile farther is Lodore. By the time we reached this the day was pretty far advanced and somehow (it's very strange to account for it) a question relating to bread and cheese suggested itself, but our difficulty in this remarkable question was, Whether it would be less sentimental to indulge in these gross viands before or after gazing in rapt admiration at the great work of Nature. After much discussion, influenced by the fear that the beauty of the scene might take away our appetites entirely, it was decided in favour of bread and cheese, and against sentiment. In this way, you see, sentiment would get undivided sway in the end. And so in fact it did. Lodore cascade is the grand spot for seeing the genus tourist to perfection.

Here is the artist with his sketch-book out, perched on a rock, pencil in hand, with moustache and slouched hat; here the clergyman, thinned by work and looking the thinner for doing the tourist in a tom-and-jerry, with his notebook, dashing away at "Lines composed at the side of Lodore waterfall." Here's the young lady not yet quite tamed into her ladyship, who can still take pleasure in climbing the crags, and the two pedestrians, wallets on their backs, who stop

five minutes and trudge away again. Not so with us. We waited a good hour before setting off two miles more to see the Bowder Stone. This last is a huge rock lying at one side of a charming little vale surrounded on all sides by fine mountains. The Bowder Stone seems to have broken off one of these mountains and to have rolled to its present position. What is most strange is that it rests upon a sharp edge. Visitors ascend it by a flight of wooden steps fixed on one side. On leaving this we retraced our steps and returned by the other side of the lake, completing a walk of about fourteen miles.

I must now to Dreamland. With all sorts of good wishes, I remain, your affectionate son, E. DOWDEN.

SALUTATION INN
AMBLESIDE
Thursday evening (*Aug. 5th.* 1859)

MY DEAR MAMMA,—How we came here to Ambleside must remain for ever a mystery to you unless John condescends to inform you, as he has given me my choice of reciting yesterday's or to-day's adventures, and I have chosen yesterday's. Well, you must remember that we were at Keswick then and that we had already spent a day in seeing Derwentwater and the neighbouring sights. The morning was fine though cloudy, and on consideration we thought it best to make a grand day's excursion of it and drive to Buttermere and Crummock Water lakes, about fourteen miles from our head-quarters, returning the same evening. The price of this trip on the public conveyance was only 5s. each, so we secured places and set off on the box of a very crowded carriage. This carriage was only one of the ordinary two-horsed open cars (like those in Edinbro'), so you may imagine with the driver we were a pretty tight fit

Away we went in high spirits and got on very well for the first three miles, but when we had got that far the rain (torrents of which, alas! were in store for us) began to descend in a thick close mist, which soon hid all but the nearest mountains from our view. On thro' this we dashed for a couple of miles more till we reached a little inn at which the horses were to rest. Happily our trousers had been protected by the driver's rug to some extent, but as we reached the inn the rain (which had for some time been coming down in drenching sheets) was commencing to soak through it. At the kitchen fire here we managed to dry ourselves; as soon as the rain ceased for a moment we were off again. About a mile from hence the road turned up a mountain-side and passengers were obliged to dismount. The rain was now such that I think I never almost saw heavier. We buttoned our little great-coats around us and prepared manfully for the ascent. In a few minutes, of course, every corner of our apparel had become a water-spout, and as we trudged along the pour seemed to be getting only the heavier. So we tramped for our four miles, I should think, under a perpetual shower bath, up hill and then as far down on the most unprotected of mountain passes (by the way not at all unlike the Gap of Dunloe). For the first time in my life I experienced the delightful sensation of being thoroughly wet to the skin. Down either leg a little cataract was flowing and we were enjoying the elysium of ducks when of a sudden the rain stopped. This was indeed a delightful variety, so we took off our outside coats, wrung them and held them to the wind to dry. We were flattering ourselves with this happy change, and rejoicing in the idea that as the wind had been entirely in our faces, our backs had pretty well escaped, when instantaneously the wind shifted and the torrents began again, with this only difference that they now beat upon our other side. To make a long story short we got at length to Buttermere Fish Inn, very like fishes ourselves, and stood before

the kitchen fire for half an hour, then got dinner, and finding that it had really now cleared up sallied forth to see the lakes. The finest waterfall of the district is here (a sheer descent of 156 feet), and crossing Crummock Water in a boat we managed to see it under the most favourable circumstances. In the evening we returned to Keswick and had it fine enough nearly the whole way back. We feel no ill effects of our wetting except my boots having been destroyed.

Now to bed. I remain, your affectionate son,

E. DOWDEN.

SALUTATION HOTEL
AMBLESIDE
Saturday evening (*Aug. 6th*, 1859)

MY DEAR MARGARET,—You are in despair about your letters! and why? We have got them all safe and sound I assure you, with the exception of the missive rashly, I am afraid, despatched to Keswick.

The Patterdale note arrived long ago, and every evening since our arrival at Ambleside we have got either one or more despatches from head-quarters in due time. I only hope all ours have got as safely into your hands. As to the present epistle you will find it as short as John's "to his beloved lady" (is *elect* lady the word?), for since I came to the lakes I never felt more tired. Imagine, we have travelled over thirty miles to-day in different directions. First of all, and to Coniston Lake on the top of a coach and ditto back. Then, secondly, a pull of three miles (perhaps more) in a boat upon the lake itself, and thirdly, a walk on our return to Ambleside of between twelve and thirteen more to finish. What other practical application could there be after these three heads than that it would be unjust to expect ought but a dull;

sleepy, tiresome, and (thank heaven! you exclaim) *short* account of our doings.

John did not, I believe, tell you that on our way from Keswick to here last Thursday we drove along Grasmere and Rydalmere. They are both, but especially the former, surpassingly beautiful, and we purpose to visit them again on Monday next. These two little lakes are particularly rich in literary associations, though indeed so is Windermere also. Upon this last are Elleray, Prof. Wilson's seat; Dove's Nest, Mrs Hemans' cottage; Wilberforce's villa, with a string of inferior etceteras. Here at Ambleside lives Miss Martineau, and I enclose a sketch (from the hand of my artistic brother, you may presume) of her ivy-covered home, "The Knoll."

Yesterday we sailed from top to bottom of Lake Winander in a steamboat, landing on our return half way up and walking the rest. This little trip very much pleased, but it must also be confessed considerably disappointed us. The fact was, the day was too cloudy and windy, and this lake, whose beauty is of a softer character than Derwent or Ullswater, can be seen favourably only in the sunniest, calmest weather.

But oh! to-night, never anywhere at any time, do I think I saw a view taken as a whole so beautiful, as this evening from a high bank about half a mile from the margin of the lake.

Christopher North says that there is no prospect in England to equal it, and I would be but little surprised if this were the fact. We could not have got a more admirable moment for seeing it. The sun was nearly sinking behind the huge mountains, or rather range of mountains, which formed the western horizon. The mountains themselves were enveloped in a deep rosy light, and the "queen of the lakes" stretched away in glassy smoothness—reflecting every hue in the evening sky. Then the islands lay clustering together just midway in the lake forming a central resting place for the

eye, and the wooded hills all around completed the loveliness of the entire scene. But I must not grow romantic, remembering what an ox-sufficing supper I have finished half an hour ago. You know "I could be very romantic now, Margaret, if I liked," but then, alas! the sun sinks behind the hills, and the long shadows creep over me, and all is cold and grey. (Well, if that last sentence is not romantic enough I can go no farther.) Append it to the Spanish Rhodomontades, and put in a note that I have just drunk four cups of tea, ate nine rounds of bread, and finished a whole—but I won't. After this reaches you I should say, don't write; as we are, I hope, to see you in the flesh next Wednesday or Thursday. Now farewell, your affectionate brother,

E. DOWDEN.

C——, CO. CORK
May 16th (1863)

MY DEAR JOHN,[1]—Here I am in the wilds. On Wednesday we came out, S——, E——, and I in a covered car, and had a beautiful evening for the drive. Every turn in the road almost I remembered, since this time three years when you and I paid E—— that morning visit. I am astonished at a great many things—the cream in the first place — the quantity of milk in the dairy—the Kerry calf—the number of cats and dogs, all with distinct personalities—the corn-crake in the field—the jackdaws on the chimneys—the universal kindness—the most extraordinary aspect of the world intellectual here—the novel laws of punctilio which I am in mortal terror of unwittingly violating ("I am a *stranger* in the earth, O hide not thy commandments from me," Ps. cxix.). The law of conformity and convention is simply absolute. Then

[1] E. D.'s brother.

I observe the importance of the little that's read, being good reading; it counts for so very much (*e.g.* A wild story of a murder from *Chambers's Journal* is read, recited to a thrilling audience, recited again, lent, revolved and inwardly digested, and only *supposed*, perhaps, not to be *true*). I observe also the belief in small supernaturalities, and the slight belief in Law—the last confirmation of this being, that rain was prayed for on Sunday last and fell on Monday, *though it looked quite dry on Sunday evening*; this was in answer to the prayers of the Protestants, for the poor Papists had been praying before, but to no effect. Lastly, and a most important fact, everything is told at least thirteen times, separately to each member of a family, probably twice, and then once upon every visit. I notice these particulars, of course, only as valuable *facts*, not in any absurd spirit of scorn.

Everybody is most kind; above all and most considerately kind of all— E——.

On Thursday evening we took a ride. . . . I am being initiated in the art of rising in the saddle, but was too stiff yesterday to care to repeat my riding exercise.

In the *Dublin University* for this month I saw, or glanced at what seemed in that glance to be an awfully *trashy* criticism on Moore, Tennyson, and Béranger (trashy on Tennyson at least). I thought it very like ——'s literary contributions. . . .—Yours, E. D.

17 TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN
May 18th, 1865

MY DEAR JOHN,—. . . I am "getting on" (words on which Mr Ruskin philosophises in this month's *Art Journal*) a little. By far the greatest move ahead I got last Sunday when I worked hard at J. S. Mill's new book on Sir Wm. Hamilton,

and became as satisfied as I can be of anything of the rottenness of Mr Mansel's religious philosophy. A demolishing more complete and satisfying I cannot imagine. . . . The class in English Literature is a great success if twelve learners really take an interest in it. Twelve voluntary learners! An immense success, I think. On which *a hint*—I do not know whether it may be applicable in teaching others—especially others who are rather ignorant—but with myself I found (and find) it a much more interesting, instructive, and impressive way to *work back* in literature than forward—*e.g.* Tennyson is the son of Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley. They are the representatives of a renaissance movement, which sprung from the death of a decayed century, which had a brilliant, but not a sober youth, and so on back to Chaucer—things so get into a chain of causes, and not into a mere chronological succession.

My lectures will be over early in June, and the Downes' for which I may go in does not come on for a good while after. So then, perhaps, I may get down to you.

Wright has taken Col. Herbert's chaplaincy and is to go down in July. He has given us his great psychological theory at the Theological Society, which I endeavoured to blow up. I myself read an essay at the Philosophical on Truth to Oneself, but it is a poor essay, and will never be a good one. I have been making up a good deal on French literature, and have made a *find* (as Matthew Arnold did of the De Guérins), a live poet, certainly not known to the English public well—and certainly deserving of it (Alfred de Musset's successor in the *Academy*), Victor de Laprade. He is the most promising subject for an essay I have come across this year. In the first number of the *Fortnightly Review* I see George Eliot has an article on "The Influence of Rationalism." . . .—Yours, E. D.

MONTENOTTE, CORK
Tuesday, April 11, 1865

MY DEAR JOHN,—Your letter telling me that lectures begin on Friday week came upon me like thunder in a serene sky. Somehow (very foolishly) I had deluded myself into believing that I should have a month *here* and then a fortnight with you before returning to Purgatory. Under which impression, which I can still hardly assure myself is a wild one, I did not even bring my Harold Browne to Cork. But I did bring books enough and, what is worse, intentions and expectations more than enough for thirty-one days. You must, therefore, allow me to forego Sligo for the present. If you let me go down, that is if it is convenient to you, and agreeable, sometime during lectures (when the fellowship examination is going on), I should much rather postpone my visit till then, first as I have only been a week and three days at home yet, and secondly, because selfishness suggests that I shall get more of the country and get out of Dublin when I shall be dying of squares and bands, and sparrows in the chapel pillars, and owls hoo-hooing in the lecture rooms.

I have written more (bits and scraps, it is true) since I came down than in all last term in College. . . . My mind is all in a heap to-day from the prospect of Botany Bay, and the hot gravel, and dry slates, and skips, and everlasting cricketers so soon. There is a serene philosophy to be absorbed through every pore these spring days if a man can only get the spirit of leisure and the treasure of leisure itself. I lay in the grass yesterday, and was sucked all over by the cool wind as if I was a "lump of delight," which indeed I was, and quite forgot the Socinians and Roman Catholics, and the Heretics and the Philosophers. You ought to compel the week to render up at least one half-day of leisure in such a season as this. . . .—Affect. yours, E. D.

MONTENOTTE, CORK
Sept. 12*th* (1864)

MY DEAR JOHN,—

. . . . . .

It is premature to write an autobiography; and the *total* account of any act in an organised existence, an existence where memory and forethought are active (even, for instance, the total account of why I cannot, with some reason to be glad, induce myself to be a merry-maker), tends, I suppose, to become an "apologia pro vita sua," which one ought to wait till one is Newman's age to begin. . . .

. . . I have written about twenty or thirty prose poems, waiting to be turned into verse when a lyrical gust arises; here is one of them, which, if you can recognise a woman, as Tennyson says, by the fashion of her bones, I trust you to discover to be a skeleton *poem.*

THE ARTIST.

I. There it is, *made*—my poem: but ah, the pang! real life slips in making these shadows.

II. They will neither kiss me, nor give me loving eyes in answer to loving eyes: nor a dear golden head to stroke.

III. And they will be shadows to others. Who would leave the breast that beats with life, for the deadness and greyness of my art?

IV. Ah no! for the happy can ever be still happier. On some warm summer eve two lovers with heads leaning together will read my poem, in the garden or by the lakeside alone.

V. And will talk of me, and say how happy he was who could think and feel like this; and will walk home together in the golden light.

VI. In the golden light of evening: in the golden light of youth: in the golden light of love.

Here's another.

A LEGEND.

Ah yes! the old legend of Eden is ever new and true:

Were we not there in our childhood? Did not God walk among the trees of that wondrous garden?

No rain of sorrow fell but a mist went up and watered the earth, and kept it green.

But we all eat of the tree and learned our poverty, and left the garden: looking back.

And now an angel guards it with a fiery sword whose flame sears the heart of those that would return.

Oh the dreadest of God's angels! who knows not his name.

Let us then seek not to return: but let us fare boldly forth, and subdue the earth.

. . . .—Yours. E. D.

MONTENOTTE, CORK
Oct. 5th (1864)

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have not thought enough on Positivism, or not consecutively enough to give you an opinion in a general way. Your *prudentes interrogationes* are *dimidium scientiæ*, however, and some I answer in a very unsuggestive categorical manner.

1. Morality is the co-ordination of all the tendencies of our nature—but the co-ordination of all the tendencies of our nature is not morality—it is much more—spirituality.

2. There is no precise determinant of their co-ordination—but a systematic consciousness of health, physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual grows with their approach to co-ordination.

4. It is obvious that Positivists ought not to overlook the real religious instincts. Whereupon an anecdote (though the connection is not very close—but that's no matter). Byron and Coleridge were walking together. A drunken man reeled past and Byron pointed to him, with the question, "Does that confirm your opinion of man's belief in the immortality of the soul?" "Your question does," said Coleridge.

5. I don't know of any "more excellent way" than our nature indicates, but I think our nature indicates a more excellent way than most of the Positivists allow.

6. I confess I don't know what truth there is in Manichaeism, only the Origin of Evil is not such a stumbling block to *me*.

I am in God's image—God, therefore, is my Idea. I, for my part, would not create a race of self-conscious beings simply to be happy. I should like to see them, growing, developing themselves, getting wiser, stronger, better (I myself standing away from them a little to allow of their individuality existing and displaying itself). But the possibility of sinning (freedom), as far as man can see, is essential to the moral development of creatures. If so, God is not responsible for the actuality. And even the actuality has turned out for good, since man is chiefly advanced to perfection by *knowing God*, and sin has been the great means for God's self-display and revelation—especially of the revelation of God's *self-renouncing* love, which, judging from our own nature, we may declare to be his noblest possible manifestation (of which, too, but for this sinning, the angels and the morning stars should have been for ever ignorant). Idealism *is* the most enlightened positivism.

By the way, on the answer to No. 6 you will say "this is only shifting the difficulty of the Origin of Evil; why is freedom necessary to moral development?" To which I say it is often very desirable to shift a difficulty, *e.g.* from an object round which the affections cluster to one which is purely an object of the understanding—or from an object frequently brought into relation with Reason and Conscience to one which concerns humanity but moderately.

I don't know any German books thereanent. Perhaps a book I am reading now will have something in it. Fichte's "Destination of Man"; a wonderful little book: discussing the questions of Necessity and Liberty, his own Idealism, etc., in a style more lucid than Berkeley or Hume—and with great grasp and lynx-eyed acuteness and, above all (on the first question), *I* think in a most original way.

His result being that Freedom and Necessity are equally unprovable—that *Freedom* responds best to the instincts and affections, and *Necessity* to the understanding, on which hypothesis (or rather his own form of necessity) he explains the consciousness of freedom—explains conscience, remorse, virtue and vice, and punishment in, at the least, a very ingenious manner. It is a Cork Library book. I have not come to the chapters yet which answer his first question, "What is my destination?"

"Justification by Eggs" is very good. J. M. Ludlow has a paper on "Northern Farmer" in *Macmillan*. . . .

I have had a great many hints of poems coming to me, not laboured after but coming like God's free spirits and saying "Here we are," but have not had "the passionate patience" necessary for working them into verse.

My lecturing the Christian Young Men was simply my reading (I believe to fill up a gap) my Essay on Anxietv and Worry, which I had rewritten (at St Luke's).

German I have done very little at but mean to work at it this winter in earnest. Lessing I want especially to read. There is an interesting review of his "Nathan the Wise" in the *Saturday*.

Here is a riddle.

What is the difference between a Scotchman and an Irishman on a cold day in December?

The one is "kilt" with the "could" and the other is could with the kilt.

Attributed to Archbishop Whately.

If ever you see Mrs Jameson's "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters" lay hands on it. It is one of the most delightful and most instructive books I know—full of facts that would serve as illustrations of everything of an ethico-psychologico-social turn—and the facts themselves most interesting. . . .—Yours, E. D.

8 MONTENOTTE, CORK
June? 1866

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

. . . Thanks for the notes on the Sonnet, especially the calling the different arrangements major and minor. I wonder is there any truth in that. I think the major and minor effects depend more on the *last* six (not the first eight) lines, and that a distant rhyme for the final one produces the minor effect. I know Blanco White's very fine sonnet, but forget it—that is, retain only the general impression. Did he say anything of the very finest sonnets (or indeed poems) of their kind in English—Mrs Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese"? He has written some good sonnets himself but rather *dilute*.

I quite agree with you about the interpretation of "The Lamb of God" in "Ecce Homo." I am glad you think it the work of a "genius"—so do I! There is something, however, unsatisfying (like Mr Gladstone's Reform Bill) in dividing the theological and the historical or legislative subjects. There is, I think, a good review in the last number of the *Contemporary Review*—the best number yet. Did I tell you I got the proofs and sent them off my article.[1] It is 22 pages long—disappointing—the subject too big.

I got another letter from R. Browning in answer to one telling him of some errata in "Sordello," and expressing my pleasure at the prospect of his new poem. Of course I do not feel at all flattered by being told I "understand his poems surprisingly."

A carte blanche to fill up for *Haw* of St Ann's with French literature is funny. Molière was an eminent French writer, and so was Descartes—and Rousseau—and Pascal—and Bossuet—and Voltaire. However, I can recommend strongly

[1] "The Poetical Feeling for External Nature," *Contemporary*, August 1866.

volumes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—all of them. Jouffroy's "Mélanges Philosophiques" is a book great parts of which would interest and enlighten and stimulate anyone, and costs 3s. 6d. Sainte-Beuve is the most French of Frenchmen and an exquisite critic—but *too* delicately French to knock one down with admiration—he insinuates and charms—not a great thinker by any means. Everything of Taine's an Englishman would enjoy, I think, and be most adequately repaid by reading—I should say for *Au* Taine by all means—his "English Literature" or "Voyage in Italy" —or "Philosophy of Art" (a very little book).

I am taking now an interesting French Review, *Revue des Cours littéraires de la France et de l'Etranger, i.e.* reports of the University and Public lectures in France and abroad. It keeps one at the centre of literary ideas—Mr Gladstone's address at Edinburgh is given, and Sir John Browning's "Lay Sermon à Londres"—and of French—reports of Guizot, Taine, and the other men of note. In the last number a comparison between Henri Heine and Alfred de Musset. .

What of the Bible Word-book? I have rested on my oars for the last fortnight—but have got all Jouffroy's works and begun to read them—a man whose personal intellectual character and history is most interesting—a true man—no wind-bag (spite of his cousin's real genius) like Cousin. His breaking with Christianity is a poem of the Soul—told in the sincerest and most pathetic way. . . . —Yours,

E. D.

17 TRINITY COLLEGE
March 8th 1865

MY DEAR JOHN,—Many thanks for your invitation again to Sligo. I am sure I should enjoy it, and for enjoyment's

sake and the spring's sake, and the primroses' I am inclined to say "I will go." But it is certain that Papa is glad when I go down to Montenotte and sorry when I leave it. Likewise Mamma. There are more drawers with clothes in them to keep in order; and a son is something after all, though he be uninteresting to most people. And as your house (glebe? rectory? deanery? palace?) will be flourishing I hope for a good many years to come, whereas Montenotte before many lustra *must* have become a house of dreams, I suppose it will be best for me for the present to be there—N'est-ce pas? Je crois que oui.

About the lecture I can hardly say as yet, I fear I could not write anything to my own satisfaction yet on Art and Religion. And then Religious Biography has a fault which a modest writer ought not to name—it is TOO *wise*. I should feel it a little incongruous for one whose bodily presence is so weak to utter counsels so sage. A literary, art, biographical, historical discourse would come better than anything experiential. If I were to write a new thing there is nothing I think I could do easier or better than "The Classical and Romantic Schools in Literature and Art," but this I fear would be unsuitable. . . . On Monday evening I heard "Lucrezia Borgia." It was a failure, as the Tenor was "suffering from sub-acute bronchitis" and walked through his part—with ludicrous effect—*dumb*, the cornets doing his duty. As dramatic the rendering of the music was a failure—excepting Mr Santley's part. Mlle Tietjens is not a great actress, or even a moderately good one. On Thursday "Faust" is to be given with a strong company, including Santley and Tietjens.

I wrote this yesterday but shall have to alter it:—

> Our Doctor lectured divinely;
> We sat in the lecture-room,
> And thought after all there might be
> A God in spite of Hume.

Outside the leaves were stirring,
The clouds raced over the blue,
The lark was in his heaven,
And God was there I knew.

—Yours, E. D.

MONTENOTTE (CORK)
Aug. 22nd (1865)

MY DEAR JOHN,—I returned from Clonteadmore on Saturday, and Monday brought me your kind invitation, and another from Graham to join a party of people in Killarney—as if the Irish demons of beauty had fallen in love with me (rather a self-flattering interpretation) and wanted to get me among their mountains. I should indeed like, that is, desire with the leisureful, joy-appropriating portion of me, to be in Sligo and see the autumn on the hills, as well as the summer. I am also a lover of "sweetness" though I don't think there was any odour when the stale weed sickens to live within the sense it quickens in M'——'s room. If anything it was a subtle aroma—the delicate quintessence of quiet hours and dreams and smoke visions. But at present I must not go away—first (for which allow due weight, it is a reason of *gravity*), because I *am* here, secondly, because I have work of one kind or another to get through, and thirdly, because tho' as uninteresting as Hamlet when "man pleased him not," and the sky seemed a pestilent congregation of vapours, still I am a visible piece of humanity at Montenotte, and make a noise in moving about which I surmise (self flattery again!) is pleasanter than long silence in the evenings. If I could preach a few sermons for you I might go. Would appearing as a lay-preacher create a diversion and lighten your work?

I read the *Quarterly* on R. Browning hastily. I am reading a volume of R. Buchanan's poems now, and I think them admirable, but if I were to risk a prophecy I should say that

Mrs Swinburne's *cousin*, I think: the author of "Atalanta in Calydon," is the most promising of the young writers. . . . I can hardly say I have written any prose, tho' I have been wishing to do so, and must try. Here is the last thing, or last but one, I have written:—

> "Only a mill-race," said they, and went by;
> But we, my friend, were wiser, and we stayed;
> It was a place to make the heart afraid
> With so much beauty, lest the after-sigh,
> When one had drunk its sweetness utterly,
> Should leave the spirit weak; a tremulous shade
> Broad beechen boughs across the water laid,
> Hindering that trance by which the conquering sky
> Subdues the sweet will of each summer stream
> So it ran lightlier through the swaying weeds.
> I gazed until the whole was as a dream—
> Nor should have found it strange if I had seen
> Some smooth-limbed wood-nymph glance across the green
> Or Naiad lift a head amongst the reeds.

I find it much worse in writing out than I thought.—
Yours, E. D.

8 MONTENOTTE
Sept. 5th (1865)

MY DEAR JOHN,—

. . . . . .

Many thanks for Rafael and Van Eyck. The latter was quite a history in my emotions. I saw it with Wright in Dublin and became so lustful that I searched all the Dublin shops for a copy—then when the Parisian party returned from the Toulevards and the Booleries among many others brought to me, behold my long-wished-for angels. So, having a copy, I must send back yours, and when doing so shall send some others of which I have unfortunately duplicates. The Rafael is new to me, and "grrand beyond conception." It seems profanation to me to have Ary Scheffer's inane religious pictures in the same book with Rafael. This is

the result of looking at both for a long time—a few of Ary Scheffer's are good, but the greater number that I have got are worse than indifferent. I am rejoiced to hear you are getting value out of R. Browning. When I want strong new wine I go to him, and the last volume I still find very good. I have been reading Jean Paul's Life with a great deal of pleasure. Mr Graves kindly has offered to introduce me to Dean Alford to help in some literary project[1] of his with articles on Literature.

Did you see that Sir Wm. Hamilton is dead? This will be a grief to Mr Graves. Sir William was a friend of Wordsworth's too.

I have written scarce any prose this summer, but a good many more things in verse since I last wrote. Here's a dramatic lyric not in the Browning but the Tennyson style :—

Down beside the forest stream
Went at eve my wife and I,
And my heart as in a dream
Held the idle melody.

"Pleasant is this voice," I said,
"Sweet are all the gliding years,"
—But she turned away her head—
"Wife, why fill your eyes with tears?"

"O, the years are kind," said she;
"Dearest heart, I love thee well,
But this voice brought back to me
What I know not how to tell.

Here I came three springs ago—
O my babe's sweet heart was gay!
Still the idle waters flow
And it seems but yesterday.

First that day he walked alone—
Laughed and caught me by the knee—
Though I weep now, O my own,
Thou art all the world to me."

—Yours, E. D.

[1] "This was the *Contemporary Review*, whose first number came out in January 1866.

[2] Sir W. R. Hamilton died at Dunsink, September 2, 1865.

MONTENOTTE (CORK)
Sept. 28th 1865.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Many thanks for the P. O. O.

I am sorry you are not going to the Chaplaincy if you would like it, and have only the usual remark to offer that I suppose "it is for the best"—in the way of future promotion perhaps it really is so.

The anecdote about Göthe is very good—certainly I believe anyone who has a "bent of the mind" should follow it—but not many people really have. I am almost reconciled by this time to your suggested alteration in the poem about "My wife and I." This month I have written, more or less, almost every day. Are you coming to Cork next week? We shall be glad to see you. I suppose I shall be going in for my Exam^{n} in December—and should therefore be glad if you could lend me any one or more of these four books, if you can spare them without thinking that you even *might* want to look into them—I can easily borrow from Monck or Haines—"Hardwicke's Reformation," "Potter" (which I don't think you have got), "Browne's Articles" (which I think you will want), and "Wordsworth's Irish Church." My own theological library is sufficiently large (Burnet, Proctor, and Hardwicke's "Middle Ages") and if possible I shall not increase it. I have the Bible also which contains very wonderful things indeed—that was a very handsome compliment it got from a J.P. . . .

. . . The great news (if you had heart disease I wouldn't tell it—I should break it to you) is that Mr Robert Browning has a new poem forthcoming. Still with quite enough of admiration for Robert Browning I find out every year more how the greatest men are the ones to live by—Shakespeare—Göthe, and (from the little I have read in Carey) Dante, and by all means Cervantes—then Wordsworth, Spenser, Chaucer, Milton, Burns, Keats,

Tennyson, Browning, Shelley—and then every honest poet, who need not be great but must be sincere, as Clough, Crabbe, and twenty more—and if one has time to read all these, lastly "Lalla Rookh," "The Christian Year," and the greater part of the lyrical poetry of France. One always begins with the second class where one can have favourites, which is impossible with the four or five tip-top human beings—any one can't make a favourite of the ocean or the sky, although they are infinitely more to us than forest-trees, or flowers. "Deep-browed Homer" should have been put among my first men, and Rafael, and I have no doubt Beethoven—though I say it by faith; and whoever built the first great cathedral (called a Goth by the church antiquarians of the time), and some of those Greek sculptors. I had no notion there were so many saints to be got into the calendar when I began. We are heirs of all the ages, and lucky fellows to have come so soon after Göthe—think if we had been born in the middle of the last century and just survived to hear the name of the ingenious Mr Goethe, author of "Werter," which England, I think, didn't hear of till about 1795. Frightful thought though!—there may be another Göthe just half a century ahead of us (your grandson perhaps), ay, or a Shakspere, since nature is inexhaustible. I can't, however, believe that Ireland will produce such a thing, or anything but more long-eared asses (or at most a Duns Scotus or two); the idiotic noises the true Irishman makes from generation to generation are certainly not human, but are part of the irony on humanity of the Aristophanic Spirit who presides over the World-Drama—a chorus of asses.—Yours, E. D.

8 MONTENOTTE, CORK
Monday, Dec. 5th (1865)

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have come in a little before dinner and shall see if I can have time to write to you. I have not been

reading much but "French Æsthetics," my paper is now nearly complete and must be in on the 15th, it is longish, about 60 sides of letter-paper. Dante I have been reading for poetry, and when suffering from bad toothache experienced great satisfaction from reading the "Inferno." Heretics are punished by being put in red hot iron tombs—with the lids loose till the Judgment Day, so that some stick up their poor heads and talk to Dante. How different Burns who wished the Devil himself no harm—but Dante was of the austere saintly character. (Tho' no saint). My paper is out in *Fraser*. I'll write to M'Gee to send you a copy. I was paid for it not badly but at a much lower rate than the *Contemporary* pay—£9, 10s. 0d. for 14 pages . . .

. . . You are quite right to believe in the Baby—or (generalising) in the sacredness and goodness of things human. I can hardly put my creed into form, and it is only in process of growth. First, as to the formation of a creed there are two great elements: Evidence and our Fund of Humanity; that is a vague word, but I mean by it all our active moral, spiritual, intellectual tendencies; thirdly, there is (perhaps as important) our experience in life. As to evidence I can't sneer now as I used at external, while I can't ever think it satisfactory for common minds, unless the balance lies so clearly on one side that there will be a consent amongst superior minds from whom the inferior takes their opinions as to external evidence, (and with quite good warrant *when there is this consent*), as in science. As to internal I am less vague. Here is a lately emerged thought. In arguing from within to external realities we should distinguish *desires* and *needs*. The *desires* of men never satisfied me as a proof of a God, etc., but if there is a need, if man cannot live his full life individually *or socially* without believing in a God (as I think), that is proof of his existence—of immortality, I think, we have only a strong *desire*. The ground of their different values in arguing is that our desires may be factitious—but

so far as they are proved primitive and universal they become presumptions of the existence of their object.

But almost the greatest thing is the fund of Humanity and its nature. One illustration out of a thousand—one man views everything in relation to his personality—he feels insults, takes offence, etc., etc., etc. He will be an active man and have a great sense of the useful. Another views things out of relation to his personality—he doesn't feel insults—sees them always æsthetically, smiles or weeps at them—he will have a capacity of sympathy, be rather a dreamer, and want perhaps energy of will. Those two men *must* have different religions though their creeds may be said alike on Sunday—and then as Dr Newman says "the whole man moves." Here may be an application of Mr Lecky's principle to individuals—not that our opinions haven't good reasons for changing, but they change not by direct assaults but by a change of the whole man (decomposing their bases, etc.), *e.g.*, I may have had an opinion against the theatre and worldliness long ago. *That* departed not through being attacked, but because I moved on; came to feel that the worldly in our nature had rights of its own, and was more spiritual than I had supposed; came to see that the saintly temperament is a rare one, and not to be aimed at by all; came to see that all human things have good and evil in them; when the dislike to the theatre, etc., *faded away*. I do not approve, of course, "worldliness" in the *absorbed* or *frivolous* or *bad* sense. As to baptism I have no opinion except that I fear substituting, as Dr Arnold says, *unrealities* in religion for realities. "Objectively" at all events, I see that love to a sacred person, allegiance to him, prayer, duty, are the realities in the Christian religion. If these are insufficient let us look for more realities and let these be preserved only as realities.

Dinner, a great reality, is just ready, so good-bye.—Yours,

E. D.

MONTENOTTE, CORK
(*Dec. 11th* 1865)

MY DEAR JOHN,—George Salmon has advised me to give up my rooms, and I shall probably go up this week, Thursday or Friday perhaps, and clear out next week. If I go to Dublin in the spring I shall be able to go somewhere into lodgings, and needn't be paying rent and commons for nothing. I want you, by direction from the higher powers, to tell me everything that can possibly be of use to you—they are only an embarrassment to me, adding to which that they are as much yours as mine, you needn't be scrupulous . . . .

I have finished "French Æsthetics" and will send it off in a day or two.

Thanks for Mr Gladstone which I will send back. I wonder if this is a true theory of the Greek religion, and, if so, it will no doubt be quite a common one. That it is distinguished from the Jews' by originating not in the desire of an object to *love and worship* . . . but from an observation of life and nature. There is good, evil, and thirdly, caprice, in the world of nature and life, therefore, there are good, evil and capricious gods, but these are not like our God, the person to be loved and worshipped. Life, Beauty, Genial Kindness, are to be loved, but the rest exists, too, and must be recognised, and the evil powers must be propitiated. But our God is the Good One. *Christianity is essentially the denial of evil by making God and Goodness one; or rather by making God, one—who then, by our very nature, we must believe Good.* Evil is accounted for by a revolt of inferiority and caprice attributed to our freedom, and in nature is said to be only apparent. The idea of the Jewish and Christian Religion is worship—love—personal relation with a God: of Grecian—explanation of life and nature—objective. It is not primarily a religion in our sense, but a philosophy—there must be

Bacchus, and Silenus and Mercury and Mars—but if we want an object of worship there must be simply *God*. Don't imagine I suppose this original, only it comes with original force and light to me—incommunicably. I suppose.—Yours,

E. D.

Dec. 31st (1865)

MY DEAR JOHN,—I meditated on your suggestion of a protest against Sectarian education (let us use this word if not offensive instead of *Denominational*) but I don't see how to work it. I know no man now in T. C. D. who could push it with energy and tact, and to have it fail would be worse than useless. However, I will do anything I can for the cause. If it were to be, the protest should be as concise, I think, as possible, and might be very well written by yourself. Don't let it drop without thinking, though I have not much faith in *movements* except those of great masses; where they express a want or a popular feeling. Movements of the intelligent, to express an opinion, are much weaker and more uncertain, and lump men together, the shades of difference between whom bring out points of truth. But this being to effect a practical object is different.

I am at Mr Lecky now. I have finished Mr Meister with great edification. It has saved my idea of "culture" from a taint it was getting. "Culture" is not *getting* or *having* anything—not knowledge any more—or scarcely more—than money. It is *being* and *becoming* the best possible to our nature. This, of course, is obvious, but one is apt to think mere knowledge, though perhaps inappropriate, a great means of culture.

Göthe had an immense feeling for order, decorum, propriety, power and tact in social and ceremonial life. This comes out in all his books. And to *be* a great social being

seems his highest idea almost of culture. "See what human beings can become" he says, in a nobleman's house where all is orderly, wise and splendid, and thoughtful, with art, knowledge, and all other human goods around in due proportion. "Cast thy Göthe upon the waters," says Clough, but I am writing chiefly to get my impressions articulate. With all the earnestness of Göthe there is something *amateurish* in his whole conduct and representation of life. Is there?

My last novel, the "Newcomes" I shouldn't like to have to read parts of aloud: but there is nothing touches one deeply in Wilhelm. Yet the "Newcomes" is a meagre representation of life compared with it, only wanting to teach (by a multitude of examples) that marriages spoil lives, save those made for love. This is the one *idea* of the "Newcomes." The free undidactic descriptions of artist-life are the most artistic point of the book, but the least intrinsically valuable. Thackeray is made narrow by his didacticism.

You see how idle I am to write all this, but it is Sunday.—
Yours, E. D.

MONTENOTTE, CORK
Feb. 2nd (1866)

MY DEAR JOHN,—

> "O'er better waves to speed her rapid course
> The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,
> Well pleased to leave so cruel sea behind";

in other words the "Inferno" is ended, and "Purgatorio" begun —and Purgatory (which Italians wishing to give it an English accentuation call Purgatory) is, as Dante found, not so bad a place after all—speaking unfiguratively I am getting all right. . . .

Many thanks for the criticisms, the "Uncle George" animadversion I incline to bow to; but I object to your

speaking of "such a fellow as Dickens" unless you mean such a wonderful fellow. Can there be any doubt that he is *the* humourist of the nineteenth century? Perhaps the greatest humourist of his own kind, the fanciful, picturesque, grotesque, and genial that ever wrote. He has a false humour as he has a false pathos—but he is unique and unapproachable in the true. Then, too, he illustrated my point perfectly.

The inverted commas of note p. 280,[1] are the compositor's. It is no use arguing with an intelligent compositor who knows what ought to be, *e.g.* he saw at once my docteurs ès lettres should be *dès* lettres (after the proofs were returned) and so corrected it, making nonsense—and p. 296, "the sun that strengthens the angels by his *sight*" which Göthe (in the Prologue in Heaven in "Faust") and I thought all right, Mr Compositor (naturally I confess) improved by reading "*light.*" Also, he declined to accent *Émile* throughout, though in France they accent a capital E.

I am not convinced on the disgusting crime of writing English-Greek. If Greek is to remain Greek, let it be. But if you want a new name for a new idea (as a good kind of self-sufficiency) "for luf of simpell men" I say, give them the power of pronouncing the name and so of holding the idea together. If I were to write an essay on good *self*-sufficiency I should explain the Greek word and then speak throughout of *autarcheia.*

Another point on Greek and English. Do you not think we ought to say *phenomenons?*

One word Dean Alford asked me to change—"*nude*" which he thinks an indecent, or rather, a *nice* word. I changed it to *unclothed.* However, he was pleased with the paper and is ready for more.

One of my griefs in writing it was that so poor an impression of the fulness of Jouffroy's 500 pages could be given

[1] "French Æsthetics" in the *Contemporary Review,* February 1866.

in my four or five. I only think his theory the one which explains more phenomenons about beauty than any other; next to it (as far as I have read) comes Brown's association of ideas theory. I am inclined to believe that there are pleasures of physical correspondences between our senses and things, in what we call beauty; but there is more in Jouffroy than appears at first sight. Even your rose for instance—why, when only a perfect imitation in wax do we get so much less pleasure? and yet, imitation itself is a great source of pleasure—but the real rose is living—the wax rose, too, pleases. It expresses, in an imitative way, an opulent and harmonious life; but the knowledge that it is really cold and stiff, and lifeless, diminishes our satisfaction.

One of Jouffroy's great gifts is that of inventing mental experiments. Now your dog objection.

The dog may not please you more than a rose because you have the kind of pleasure a dog gives supplied in other ways, and perhaps not the beauty of the rose. But suppose you are on a desert-island, apart from any use the dog might be, would he not be chosen rather than a rose-tree? Would he not be capable of giving greater pleasure? Why? He resembles more yourself—he is intelligent—has force of intelligence and emotion which it gives you pleasure to see.

The pig objection. The hog is so far from being able to realise his *absolute end* that there is something comical in speaking of it. But let his force develop, deploy, and express itself without regard to his species (this can be easily imagined), let him possess sufficient force, and the power of moulding his body in harmony, and he will be no hog indeed, but perhaps a fairy prince.

Jouffroy doesn't start by asserting there are only two modes of pleasure—egoistic and sympathetic—but, as I said, I could not follow him into his discussion of the pleasure derived from custom, novelty, perfection of a thing in its kind, association of ideas, etc. . . .

By the way, Bain's physiology leads him to the same conclusion as Aristotle's, Hamilton's and Jouffroy's metaphysics, as to increase of life and sense of life being cause of pleasure.

The sublime and the pretty contain very impressive confirmations of the force and order theory of beauty.

As to the repose of nature—it is the orderly repose of life—hence its beauty and touchingness. If the world were a dead corpse (don't say the adjective "dead" is redundant!) or, as a naturalist would have it, a dead machine, its beauty would quickly vanish—it would produce, in the first case, only a sentimental tenderness hardly sustainable—in the second case it would just supply that one æsthetical emotion we occasionally get from a machine, by forgetting its utilitarian purpose, and conceiving the ordered force it embodies.

I had a letter from Cross. He is glad to get the *Spectator*, and would like them. I was sorry to see the *Spectator* taking to Martin Tupper. Abusing him in a foolish ironical way should be left to the *Saturday Review*. The *Spectator* as a rule does not care to be smart. The *Quarterly Review* of Sainte-Beuve is admirable—also a most interesting article on Caricature. I am trying to see the merit of caricature, but I have to get out of myself to at all succeed. But that getting out of oneself is the condition of true criticism—young ladies (and perfect human beings also) may say, "I like this," and "I don't like that," but for us the thing is to see, not what is suitable to our own miserable little natures, but to see what the artist intended, and what ought to be suitable to ourselves or not. The subjective critics of the young lady kind only tell us about themselves—which we don't much care about.—Yours, E. D.

. . . A new edition of *Robertson* is advertised early in February. I have been walking! and feel first-rate.

January (1866)

MY DEAR JOHN,—You ought to have got *Robertson* long ago. I ordered M'Gee to send you a copy, and find he is not the pattern of virtue the Ideal Bookseller ought to be. If you don't get it soon I will charge him with the crime. I will borrow it when you have read it, but I think it is worth your keeping, being a good book after the manner of Stanley's "Life of Arnold"—therefore you will do so.

Many thanks for Armstrong. His brother got very agreeable answers from Mr Gladstone and Sainte-Beuve, etc., to whom he sent copies. Sainte-Beuve's is exquisitely Sainte-Beuvish graceful and "penetrating." I see there's an article in the *Quarterly* on Sainte-Beuve. I was expecting one a good while, but M. Arnold would have been the man to write it, who, I suppose, hardly writes for the *Quarterly*.

I am glad you think well of the monthly "Quarterly"—being just engaged in correcting the proof sheets of "French Æsthetics" I am bound to speak well of it—still I thought No. 1 a little heavy—all was respectable and more than so, but no *strikingly* good paper. Of course, this won't be the case with No. 2—though seriously "F. Æsth.," is, save in a passage or two, only respectable mediocrity, and, I fear, heavy. Still there is a good deal to be learned in it, and I have kept free from engaging myself to any system.

It is long, 32 or 33 pages (=I hope to about £48), but the maximum henceforth is to be 20 pages. I have nothing actually on hands. . . . I hope to write a short notice or two of a couple of French books, but haven't got them yet. The History of the Grotesque (ancient), I have not, but have got the modern vol. on account of 4 or 5 French artists with a great many pictures which it is not very easy to laugh at.

The "Philosophy of the Conditioned" establishes one good point—that the theological results of Hamilton are

not new. I think 'twill not be so easy to show that they are true. What do you believe about Justification by Faith ?

Of all the religious books I have read, Maurice's " Doctrine of Sacrifice " is one of the most light-bearing. But a book must come to one at the right moment (on which our estimate depends so much). I always thought the Ethical Christians Philistines, denying the real idea and power of Christianity—but if their Ethics involve the doctrine of sacrifice (that is not giving up things, but giving up one's very self, absolute *self* surrender, which, because it in giving up the *whole* self is not cutting off and " sacrificing " (!) a part to get rid of some evil or punishment, is not inconsistent with self-development)—if their Ethics involves this, I think they may have the root of the matter in them—and may be Christians even though they deny its doctrine through misconceiving it.

I think we are going to take the *Spectator* instead of *Athenæum. It is the one sincere weekly periodical in existence.* Read it with affection and confidence. It has an over-ruling intellectual conscience and an understanding heart in politics which one can feel apart from its opinions. . . .—Yours,

E. D.

EXETER
Nov. 22nd, 1866

MY DEAR JOHN,—Excuse me if I write only a line or two as I am pressed with a weight of letter-writing in consequence of my putting off writing during a tedious cold. Many thanks for letting me know about the Professorship. If it becomes vacant and the Examination is one in which I should have a respectable chance of success I will try—otherwise not. The endowment is very small. I dislike Dublin

with my whole heart, and we both feel more than ever at home in Exeter. Still conscience of course says I ought to try to be Professor if I can be. . . . So then you consider that knowing *poetry* and writing *poetry*—that miserable jingle, fits a man for judging of history, state craft, character and conduct; while science does not. Theology, however, which combines science and humanities, I am sure must fit one best of all. We are generous to one another. Well, after all, I hope Mr —— will not be hanged, but I would have him irreparably condemned.

Now I remember a striking passage too about a "lousy saint." I confess I prefer a clean mechanic. I wonder how many thousands of souls has industry saved. How much true enlightenment and liberality of mind commerce has brought about. A great deal I think.

But don't give us over, I say with you, to the workmen —only give them representation on a principle—one which will not lead to democracy.

We have got some pleasant introductions and find the people very nice and kind. . . . I am very much lost in the 2nd Part of "Faust," and hope to make a good article for the *Contemporary Review* out of Anster and Caro. Dr Anster by the way has given me some confidence by the unusually kind way he speaks of my sonnet-eerings which Mr Graves showed him.

I hope you will write the *C.R.* article. Would Ellicott's "Life of Our Lord" be of use to you. If so I will send it. . . . I believe I shall be likely to go over to Dublin at all events in May, having to give an Afternoon Lecture. I don't know on what subject yet. But that is a long time off.

You see I have written a long letter. With Mary's love. —Ever yours, E. D.

I should say I should prefer, considering everything, a large national school, if it couldn't be had elsewhere, on the

site of Exeter Cathedral, to the Cathedral itself. Yes—much —much. "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

We have most lovely views and walks about Exeter and wild flowers still. . . .

12 PEMBROKE ROAD
Friday, March 8 (1867)

MY DEAR JOHN,—Many thanks for the John's "Wild Flowers." I fear as your power of getting books for private purposes is limited it may inconvenience you. I intended to go for it to-day, but it is so bitterly cold we cannot stir out.

But you forgot to tell me Yeats's address. Do you know it? We want to return Mrs Yeats's visit and don't know where to go. It was the Fenian Night[1] we went to the Archbishop's "reception" at half-past ten, and the Lieutenant, Lord Strathnairn and a number of officers had to send excuses at the last moment and were busy all night receiving informations. Still there was a great crush of swells and dowagers. . . . I hope Louisa is not alarmed by the Irish Rebellion. M—— described the appearance of the prisoners in the Castle yard. He says he would have hung three of them—Americans comfortably dressed—within ten minutes, and have *washed* the rest. He gave a description of the state of the conspiracy as given to him by a Dublin jarvey. "Well, your Riverence, there's a great many *brave* boys in Dublin whose hearts are in the cause, but they're afraid of being tuk up."

I have had hard work this week getting my lectures written, which took a good deal of reading. Love to Louisa.—Always yours, E. DOWDEN.

[1] Tuesday, March 5, 1867.

12 PEMBROKE ROAD
Saturday (1867)

MY DEAR JOHN,—

. . . . . .

What about the Sligo Fenians? I hope Louisa has not been alarmed. It is a wretched swindle, and the only comfort is it doesn't disgrace our poor country as much as might be expected, as Fenianism (seen in England) is a national movement, and the Fénianisme (in France) is, I fancy, quite a grand affair, like the Poles'? and Italians' movement for freedom.

I don't know whether I told you about my class in the Alexandra College. I push my way, gowned in an M.A. gown, with cap, books, and MS. in hand, through lines of crinolines, under divers-coloured cashmeres and alpacas, and repps, and winceys, and mohairs, and silks, to my elevated desk and chair. I deliberately move the chair aside—hem! and begin on Art, Philosophy, and Literature (extemporising a good deal, or rather recalling things I have thought of which illustrate my lecture), and so get on for about three-quarters of an hour—the "students" perfectly attentive, taking notes busily, and occasionally circulating a smile when I say anything which they think queer. . . . Mary sends her love.—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

12 PEMBROKE ROAD, DUBLIN
Thursday (*May* 9, 1867)

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have been so excessively busy getting my Afternoon Lecture ready, and other lectures, etc., that I put off writing to you till to-day.

The lecture is over, and I am not at all fatigued. I don't

know what was thought of my performance, but the lecture was certainly a good one.

Many thanks for your invitation for Mary and me to Sligo this summer. There is nothing I should more enjoy, but I do not see my plans far ahead.

The Oratory Examination is to take place on June 18—my Alexandra College lectures end July 6th. I really don't feel sure about trying to get this Professorship, but I daresay I shall go in and be thankful if I am unsuccessful. It is worth nothing—40 or 60 pounds for three lectures a week being less than nothing, and I don't consider a Professorship in Trinity College the slightest honour; and, in fine, we both find Dublin, as I always did, an unsatisfactory place. I should be glad to be in Yeats's company going to London, and I suppose in the end London will engulph me.

Did I tell you that I have a couple of articles on "Sordello" accepted by C. Kingsley for *Fraser*; C. K. is temporary editor. The first will probably appear in July—the second in September perhaps. . . .—Yours, E. D.

12 PEMBROKE ROAD
July 3rd, 1867

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have been driven pretty hard with work for the Alexandra—reading the girls' examination papers, etc. Yesterday I gave my last lecture. The last I have little doubt which will be heard from the Seraphic (which I may call myself if Mr Smith be cherubic) Doctor. I am free at last, but not yet got into the way of enjoying a holiday.

Many thanks for your oft-repeated invitation to Sligo. Nothing could be more tempting, but our plans are so unsettled yet I can hardly say. If I don't get the English Lit. I don't see that it would be well to stay in this miserable

Vice-Regal literary world of Dublin, and the Oratory I can hold anywhere; only for my own credit I should now and then (in Matthew Arnold's fashion) come and give a few lectures when I had anything to say. If I get the English we shall probably look for a small house in Dundrum, or some quiet place on a railway line, where I shall retire into private life, and work. . . . I believe it will be decided within a fortnight. I suppose my chance is now good, but indeed I don't care, as in the end I daresay London or some other place would do me more good, and probably I shall have to go there sooner or later. . . . The Oratory I am told is now worth £60 a year and the English Literature £100, but it is hard work, the English. . . . I am rejoiced to think of the rest and leisure you will get when the curate comes. Shall I get ordained, and go down? But I am afraid my inaccurate theological knowledge would destroy your nervous system. . . .—Yours, E. D.

61 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
Sunday (*March 30th*, 1868)

MY DEAR JOHN,—When will you be with us? Come and stay while the Prince is in town, and we can have a day and go to Punchestown together. But come at all events.

Think how I am going up in the literary world! I have only just now written two letters refusing reviews to two leading journals!! The fact being that I got put down by the *Fortnightly* and by the *Contemporary Review* for a notice of the same book, "Nettleship's Essays on Browning," and I found on reading it I could only say things I did not choose to say, having so lately written on Browning myself. . . .

My introduction to the *Fortnightly* came about by sending them a piece of my Afternoon Lecture which they were too crowded with pressing articles to use, but invited me to

contribute and to begin with a notice or two—one of a new book on Tennyson I have accepted. Whether my connection will ripen into anything I do not know.

Never in all my life did I hear such music as last week. We went twice to hear Joachim. No words will express anything. He is a God. Mr Graves says "an Orpheus" (Phœbus, what a name!); he would have his statue among the Greeks. Oh, the fiddles! It was something to remember for one's life. And he had such a splendid selection—only two solos (both from Bach)—splendid trios and quartettes from Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Spohr.

I am resting after lectures, and very well. I almost dare to hope my chest is improving.—Yours, E. D.

8 MONTENOTTE, CORK
Sept. 14th, 1869

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

Your news of Yeats is very interesting—I rejoice that you have come to value him as you do. What a culture of the entire character there is in the sincere pursuit of Art!—Even a sonnet gives one training in at least one dozen important virtues.

Do you know Walt Whitman? If not you must. I have just got his "Leaves of Grass" and am likely some time to have a short (eight or ten pp.) paper in *Macmillan* on "The Poetry of Democracy—Walt Whitman." The Editor, Mr G. Grove, liked my "Landor" and asked me to send him something. Of course he doesn't *promise* to take anything till he has seen it, but I hope he may. I should like *Macmillan* more perhaps than any other mazagine, if one could write longer papers.

I want to say of Whitman that though his poems have not

properly artistic form, they have form in solution; that which when crystallized becomes form. *What is the chemical expression?* They have the *menstruum* of form? or what? I thought "*mother liquor* of form" was the phrase, but find by the Dict. "mother-liquor" is not the thing. Walt, I fancy, would be a great prophet with Nettleship. . . . Mary's love.—Ever yours, E. D.

51 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
Oct. 14th, 1869

MY DEAR JOHN,—The stars in their courses seemed to fight against Walt Whitman; distractions, interruptions and mental indisposition being at me together, so that it was as much as I could do to keep my forces together, and get them off the field without disgrace by Monday evening—that was the cause of your not having heard from me.

I quite comprehend your disgust at your "Clough."—When one knows how every bit has been wrought into shape and welded together, one gets an impression very different from that of the reader, who I am sure will like Clough much—or rather I am sure that it is intrinsically good. There has been a notice of Clough in the *Academy* (a remarkable Review, the only one that aims at being for scholars, though crude enough in some things), in the *Guardian*, and I believe a remarkable review in the *Westminster*. I haven't yet read it but must do so. My "Whitman" may (or may not) go into the November number, if accepted. It is as regards matter just like, and no better than, the lecture on "Tennyson and Browning"—but cramped for want of space, so that my plan is not fully worked out, and as regards expression very unsatisfactory in consequence of the disadvantage under which it was written. I saw the *Temple Bar* article—the preface I was writing to "Whitman" when you were in Cork

has been cancelled to the extent of six MS. pp. to mak space. . . . I have seen the *Contemporary Review* reviewe only in one place yet, where that great authority *The Illustrated London News* critic says the No. contains an "article on Catholicity which is rather dull and an article on Conservatism which is rather eccentric."—I feel quite elevated by the thought of having done anything "rather eccentric." . . .

61 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
Monday (*Nov. 10th*, 1869)

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

. . . The *Westminster* came all right. What an interesting *Fortnightly* this month! Swinburne's poems are, however, to me revolting for their inhumanity. If Napoleon were the cruellest of tyrants there is something not really natural in this period of the world in rejoicing that he had a painful, lingering and torturing disease. I can't believe Swinburne feels it, and believe a good deal of his passion for liberty is an affectation. . . . I may perhaps try and do something with "Whitman," but what I don't know. I should feel him out of place in such an English clerical company as the *C. R.* would introduce him to; the *N. British* I don't think would take it. Possibly I may inquire if the *Westminster* would. But I don't think it likely it would. The paper is a good one, but rather dry in its present light-packed condition.—Yours ever, E. D.

61 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
(*Nov. 16th*, 1869)

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

. . . We lost our £1, 1s. paid for Saturday's Nilsson Festival—neither of us being able to go. I wish you had

been here. I have seen Fechter in "Hamlet," and had a busy week examining for Moderatorship. Those are the chief events. I have as yet done nothing about Walt Whitman with the *N. British.* I shall try it and the *Westminster*, and if I can't publish it elsewhere, publish it in a vol. this time next year.

I have a very valuable interpretation of Milton in my head, perfectly worked out into detail, quite as complete (more so) and quite as *true* as those of Browning and Tennyson. I hope this interests you. Yesterday I was surprised in College by a letter from Aubrey de Vere, the poet, with a vol. of his father's poems edited by him, in token of the pleasure with which he read the Tennyson and Browning Lecture. I have, you know, the frankest pleasure in being praised by competent persons, but of incompetent I am indifferent to their opinions favourable or the reverse. . . .

[*This letter, undated, belongs evidently to the autumn of* 1869. *J. B. Yeats wrote it to accompany poems by Edwin Ellis and his sister, which he was sending to E. Dowden.*]

(J. B. YEATS TO E. D.)

These little poems I send you are by Miss Ellis, with one exception, the poem by Edwin Ellis on the sea, which was suggested by a picture of the sea, by himself. He makes designs with incessant activity. That you should meet him and his sister, and Nettleship of course, who is growing greater every day, is, and has been for a long time, my supreme wish. Ellis and I have a studio in conjunction. On the opposite side of the street lives Nettleship. They are both perfectly loveable men, although so different. They and all four,[1] are looking forward to your article on Walt

[1] "All four," Yeats, Nettleship, Ellis, and Wilson, group of friends jestingly named "the Brotherhood"—artists all.

Whitman. Nettleship some months ago paid very nearly his last three guineas for a copy which had not been bereaved of its indecencies. "The Brotherhood" love him, Swinburne and Shelley. Wordsworth they abhor.—Yours ever, J. B. YEATS.

The Ellis's read your articles with delight and talk about them. Your sonnet on the Apollo is much comfort to all. Nettleship often murmurs over the last line.

I wish you could come over for a few weeks. Would it cost much for you to come over and take lodgings for a few weeks near the British Museum? It is near us.

To J. B. YEATS

61 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
Dec. 6th, 1869

MY DEAR YEATS,—I read with great interest the poems you sent me so long since. The poem by Edwin Ellis, "Lean over Waters," makes fundamentally the same impression as his other poems did; and again (though more in the way of inner spirit, than by external tokens of kinship), I am reminded of Rossetti. There is something in Rossetti's, and in these poems, for which I know no other word (and I don't know whether it is a suggestive word to anyone but myself) but "recherché." There is a refinement in them which makes one think the authors must have been amongst beautiful things, and as if they had been to a considerable degree hedonists, pursuers of pleasure, of beautiful pleasure in their beautiful world. The passion in their poems impresses me as the appearance of passion, really a choice offspring of the imagination, not as in the case of, say, Byron (who always impresses me as coarse), a genuine (genuine in spite of all Byron's affectations and unrealities)

cry of the heart. That I miss entirely in Rossetti's and Ellis's poems. But there is something rare and choice and fascinating in them, something a little exotic, like an Indian carved box with its dim suggestive perfume.

I need not say that I take profound interest in Nettleship and you.

Todhunter gave me a most interesting letter attempting to convey some notion of Nettleship's designs. . . . It is impossible for me to go at present on a visit to London, and I regret it much. For a permanent place of residence I believe neither Dublin nor London would do me good. Dublin has the evils of city life without its compensations. London would be a whirl of ideas, and the best flows out of me, not in the obsession of many ideas, but in the calm brooding possession of a few. I wish I could live in the deepest solitude with a few friends, and no acquaintances! But if I were to give up my Professorship I should be obliged to work for my bread, and go to London and become a hack for the magazines, which consummation I fully intend to avert.

. . . . . .

I hope the *Fortnightly* will publish a short article of mine on "Christopher Marlowe" in Jan. or Feb. (if accepted), a poet the "brotherhood" ought to know and love. One thing you write shows me that the "brotherhood" are not infallible. "Wordsworth they abhor." Now, apart from the ethical tendency of Wordsworth's poetry, altogether as an artist, as a craftsman with the tools of poetry, I have no hesitation in saying that Wordsworth is incomparably greater than Swinburne. Swinburne I, too, admire and feel that he is a man of genius, but he is a far coarser artist than Wordsworth, far vulgarer and far weaker. I speak of both at *their best.* I need not say no feeling excited by the alleged indecencies of Swinburne affects my judgment. But Swinburne's extravagance in political feeling, for example, and

indeed in many directions, his shrieks and tossing up of the cap of liberty, are very thin, shrill, weak emotions (like an excited woman's) compared with the mass of weighty passion in Wordsworth's best poetry, so masculine and so strong. If the "brotherhood" are insensible of this, I can only implore them to open the eyes they do possess, and not to weaken the force of their influence by a critical *bêtise*, (no milder word would be correct), such as putting aside Wordsworth as an inferior. Of his best poetry, and that is not small in quantity, I speak all through. Swinburne's own critical faculty (though full of fire and penetrating admirations, is quite untrustworthy—witness his entirely insane admiration of Victor Hugo. Perhaps it is unreasonable of me to expect that Wordsworth should be understood and admired by men breathing air so foreign to the air he breathed, and in the eddy of a reaction of feeling; but let them, while working out to the utmost their own artistic desires and ideas, leave Wordsworth alone. With my mind it cannot possibly become a question whether he was a great poet, a great artist, and a great man. Few losses to any man can, in my opinion, be greater than to lose the power of Wordsworth's genius. Shelley did not miss it, nor did Landor.

. . . . . .

—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

(EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO J. B. Y.)

A thing in one of Ellis's letters was certainly wrong; he spoke as if the egotism of Wordsworth and that of Charles Hallé were of the same kind. Now Hallé's whole playing of a piece of music means, "In what a refined way I am playing this." Wordsworth's egotism said, "There is a good sonnet," and, he might add, "I wrote it." There is more than a shade of difference here. With Wordsworth the thing was valued because it was good, its being his own was a personal thing to

rejoice in. With Hallé it is valued because it is his own, because he thinks he is a player of refinement. Wordsworth's feeling, which I am certain I am interpreting truly, was non-egoistic. The poem once written became to him a piece of work detached from himself, which he could pronounce good as he could say Skiddaw is so many feet high. This, I think, must be the feeling of great artists about their work. It was certainly Goethe's, who compares himself to Shakespeare, giving an immense advantage to Shakespeare, just as a remote critic might have done.

Some veil hangs between you and Wordsworth at present, and all I can say (as Ruskin might say of some one who made remarks quite wide of the mark about Turner) is, decidedly and dogmatically, "you do not see Wordsworth." What you see and know is something about which you feel rightly, but it is not Wordsworth. I believe, unless your knowledge of the poet is considerable, you might fairly accept this judgment, as I should accept yours about a painter whose works I had hastily envisaged, and whose works you had approfounded. . . .—Ever affectionately yours, E. DOWDEN.

23 FITZROY ROAD, REGENT PARK
Decr. 31*st*, 1869

MY DEAR DOWDEN,—It seems to me that the intellect of man *as man*, and therefore of an artist, the most human of all, should obey no voice except that of emotion, but I would have a man know all emotions. Shame, anger, love, pity, contempt, admiration, hatred, and whatever other feelings there be, to have all these roused to their utmost strength, and to have *all* of them roused, (two things you observe), is the aim, as I take it, of the only right education. A doctrine or idea with Catholicity in it is food to all the feelings, it has been the outcome of some strong and widely developed nature,

and every other nature is quickened by it. Art has to do with the sustaining and invigorating of the Personality. To be strong is to be happy. Art by expressing our feelings makes us strong and therefore happy. When I spoke of emotions as the first thing and last in education, I did not mean excitement. In the completely emotional man the least awakening of feeling is a harmony, in which every chord of every feeling vibrates. Excitement is the feature of an insufficiently emotional nature, the harsh discourse of the vibrating of but one or two chords. This is what Ellis also meant by "violent and untiring emotion."

With you intellect is the first thing and last in education. With us, with me at any rate, and with everybody who understands the doctrine, emotion is the first thing and last. —In haste, yours ever, J. B. YEATS.

61 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
(*May 11th*, 1870)

MY DEAR JOHN,—. . . I have got Rossetti and read some of him. Some of the sonnets and some of the other poems leave a doubt on my mind as to whether they are the offspring of passion expressing itself through the imagination, or of imagination creating a kind of phantasm or image of passion. I believe, however, one ought to be slow in saying the poems are not really, or are only imaginatively, passionate, some men's strongest emotions seeking a curiously beautiful and sought-out expression, Dante's, for example, in the "Vita Nuova" (which Rossetti has translated and which has influenced him), and that of other Italian poets of the same period. Have you seen Swinburne's article in the *Fortnightly*? I really could not wade through such an unpausing stream of extravagant and painfully studied eulogy. All Swinburne's swans are birds of unimaginable size.

. . . I see a poem, "The Epic of Women," advertised, with some illustrations by Nettleship (also advertised), Hotten to publish said book. I hope he is not going to follow Blake's example in working for any poetical Hayley. Did I tell you I got a very fine copy of Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper," with engravings in, I think, Blake's best style, from designs by Maria Flaxman, from Massey (for 4s. 6d.). I am now waiting with desire for a forthcoming book auction at which a veritable engraving (and design) of Dürer's (St George and the Dragon), and two of Rembrandt's will be sold. I fear they will go for more than I can give—more especially as I made recently a heavy investment—the Cambridge Shakespeare—which, as I got it for almost half price, I felt I *ought* to make my own. . . .—Ever yours, E. D.

50 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
Tuesday, March 7th, 1871

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

. . . I am busy with my "Contemporar*is* French Poets" (as the Prospectus announces it). "Whitman" will not appear till July. I have a powerful interest in favour of peace at any price, as I utterly want books from Paris, and shall not get them in time for my lectures, but shall in time for articles which I hope to make out of them.

I saw the *Spectator's* little word of me, and the same thought occurred to me as to you, that "cry" is the complimentary form of "shriek." I feel, however (quite apart from its being by myself), that "shriek" is not a word which sound criticism could apply to any part of the Essay.[1] I believe there is more balance, more moderation, more justness in the view of the Essay than in a more contented satisfied view

1 "France and Prussia," in the *Contemporary Review* for March 1871.

of things. Indeed the fault of it is that it is not as gloomy as the facts are. I don't think you have felt sufficiently what such an unity of Germany as this means for us all, and what such a prostration of France means.

Did you see the report of the lewd and fierce dances, witnessed by the *Daily News* correspondent, of the Prussian soldiers around the statue of Strasburg, under the eyes of officers, and the bands playing all day in the Place de la Concorde, selected as being the most central spot of Paris in their holding? These wanton insults show a brutal grossness of head and heart.—Yours, E. D.

Wednesday (1871 ?)

My Dear John,—I can hardly believe that I have left your last letter almost a week unanswered. Just this moment have come the *Contemporary Reviews* from March to October 1869 (eight Nos.), which I got at Smith's for 10d. a No. (their bill is 7s. 6d., but it ought to be 6s. 8d., unless delivery be charged for).

I got the Dürer for 8s. It is a small engraving not as large as this page, in a frame much the worse for wear, and the engraving itself is rubbed in one place—but I think it very fine both in conception and execution. St George on horseback resting, with the dragon dead beneath him, is the subject. At the same time I got two small etchings by Rembrandt (*i.e.* impressions from his plates) for 14s. framed together—a Resurrection of Lazarus (not his famous one) and a cottage, trees, and cattle. They don't give me much pleasure, but may have merits which I do not understand. Still I am glad to have them. . . .

I hope you have got a favourable answer about Rossetti from the *Contemporary Review*. The *Saturday Review* has an article the least enthusiastic of those that have appeared. It says many (or some) of his sonnets are products

of an "orchid-house." Morris (the poet) reviews him in the *Academy* (not a great deal in it), and "Shirley" in *Fraser*, which I have not read. . . .

I cannot tell you where the poems appeared first. Swinburne speaks of the "Blessed Damozel" as written in R.'s youth. I dreamt about four months ago that I was buying a copy of Rossetti's poems in their first edition, a long thin volume in boards—but I know nothing apart from my dream. The critical questions suggested by R. are very difficult and with far-reaching roots, and capable of suggesting opposite answers. The chief point in Morris's article is that R. is utterly realistic, and what others call his mysticism is only a recognition of the existence of such mystical moods (with no assertion of corresponding reality), *e.g.* the "Damozel" is a wonderful realisation of a lover's dream about his dead love—but the Heaven, etc., are merely *his* imaginations. And he does not think R.'s allegories are allegories at all! I will send you D. G. R.'s photograph when I get it. . . .

50 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
Dec. 8th, 1871

To JOHN BURROUGHS, ESQ.,
Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must write you a line to say with how much pleasure we have been reading "Wake Robin." With more than pleasure, because there is a sense of life and growth and secret nourishment, in an approach to the life of trees and flowers and birds, so genuine as that one makes, even at second-hand, through reading your book. I have not seen anything of the kind for a very long time which is more restorative to the mind's eyes, wearied by the glare and variety of such sights as crowd around the most of us. We have just heard from a friend who is recovering from a tedious illness, and

to whom we gave a copy of "Wake Robin," that she feels towards the book as we do. It is itself like a growth of nature, not manufactured and pieced together, but "sunlit, fresh, nutritious." Virtue proceeds out of anything so real, so faithful and affectionate.

I can never get it out of my way of thinking that gratuitous *praise* is as much an impertinence as gratuitous blame, so don't think I write any word of *praise*, but only acknowledge and put on record, partly for my own good, the actual impression the book has made while that impression is vivid. I have to thank W. Whitman, indirectly, for the pleasure too.—Ever very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

FROM JOHN BURROUGHS TO E. D.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Decr. 8th, 1871

MY DEAR SIR,—The little book on Whitman which I promised you, I send by this mail. I send you also a copy of Mr O'Connor's pamphlet which was written on the occasion of the poet being insultingly turned out of employment here in 1865 by the Secretary of the Interior, for the avowed reason that he was the author of "Leaves of Grass." I also send several criticisms and reviews in newspapers.

O'Connor's story called "The Carpenter" I intend to send to Mrs Dowden as soon as I can find a copy of it. Walt's poem, called "O Star of France," I have been unable to procure in print. So I made him give me the original manuscript draft of it, which I enclose. Whitman just told me that the editor of a Danish Magazine published at Copenhagen had written to him for some facts and points about himself and works, stating that he was preparing an article on his poems for his Magazine. So you see the ball is still rolling. I

believe the name of the publication in English is "The Real and the Ideal."

I had a safe but a very tempestuous voyage home, and had an opportunity to behold the sea wrought up to a fearful pitch—indeed, "in a wild frenzy rolling," and I duly appreciated it, notwithstanding my qualms.

With kindest regards to yourself and wife, I am, sincerely yours, JOHN BURROUGHS.

FROM JOHN BURROUGHS TO E. D.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Decr. 27th, 1871

MY DEAR MR DOWDEN,—Your letter came this morning, and gave me a feeling of such unfeigned pleasure that I must set about at once to tell you so, and to thank you most sincerely.

The right word always goes to the right place. And I am not ashamed to confess that your frank and hearty approval of my little book,[1] is very welcome and precious to me, notwithstanding the book so poorly merits all you say of it. I was on the point of sending you a copy, hardly expecting you would hear of it in Dublin.

A few days ago I mailed you with other printed matter a copy of my notes on Walt Whitman. I have since learned much to my annoyance that the postage was insufficiently paid, and that the probabilities are the book will not reach you. To-day I send another copy. In case both should reach you, please give one to Miss West, with my regards.

Remember me to your wife, and believe me.—Sincerely yours, JOHN BURROUGHS.

PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN,
Dublin.

1 "Wake Robin," warmly praised by E.D., in letter of Dec. 8th, 1871

To JOHN BURROUGHS

50 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
Decr. 28th, 1871

MY DEAR SIR,—I have very much to thank you for, but I will begin by telling you a disappointment—the copy of your own book on Whitman has not reached me. I delayed to write until a good many posts had passed on the chance of its coming, but it has not come, and I fear I shall not be able to recover it. I have, however, ordered a copy and shall be sure to see it before long. The last little parcel which reached me was sent, as I judge from the writing, by W. Whitman—not by you—and contained your appendix ("Supplementary Notes") title-page of 2nd edition, preface, and table of contents (which last, you may guess, it is provoking to look at, when said contents are at the other side of the Atlantic).

But everything else I think I got—W. O'Connor's most interesting pamphlet, your "Walt Whitman and his Drum Taps" (Galaxy), W. O'Connor's review of your book in the *N.Y. Times*, "A Woman's Estimate" from the Radical, the translation of Freiligrath's article (which I had not known of), article on Swinburne's Blake, Buchanan's review, R. J. H.'s art. in the Rochester *Express*, and W. O'Connor's review of "Leaves of Grass" in *N.Y. Times*, Dec. 2, 1866. Finally and chiefly, Whitman's MS. copy of "O Star of France."

I think my long list of things received must make you feel yourself (though not as much as I do), that you have been very kind; but it was especially good of you to ask for, and of W. Whitman to give, "O Star of France." I need not say how much I value this live piece of paper—not with a collector's spirit as "autograph of a great poet," but as a living thing animated by Whitman's breath,

and so kindly made over to me. The poem itself is full of light and fire and music.

I was glad to hear of the forthcoming Danish review. I wish the *Revue des Deux Mondes* could be got at in some way. Robert Browning's friend, M. Milsand, would perhaps be a likely person to write such an article. Rossetti or Swinburne might be able to get it written. Would it not be worth your while when you are writing to Rossetti to speak of this?

Mrs Dowden wishes me to thank you for W. O'Connor's "The Carpenter" in anticipation, if you should find a copy; and she is a little vexed with me for not having more directly said in a letter I wrote, before yours to me came, that you had given her as much pleasure as you gave me by your book "Wake Robin" (which when you were here I had not known. I was directed to it by a reference in a letter from Robert Buchanan). Since then we have got some pictures of American birds, not very good I daresay, but enough to do something towards illustrating your book.

Have you seen that the article against Rossetti, signed W. Thomas Maitland ("The Fleshly School of Poetry" in the *Contemporary Review*), was really by Buchanan? It was a grievously dishonest, ill-tempered article, and I do not see how either Buchanan or Strahan, the publisher, can come well out of the matter. Rossetti's vindication of his poem in *The Athenæum* I thought most complete, and written in an admirable spirit.

(However, I fancy you will so far agree with Buchanan—and so do I—in thinking D. G. Rossetti's poems over-estimated at present. They try to give "beauty without the lion." That whole passage of your book, quoted by W. O'Connor, seems to contain the piece of criticism most wanted at the present time.)

I have to give a lecture in Cork in April, and think of lecturing on Whitman. If I should do so, I shall get very

much that is suitable for my purposes from what you have sent.

With very kind regards from my wife, I am, sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

Please thank W. Whitman for "O Star of France," and for the newspaper and your supplementary notes. I do not wish to bore him with a letter.

I do not know enough of American ways to tell whether I ought to put Mr J. Burroughs or J. Burroughs, Esq., on my envelope, so I follow our English fashion.

50 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
February 23rd, 1872

MY DEAR MR BURROUGHS,—I have delayed far too long in thanking you for the second copy of your "Notes on Walt Whitman"—the second I mean posted by you, for the first never reached me. I read it through the morning it came, and then lent it, and I wished to have it by me again before I wrote to you. Hence, in part, the delay. Your book has really served to bring Whitman near to me, and to the others who have read it—not that it has altered my impression, but confirmed it, and filled up the outline which already existed. One good effect it has had is that it has made me feel more strongly—what, indeed, I felt from the first—that such an official, inhuman way of looking at Whitman as that of my *Westminster* article, however true and up to a certain point valuable, is little fruitful compared with the more personal relation which your book originates from. The vital nourishing contact with a great man is with his personality, not with the man "attenuated to an aspect" (J. H. Newman's phrase). And some such attenuation was inevitable in a study from the point of view chosen by me.

The portion on "Beauty" (besides much else) seems to me written in the very highest manner of criticism; some passages I had read before in W. O'Connor's review of your "Notes." The one point where I feel unable to follow you is in the passage about Wordsworth on p. 7. I quite agree in thinking Whitman's cosmic conception and feeling of nature "tallies" the world and its varied forces more adequately on the whole than Wordsworth's. But I cannot consent to call Wordsworth simply a rural and metaphysical poet. *Fear* (using the word in a high sense), as a part of the emotion passing between the world and man, is felt by Wordsworth, and pain and joy. But Wordsworth in proportion to the mounting of his mind becomes calm—the composure of his whole being is always in proportion to the mass and high-wrought quality of his emotion. It seems somewhat out of place for me to find fault with you on a subject such as this, when so much that you have written bears witness to the possession in so rare a degree of what one may indicate by that wretched phrase "a feeling for nature"—but it is not your "feeling for nature!" I question, but whether you have got into entirely true relation to Wordsworth. What I would urge is that there is in Wordsworth all you say—but much besides. If he lived I do not doubt he would be a glad accepter of Whitman's poetry—I mean the *young* Wordsworth, and even, I think, Wordsworth as an old man could not have failed to admit Whitman's beauty and power, though he would have probably added qualifying sentences.

I had nothing worth sending to you in return for your many sendings to me, but I asked my bookseller to post a volume of lectures—now not new—in which a lecture by Ruskin which has not been published elsewhere appears, and a lecture of mine (written before I knew Whitman's poems) on Tennyson and Browning. Mr Graves, who wrote the lecture on Wordsworth in the same volume, has recently been reading Whitman and has taken to him very warmly—

he is over sixty years of age, but has never ceased to grow —a man of most perfect character, sweet and strong, (his lecture does not represent him at his best), and he has been a very fatherly friend to me. "Democratic Vistas" has in particular delighted him.

I had an exceedingly kind and a lengthy letter from W. Whitman. He says he would like to come over to England and Ireland. I wish you could persuade him to change the wish into a fact. He would see much that would interest him, and his visit, I am sure, would help to make his poems understood and appreciated. Yesterday I received from him a newspaper containing his "Mystic Trumpeter" from the *Kansas Magazine*. It has the freedom of a great vista, backward and forwards, yet entire definiteness, music and picture become one in it.

With my wife's kind remembrances, believe me, my dear Mr Burroughs, very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

FROM JOHN BURROUGHS TO E. D.

HINGTON, D.C.
March 9th, '72

DEAR MR DOWDEN,—Your very welcome letter came this morning and sent such a warm glow through me, under the influence of which I took out my little book and read parts of it over for the first time in a long while. In the light of your approval, it seemed better than it ever had done before. Mr Whitman himself likes the book, and thinks it will stand, so does Mr O'Connor, and I am indebted largely to both of them for aid in getting the matter into shape; but the book has had no audience or publicity in this country. I sent it to most of the critics and literary men, but they said not a word. The *New York Tribune* gave me a good notice, but the other journals steered clear of it. Less than a hundred

copies have been sold. I have myself never been satisfied with the passage on Wordsworth, and it never would have been allowed to stand had not Whitman and O'Connor both commended it highly, neither of whom, I have since made up my mind, do Wordsworth justice. I read Wordsworth a good deal, and find my own in his pages, and shall some time attempt an essay upon him.

The right word about him I have not yet spoken, nor has it come to me to speak it. I think he is the first and the highest of the modern solitary poets, and that he speaks or sings warmly and genuinely, even grandly, out of that solitude which lurks by mountain lakes and broods over lonely moors. He is to me the greatest of the interpreters of this phase of Nature, but I do not recognize the creative touch in him. Wordsworth expresses to me that delicious companionship which I have with the silent forms and shows of rural (I can think of no better epithet now) nature; and which I am half ashamed that I do not have with men and with towns and cities. I think it is something of the "home-sickness" that Schiller speaks of: while Whitman expresses to me the life and power of the globe itself, and lets me into the secret of creation. His poems rival the elemental laws and the great dynamic forces. They are *deeds* and not *thoughts*, and have the same intimate direct personal relation to himself that a man's proper act has to himself.

I am not satisfied with my allusion to Tennyson either—though it is doubtless true in that connection. But I think Tennyson a noble poet—that he has the real "fluid and attaching character"—and will live. He does not belong to the morning of the world like Whitman, but rather to its sunset, but this phase has its place also.

Whitman has been absent in New York over a month, bringing out another edition of his books.

Do you know of John Addington Symonds? He writes Whitman some very appreciative letters, and has sent him

quite a long poem in print inspired by Whitman's "Calamus." It is lofty and symphonious, and reminds of Shelley.

Let me thank you in advance for the book you mention. I saw that an article of yours on the Idealism of Milton lately appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. I will not ask you to purchase the number and send it to me, for I can consult it at our Congressional Library; but if you have loose sheets, or a good proof of the article that you have no use for, send it over.

I am not going to allow you to disparage your article in the *Westminster*. At this distance from Whitman it is a marvel to me how you could grasp him so completely. I am sure I could never have written my book had I not known Whitman intimately and long. There is no distinction between the man and the poet, and to know one is to know the other. The article is very lofty and effective, and the first half of it is positively a new contribution to the science of criticism. It makes a new, and for us an immensely important, classification. The only thing in the article I regret is the comparison "to the beasts" which I think is injustice to the beasts, and unfair to our poet. In my opinion Whitman is to be accepted, or rejected, entire. He is that vital, and his works bear that direct relation to himself, that one cannot sort and sift. He does not stand apart from his poems—never goes out of his way to say anything—never lets the littérateur or the conscious maker of poems emerge, and show himself, but it is the man Whitman that you get on every page. I think his treatment of the sexual part of man perfectly consistent with his scheme, and no more bold and unconventional, or unartistic, than his treatment of any other part. Poetry must be as pure as science, and the subject, if handled at all, must be handled without reserve or insinuation, and solely with reference to offspring. If people are shocked—and they are shocked— it is because we are not used to cold water upon this subject, but expect something

much more sweet and spicy. But I will spare you any further infliction of this kind.

I will tell you what you may send me—your photograph. You know you promised it. I ask Mrs Dowden to see that you send it to me.

I should like much to have Walt make a trip to England. I think we would get another great poem out of him. At present he belongs there more than here, and I know he would be deeply moved by what he would see.

With warmest regards to yourself and wife,—I am, Very truly, JOHN BURROUGHS.

HOTEL DE LILLE ET D'ALBION
PARIS
June 26th, 1872

MY DEAR JOHN,— . . . I sent you a note from London—we came over by Dieppe to Rouen—and saw Rouen exceedingly well. We have been in Paris ever since and I think shall not go farther, but probably return to London on Friday and home early next week. The truth is, though we have got *great* value and great enjoyment, taking in things most successfully—I have not been well, and Mary has suffered much from neuralgia. However, I believe the rousing and enjoyment will do her much good. . . . We have really got full of precious sights in Paris—the ruined city itself in chief; when I first came upon the base of the Vendôme Column, the shock gave me a new historical sense or feeling.

We have made up the Louvre very fairly indeed, and I found the paintings at the Luxembourg most interesting. Then, too, we saw the Salon (*i.e.* Royal Academy) of this year. Last night we went to the great theatrical *hit* of the time, "Rabayas," a very amusing comedy, in which the democracy and its leaders are quizzed with Parisian point and

brilliancy—I must tell you about this when we meet. I have succeeded in getting some books I wanted.

I will write no more now.—Ever yours affectionately,

E. DOWDEN.

MONTENOTTE, CORK
Sept. 3rd, 1872

MY DEAR MR BURROUGHS,—First to answer the important part of your last letter—the chance of getting Whitman over is one to be valued so much that, whether he were to succeed as a reader or not we should be tempted to urge him to come. But I do believe he could count on a decided success—of course I speak only of Dublin. He would probably come to us after having been in London ; (it would be the right order to begin at the centre). He is already known, and, I think, favourably known, to a good number of Dublin folk, and we have what Rossetti calls " Whitmanites " connected with three principal Dublin newspapers, who would make it their business duly to make known his intended readings. It would be a very great happiness to my wife and myself if Whitman would stay with us—he could either see people, or see nobody, as he liked.

(I have been compelling myself to write soberly about Walt Whitman's coming over, and our seeing him, but in reality I feel overjoyed by the possibility—my wife, too, who was always a lover of his poems, has recently been quite conquered in a new way by them. I feel this myself also—after " Leaves of Grass " has been going about for two or three months from hand to hand, when it comes back to me, and I look into it again, it has grown something new and more powerful.)

I trust there is no serious failing of Whitman's health ; you say nothing of yourself and I suppose I may infer that you

are well. This has been with me an unusually unsuccessful year as far as health is concerned. I came down here to Cork, in April, very far from well, hurried up (from your book and my own article) a lecture on Whitman, had a good audience, and succeeded in one thing, carrying them away with the poems which I attempted to read. I had not energy to get a tolerable report of the lecture ready for the newspapers, and the notice of it which appeared was so ill-done and wide of the mark that I did not care to send it to you or Whitman. However, here it is now, and if you care, you can show it to the victim of my lecture—and of the reporters!

In June, Mrs Dowden and I went off for a little trip on the continent, which came to an unlucky end in Paris, where I had to see a doctor for an attack of bronchitis, and next to get home; we have been ever since at the seaside in the Co. Wicklow. Yesterday I came to Cork to see my father. I am well again and strong, but a tendency to bronchitis remains, and I rather fear the coming winter.

The volume of essays posted to you, was sent back to the bookseller who had posted it, with the words "Returned with no reason assigned," stamped on it by the English post-office. I post to you now the portions which I think will interest you most—also my little paper on Milton which ought to have gone long since, and finally a lecture which I gave on "G. Eliot," and which appears in the *Contemporary Review*. I ought to say of this that it is the outcome of a temporary surrender of myself to her influence, and does not pretend to be a criticism of her work from an external point of view, but is rather an exposition from within; and while my admiration of her and her writing is profound, and constant, I do not at all live in oneness with the spirit of her teachings. Her enforced calm, and noble self-surrender, and sweet austerity, I think I understand and sympathise with, but it is better to show how life can be great and joyous (Whitman) than how life can be great and sad (G. Eliot).

I don't send any of these things to Whitman, because, if every one who cares for him were to think it a duty to send him the little things they write, I fear he would suffer severely by his friends; but if you think he would care to see any of these bits of writing of mine, please show them to him.

I do not know whether it is you or him I have to thank for the paper containing the *Revue des Deux Mondes* criticism. It was forwarded to me, and the cover taken off previously in Dublin. It is very unsatisfying, but still will rather do good than harm. You will have read, I am sure, before this reaches you, Swinburne's last deliverance on the Poet in his "Under the Microscope." I should say in answer to it, that in the writings of every poet of the first order, who deals with truths and the meanings of things, there are tracts of ground which would be prose if they were not included in and hung over by a heaven of poetry—witness notably Dante.

An adhesion given to Whitman which was interesting to me was that of Alexander Strahan, the publisher, indicated by a casual reference to W. in a memorial article on Norman Macleod in the *Contemporary Review* ("One of the truest poets of our day," or some such phrase). It was interesting to me because my *Westminster* Article was in print for the *Contemp.*, and just about to appear when Strahan and Dean Alford had a talk over it and decided it was too "dangerous" to appear, and Dean Alford wrote to me in a contemptuous way of Whitman's work as poet. (I fear poor Dean Alford died in his sins—he always loved the safe and the mediocre—but Strahan is converted), by, I suppose, Buchanan.

You wrote to me in your letter of the spring about Wordsworth in a way which made me feel how thoroughly you understood him, and also how knowing Whitman enables one to discover the place of Wordsworth. I myself, who at one time was enveloped in Wordsworth, now go in and come

out at will, and am free of him, revering and loving him still, but retaining my independence.

There is only one more thing to say I think—that twice I made myself over to photographers to do their worst or best with me, and twice they produced something which it was decided I could not honestly present as a likeness. But I will try again, and the third may be the lucky time.

With warm regards from my wife—I am, very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

J. A. Symonds I know through the Reviews as an excellent critic. I believe too I have heard of him through Mrs Clough, and that he worked with her in preparing her husband's "Life and Poems." He translates twenty-three sonnets of Michael Angelo in the September *Contemp. Review*, very admirably, I think.

KESWICK HOTEL, KESWICK
Thursday, July 5, 1877

MY DEAR JOHN,—At the last moment we changed our route, came across by Larne and Stranraer—a pleasant way for you, I should say—slept at Dumfries, saw Burns's monument and the house where he died—came on to Penrith, walk to the Beacon, thence to Keswick, yesterday from Keswick to Patterdale and back, row on Ullswater to Aira Force—to-day the Buttermere excursion, a glorious day; and to-morrow, if fine, we make a great investment of muscle and of money to see Wastwater. On Saturday to Ambleside, perhaps Windermere. To-morrow will be new ground; but nearly everything has appeared quite familiar—we had, however, a great miss in that wetting going to Buttermere, for it is a particularly fine walk, over the pass and down under Honister Crag. I walk and Mary rides, to-morrow, for about five or six hours of our excursion.

I shouldn't advise you to come on an excursion to Keswick with Good Templars!

We had eight of the most broad-blown specimens of the British Brute on the wagonette with us to-day, but we had fortunately box-seats. This type of tourist seems to abound. We are afflicted also with an Emperor or two in our hotel, one at least, the Emperor of Brazil (somewhere in Africa, I believe), who gets up at unnatural hours in the morning, mistaking this for the Antipodes; he has a crowd at his heels, and two policemen to keep the hotel door clear.

Don't come to the Lakes it you want strong new sensations. But if one could come to believe in "sober certainties of waking bliss," this would prove a suitable environment. A drop of cynicism in my marrow or blood, interferes with adequate surrender to the spirit of the place. But my historical sentiment has grown, and I felt at Burns's grave, not a sentimental feeling, but a real sense that here was some fiery human clay grown quiet, and near Southey's house that here was a place where a man of genius dutifully changed into a man of high and sustained routine. And I quite justify and admire Southey for it. But Burns was more a child of God; (Southey had the pathos in his life, however, of having worked out and survived his brain). These now are not notional things, but are interpreted by one's own accumulation of history, observed or experienced.

You ought to go to Skye. That would be a new experience. Hope before long to meet in Dublin.—Yours, E. DOWDEN.

MAYFIELD, OLD CONNAUGHT
BRAY, CO. WICKLOW
Aug. 22nd, 1874

MY DEAR MR DE VERE,[1]—It was after a day spent in Glenmalure and Glendalough that I found on my return your

[1] Aubrey de Vere.

interesting letter, and the gift of Sir Henry Taylor's poems, now nearly a month ago. You have really been very kind to me, not for the first time now, with no sufficient cause. The talk we had in Dublin moved me to read "Edwin the Fair," before I was made possessor of the poems by you: but I read it hastily, and my chief feeling about it is that I must read the poem again. Apart from merits of a more purely poetical kind, I was struck by the admirable construction of the whole, and by the impressive grandeur of certain scenes, a multitude being kept in motion before your eyes, and out of this the great figures emerging, all tending to some supreme moment or deed, which arrives or accomplishes itself so boldly and unfalteringly. . . . Sir Henry Taylor gives me the impression of attempting high things, and being equal to what he attempts. If I feel a want, I think it is that he does not often grasp at things beyond his reach, and fail to attain them. I hope you will not think this a stupid thing to say. My quickest sympathies go out to artists, who, though they exercise self-control as far as possible, are subject to an urge and pressure which strains the means of art. (This may be said of some of the early Christian painters, and, I think, of Michael Angelo and of Turner, and of Beethoven in his later period.)

I read, on getting the two volumes, "A Sicilian Summer," and with great pleasure. When you call it the only Shakespearian comedy of recent times, you describe it very truly. How admirably constructed this also is! And how full of enjoyment and joy-communicating it is! The prose parts are as good prose, I think, as Shakespeare's, and I am sure dramatic prose must be harder even to write than dramatic verse. (What wonderful use of prose Shakespeare makes in Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene, and in Hamlet's description of his melancholy.)

These plays of Sir H. Taylor's make me understand one sense in which "Alexander the Great" may be called now

dramatic. It does not accept the limitations (and limitations of course imply a number of advantages and merits) of the stage. This, of course, was your intention. But in this sense Sir H. Taylor's plays are in a high degree dramatic; and such a poem, I think, is a different kind of poem from the dramatic poem addressed only to the imagination and not first to the eye and ear, and then through these to the imagination (even, though not actually acted but only written with the idea of a stage). I am inclined to believe that a comedy would certainly lose by omission of all that actual visible action, motion, and utterance implies and suggests; but that such is not necessarily the case with a tragedy.

If I were to venture on offering an opinion, (in a case in which the writer himself must be the most competent person to decide), I should say,—"write another dramatic poem rather than narrative and do not let so great a subject as Thomas à Becket slip for the sake of any Irish Heroic subject." George Darley wrote a "Thomas à Becket," I think, which I believe I have got in Dublin, but I have not read it. This, of course, would in no degree deter you from choosing the same subject. I know nothing of Darley's except a bright little pastoral dramatic poem, fanciful rather than imaginative.

As a fact, whether it ought to be so or not, the choice of an Irish mythical, or early historical, subject confines the full enjoyment of the poem to a little circle. I admire "Congal" very truly; nevertheless, I feel that I shall never more than half enter into it. I do not believe the most admirable poem would be able to conquer this difficulty. And unless the solicitations of an Irish subject become imperative commands with your imagination, I do hope you will not allow yourself to be moved away from Thomas à Becket. The substantial matter of history is tough clay which it must be strenuous, and therefore joyous, work to try to model with.

the mind. Set down one emphatic vote then from the lovers of your poetry, for Thomas à Becket.

My Shakespeare lectures get on very slowly; but they will in the end get written. The book cannot, I suppose, be ready at earliest before the end of the year. It is too far contrary to human nature to go poking into dry-as-dust discussions in August weather such as this to-day.

If you have anything to say, or have heard Sir Henry Taylor say anything, on this subject, I should be rejoiced to get a letter from you: *How is the personality of a dramatic poet to be discovered.*

You and he ought to know how you either concealed yourselves, or in what ways you found yourselves disappearing, in order to give place to your creations, and therefore you ought to be able to say how you might have been arrested, and bid to come forward by a member of the critical constabulary in plain clothes, who was lurking to get hold of you. I want to put my hand on Shakespeare's shoulder for a moment even, and find it difficult. He eludes one at first, and much more afterwards. And yet there ought to be methods by which one could force a dramatic poet to discover himself, and announce his name, and tell you his secret.

I ought to add that I have got "Philip Van Artevelde." Thank you.—Sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

50 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
Decr. 24th, 1874

MY DEAR MR DE VERE,—I delayed to answer your letter in the hope that I might have a copy of my Shakespeare book to send you; but now I learn that it cannot be ready till early in 1875. It has been for some time off my hands and I hope to turn to other things. This "Study of Shakes-

peare" I only partly like myself, and I expect you will only partly like it. One who loves Wordsworth and Browning and Newman can never be content to wholly abandon desires and fears and affinities which are extra-mundane, even for the sake of the rich and ample life of mundane passion and action which Shakespeare reveals. This, however, is what I tried to do (and if the world and man be a manifestation of a Somewhat which lies behind them, one ought, I suppose, to be satisfied, for a time, to approach that Somewhat in this indirect way.

What I write now for, however, is not to indulge in this aimless kind of talk, but to get from you Coventry Patmore's "Odes," if you can give or lend them to me. I know the "Angel in the House" very well, and love it for its delicacies and pure curiosities of love, (there are curiosities of another kind in Rossetti's Sonnets all of which one doesn't like) and also for its fine ideals of womanhood.

Nevertheless, I protest against some few incidents and confessions as a little lacking in manliness of love, and these invariably suggest to me the offensive word "spooniness." All this comes, I think, from the love in the poem being kept too entirely in the region of consciousness. When a man and woman are joined in pursuit of high and strenuous deeds, they cannot bow each before the other as a shrine, and deck it with exquisite offerings, but by surrender of this they enter into a stronger and hardier comradeship.

And I want also in "The Angel in the House" a little of the wholesome roughness of the world. This tiny enclosure of purity, and refinement, and aristocratic *delicatesse*, produces the effect on me that one of the charming small English Cathedral towns does—with its church-bells, and green close, and scholarly canons. I hear in the distance the tumult of Manchester; and the fierce energy in the men's and women's faces as they crowd the streets on a Saturday

is better to me than the mild scholastic light of the Cathedral Close, and its culture and grace and charm.

However, be sure that I shall enjoy the " Odes," for, as I said, my affection for C. Patmore's poetry is very sincere, and of old standing.

Mr Graves and I rejoiced to hear that you were pondering the subject of Becket.—Sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE
St John's Day, Decr. 27th, 1874

MY DEAR PROFESSOR DOWDEN,—I am delighted to hear that I am so soon to have the great pleasure of reading your work on Shakespeare. Though nothing can well exceed my admiration for his nobler plays—and through some portions of my life I have studied him very carefully—still I feel as if I knew him much less than he ought to be known. Oddly enough, that circumstance has proceeded at first from my great admiration of him. I looked on each of his great plays as a huge Alp in an Alpine range—and to climb a mountain is so much more difficult than to walk in a valley, (though also a thing that rewards labour more). I have often turned from Shakespeare, I am ashamed to say, in order to read what I admired far less.

You need not, however, class Browning as well as Wordsworth and Newman among the writers I dwell much with. I admire his abilities and energies, but I can never *keep company* long with a book which does not seem replete with beauty as well as truth, and many of his poetic *capriccios* are apparently intended to illustrate the beauty of ugliness.

The fault of the " Angel in the House " is a contrary one. I quite agree with your criticism upon it, but I am very glad to see that we are also agreed as to its very great merit and charm—which surely would be more appreciated if the

public taste were in a sounder state. Pray tell me what you think of his "Odes" as soon as you have read them. You will see that they differ considerably in style from the "Angel." One or two of them refer to his second marriage: I thought you might have seen a copy of them which I gave to our very charming mutual friend Mrs Bromley Nixon.

I hope we shall before long have your own projected volume of poems. Ireland, where so much poetry is daily spoken, has done very little in the way of written poetry. You must help her to redeem this wrong.

Believe me, with all the best wishes that belong to this Holy Season, yours sincerely, AUBREY DE VERE.

50 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
March 6th, 1875

MY DEAR MR DE VERE,—I write with the music and meaning of your beautiful little poem the "Trouvère" in my heart and ear; it is quoted in a notice of "Lyrics of Life and Light" in to-day's *Academy*.

The Martha in me, (after reading your "Trouvère"), looks not enviously but with desire, upon the Mary in you. My hands are filling with work that I feel to belong only to a part of me, and that not the best part. (I know the more excellent way is to follow Love and listen for his songs. Still one may not quite lose sight of Love while going over dull bits of country where singing voices are low.)

These miscellaneous little activities of mine are: (1) An article for the *Fortnightly Review*, to be by-and-by written on "Wordsworth's Prose Works." (2) The *Quarterly Review* on "German Shakespeare Literature." (3) My selection from Wordsworth, which will be a little labour of love. (4) Perhaps a Shakespeare Primer, price 1s., for Macmillan.

You certainly suggest a difficulty I don't see the way of escape from, when you mention the want of female figures in a tragedy of Becket. I hope you may notwithstanding succeed in laying hold of and shaping the subject.—Sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN

AUBREY DE VERE TO E. DOWDEN

CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE
St Patrick's Day, March 17th, 1875

MY DEAR PROFESSOR DOWDEN,—I did not like to write and thank you for the great pleasure I have had in reading your book on Shakespeare, until I had time to go over nearly all of it a second time; and I shall certainly before long give it a third perusal. I do not exaggerate in saying that it seems to me the best book I have ever read on Shakespeare. I suppose that if Coleridge had been at the conscientious pains of doing his best with his lectures on Shakespeare, not digressing into alien regions of thought while delivering them, in the manner reported by Crabbe Robinson, and not leaving his *disjecta membra* to the mercy of the reporters—(and in that case he might indeed have written the line

"A loving kindness for the great man's fame")

—he would have given us a book only inferior to Shakespeare himself. In contemplating Shakespeare we should then have possessed the advantage enjoyed by those who regard a mountain chain from a mountain next to it in height. But he has kept us only enough to tantalise us. Schlegel's criticisms on Shakespeare I read with vivid interest, but I have read your book with far greater interest, both from the deep and keen insight with which it seems to me everywhere to abound, and on account of the power and eloquence which

everywhere characterise it when illustrating matters of detail.

. . . . . .

Though few can be more vehement admirers of Shakespeare than I, my knowledge of him is far from being what it ought to be. I had not observed, for instance, that either the play of "Henry the Fifth," or the character of the King, deserved as high a place as you assign them. On reading the work again, however, with the lights you throw on it, I agree with you, though I think old Johnson was also right in saying that Shakespeare might easily have consummated that play with a finer fifth act.

As you remark, Henry the Fifth is one of the most religious of Shakespeare's characters, which followed from his being one of the most chivalrous; but does not this confirm Wordsworth's remark to me, that in general the religious sentiment in Shakespeare's plays is less than that which may be called the average in actual life?

How far that is a fault that admits of remedy in the Drama would be a great subject for an essay. I can imagine a critic maintaining that the Drama is an exclusive sort of cultus of the Humanities, and that "high action and high passion best describing" is the dramatist's sole function; that the Human would be lessened by juxtaposition with the Divine —that a life heroically lived out makes up a sort of earthly Divine, and suffices for the Drama, and that Christianity, which changes martyrdom from sorrow to triumph, glorifies also all the lesser degrees of suffering to such an extent as to take the element of the tragic out of them, replacing it by an enhanced mystic Beauty. This theory would to a certain extent correspond with the Greek idea of Tragedy, which was a sort of service in honour of Bacchus, the God of the Passions, whose altar smoked on the stage all the time—and which had nothing to do with the Apollonian Inspiration. If such a theory could be established (which I am far from saying,

since it would be a paradox to maintain that the most human form of Poetry can dispense with what is highest in Humanity), it might vindicate the Shakespearian tragedy from Wordsworth's criticism ; but it would also suggest the thought that outside of *Tragedy*, there must be possible a Christian Drama, which Shakespeare did not turn to full account.

I was accustomed to think that "Henry the Eighth" had in it nothing of Shakespeare's, except that exquisite scene, the dying of the wronged Queen, but on reading again the scenes you attribute to him, I admit they are more Shakespearian than I knew.

Putting aside the final laudation of Elizabeth, which appropriately passes into one of James, as more excellent still, (evidently the work of the Court hack), this play curiously maintains Dryden's philosophy of the Reformation—"when love first taught a monarch to be wise." It is quite what might have been written by a somewhat indifferent Catholic laughing at Protestants too dull to take offence at the jest.

Wherever Shakespeare writes in a Christian spirit, he seems to me to write in a Catholic tone also. I suspect he regarded the religious battle of his time as but another incident in the war of Church and State, as old as the days of Henry the First and Second ; that he supposed it would end like the earlier campaigns, in reconciliation ; that the two portions of his being which went with Romeo and with Falstaff were in sympathy with ancient Christendom, but took the matter easy ; and that the remaining third of him which went with Hamlet stared from the top of the cliff into the dark and saw nothing.

You suggest that the high passions, aspirations, and affections—which Shakespeare so ruthlessly and often so recklessly cut short by death—have yet, in a certain sense, rushed through their course and seem less unworthily frustrated than they would have been by a merely human success. Perhaps Shakespeare might have based his religious vindica-

tion on some such view, affirming that his dramas by their very incompleteness, and yet by a greatness which shows the disproportion between men's cravings and their earthly objects, point to a world of fulfilment behind the veil, a Religion *to be* revealed—a shrouded Religion of the Humanities—*in* them, *under* them, and *behind* them, though not enthroned in radiance *above* them. Certainly in his works Christianity is dimly outlined, but where present it is ever treated with supreme reverence, and its very absence is not marked by that glacial chill, as well as gloom, to be found in most of our modern poetry, and especially in the Epicurean part of it. He might say that Death is the way to Life. They are content with a gilded tomb.

Your analysis of Hamlet struck me as admirable, and especially your profound remark that the reason he has ceased in so large a measure to love Ophelia, is that he has ceased to believe in her, the morbid condition into which his mind has worked itself having practically superseded belief—which is the mind's rest.

I think, however, you are hard on Ophelia, and I fear you are too indulgent to Juliet—and *still more* to Helena.

Your account of Henry the Sixth's character, which is excellent, reminded me of Father Faber's description of the "scrupulous man," whom he regards as such a bore, (especially to his confessor), and as far as may be from a saint. Several passages in your book gave me the impression that you hardly appreciated the degree in which, according to the Catholic Church, heroic strength enters into the idea of a saint. No one who is soft or trivial in character can be a saint. Faith itself is an act of spiritual daring, as well as of spiritual discernment, and without the gift of fortitude there can be no progress up the heights.

I was much struck by your remark on Evil Spirits on p. 247, the more valuable at a time when our Sadducees are loud in laughing at them—that is, in affirming (as Bishop

Wilberforce once remarked to me), that "every man is his own Devil."

I am afraid you are a little too kind to Cordelia. Her coldness to her father in the beginning of the play can, of course, be accounted for; but after all I do not think it can be cleared from the charge of temper and want of sympathy, if not of filial reverence. She had no right to allow her old father to go so wrong.

It struck me that there were expressions in pp. 271 and 272 which might be misconceived. Shakespeare doubtless meant us to learn from Kent's devotion the heroic fidelity of Love under any circumstances; but he would not surely have doubted that in those who are really capable of Love, as well as of the Pretence, it would not have flamed up higher, diffused itself more widely, in consequence of conviction that all things had been made in Love, and that Love had called down a Divine Sufferer to deliver from Evil.

However, if I allow myself to run on, I shall never come to an end, so I must content myself with adding that I am going to read your work again, comparing your remarks everywhere with the passages commented on.

But as "much will have more," I want you to undertake a kindred labour—as large a volume on Wordsworth. He is more analogous to Shakespeare than any other English poet, though in him the Dramatic instinct was so strangely separated from the Human—in which he is so superior to Milton or Spenser. It would take a large volume to analyse Wordsworth aright; but having the details of his life before you, a far closer examination into the growth of his mind and art is possible than in the case of Shakespeare.

Perhaps your small volume on Wordsworth may develop into the large one. Ireland would then have a chance of learning Wordsworth, and England, who is abandoning him after some knowledge, might gain a better knowledge which she could less easily discard. . .

I am so glad you liked the "Trouvère"—Yours very sincerely, AUBREY DE VERE.

50 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
April 7th, 1875

MY DEAR MR DE VERE,— . . . Your letter and the letter to Sara Coleridge interested me, I need hardly say, very much, and gave me more than pleasure. I have learned from the favourable reviews of my book, quite as much as from one or two that were not wholly favourable, of how very little worth is the judgment of the irresponsible, indolent reviewers. But your opinion and that of two or three other persons, which I have come to hear, either directly or in a round-about way, has given me an authentic assurance that my attempt to interpret Shakespeare has been, up to a certain point, right and successful. What you wrote about tragedy and a possible Christian drama is full of suggestion, and makes me wish I could make a study of the relation of the drama of various times and periods to religion, that of Greece and the drama of Calderon especially.

There is no misprint in the note on p. 414 about "Henry VIII." As far as the evidence of several verse tests can be trusted, the division of the play there made between Shakespeare and Fletcher is clear; but I confess the scene you mention, that of Katharine's death, seemed to me in conception, though not in versification, so Shakespearian that I spoke of it in one passage as Shakespeare's (p. 93 of my book). It must, however, have been executed by Fletcher.

Yes, I am too hard on Ophelia. I ought to have been severe, but not harsh; and as to Helena—my criticism was a special pleading with myself. I saw that Shakespeare intended her to be noble and beautiful, and I said, "I must see her from Shakespeare's point of view." In the eleventh chapter

of the Hebrews the writer enumerates a number of the Old Testament worthies who seem to him admirable because of the *faith* which each possessed, though in other things not wholly admirable. So I think Shakespeare—(at a time when energy and rectitude of *will* seemed to him that one thing needful)—thought about Helena.

I have used the word "Saint" in a careless and vulgar way, and I feel this now myself, but I know partly, and I hope I shall know more and more, that the true conception of "saintliness" excludes all softness, and selfish or weak scrupulosity. This is the part of Christian literature I should most like to submit my mind and heart to—the lives of noble Christian men and women—and though work of various kinds prevents me from other Catholic reading, I shall always try to make time for really good lives of saints, if you will recommend me such books—such I mean as the autobiography, and "Book of the Foundations" of St Teresa, which I know, or the "Confessions of St Augustine."

Perhaps you will be less desirous that I should write a book on Wordsworth when I confess that I am more an intensive than an extensive Wordsworthian. I find myself though not in all particulars, yet in some, going more with Sara Coleridge than with yourself of 1845. What is peculiar to Wordsworth rather than what he possesses in common with other poets, and his earlier writings rather than his later, drew me into one long trance of communion with him, which for a while—for some years—excluded every other influence of a profound kind, and was to my life what the sunrise seen by the wanderer from a "bold headland" was to the day which followed it.

> "In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God
> Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired."

After that sunrise, of course, the more ordinary hours of the day succeeded, each with its own good gift, and yet the

hour of rapture and of ecstasy continued to be the soul of the day, the primal source of its joy and blessedness, and what followed was but a kind of realizing of its spirit in forms, facts, customs, habits and institutions. So with me while drinking in Wordsworth's early poetry; and so it seems to me with Wordsworth himself and his poetry. As I would give many good hours of my life for the grace conferred in single special moments, so I cannot help feeling that I would resign in Wordsworth's poetry the more even, diffused, and permanent illumination of his later poems, for the high and rare ecstasy of vision which was attained at single points in his earlier poetry. And yet I read and love all.

And between 1808 (Convention of Cintra) and 1818, while Wordsworth's political feelings remained strong and fervent, I do believe that his eye in matters political became less "visionary" (to use his favourite word), conferred less, and gathered facts of experience, rather than made discoveries of intuition through united passion and thought; and therefore his words became less prophetic and less comprehensively true. He falls back in the earlier period upon prophetic hopes and ardours of his own heart, and preaches truths of promise and of courage; and in the later period he falls back upon maxims of caution and prudence, (while still taking large and high views of the national well-being). He had, I fear, in this late period less of that infinite prudence which can risk the present through a venture of faith, and can count upon the whole of time. All the qualifications which would make what I am writing quite fit with the truth, (as the truth appears to me), will not go into a letter, but to you I can state unguardedly what seems to me the chief fact. In 1808 he had passed out of any mist of illusion which had been flung around him by the French Revolution, but still he saw the glory of its commencement, and that of the truths it symbolized. There was no dark or chill period of rain and disaster and wreck in the history of Wordsworth's heart and

mind; but the light took a sober colouring, and the diffusion of the brightness is for some purposes equivalent to the ebbing of light.

"By Grace Divine
Not otherwise, O Nature, we are thine."

Yes—but that highest grace was vouchsafed to Wordsworth not even at the Communion Table so much as in youth upon the hill-tops — "our young men shall see visions." What Bacon says of that verse happens to be true, I think, of Wordsworth. But this is a large subject, and I am doing it and myself injustice by only partially setting forth what I believe.

Your recollections both Mr Graves and I read, and we agreed that they would form a very precious and beautiful addition to Mr Grosart's 3rd volume.

Thursday

As to the Shakespeare matter, nothing of the kind could be done until there is something like a consensus of opinion among Shakespeare scholars. "Titus Andronicus" has few English authorities in favour of its being wholly the work of Shakespeare. I only know of Capel, Collier, and Knight, but nearly all the Germans accept it, (who, however, on such a question are not, and cannot be, first-rate authorities); but no one could venture on a division of "Titus" into parts by Shakespeare and another writer. Nor do I believe this can be effected except in a rough way, with "Timon," and the play *needs* some of the parts of Shakespeare's coadjutor. But Tennyson and Mr Fleay, independently, separated the Shakespeare part of "Pericles," and a very lovely little drama comes out clean, (called by Mr Fleay "Marina"), containing poetry of a very high kind. I hope something like agreement may be arrived at here (tho' I found that Mr

Graves does not believe that any portion of "Pericles," is by Shakespeare. By whom then?).

The Shakespeare parts of "Two Noble Kinsmen" have been separated successfully I think, but they do not form a connected series of scenes. They ought, however, even as extracts, to be included in any edition of Shakespeare, I think —(the parts by Fletcher are poor stuff, and parts extremely vile). In addition to these, I feel hardly a doubt that Mr Fleay is right in saying that the episode of the love-making of Edward III. to the Countess of Salisbury, in the old play of "Edward III." is by the young Shakespeare, and ought to be included in editions of Sh. It reads continuously, and comes clean out of "Edward III." I have quite lately read the "Yorkshire Tragedy," which I think Dyce prints as Shakespeare's. I feel morally certain that Shakespeare never wrote a line of it. But I must stop.—Always sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

"Titus" is important historically, as showing Shakespeare's connection in his earliest period with the bloody drama, of Kyd and others, and no division of it will probably ever be possible, because at *that* early period his versification was the versification of his contemporaries, and not yet peculiarly his own.

50 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN
April 16th, 1875

MY DEAR MR DE VERE,—Thank you for the additional notes and recollections which I was very glad to read. I remember in Rogers's Table-talk it is mentioned that he had a feeling of horror of the thought of death. Goethe, who was a collector of beautiful things—pictures and medals and busts—though on principle he turned away from shocking and disturbing subjects of contemplation, (as such seemed to him to hinder

culture)—yet thought very nobly of death. All the ritual which makes life grand and beautiful he valued highly, but not for its own sake, and he was content to leave his accumulated possessions because their essential value was that they had contributed something which adheres, and is carried forward, and is not dropped at death. He would, in his rare high moods of spiritual inspiration, have spoken of death precisely as you say Wordsworth thought of it.

. . . . . .

I shall wait for the chance of some further letter, or a postscript on Wordsworth, before I say anything of this—that the *common* element which poets have, I find in the air, in the sea, and a little in myself; and chiefly in great lives of men and women, and in the Divine Power and Beauty of which they are the offset, and I go then to each artist for an unique peculiar gift. Now, though "Goody Blake and Harry Gill" may be peculiarly Wordsworthian, I should not go to it for what is highest and best in Wordsworth's peculiar gift. In such poems I find only the rough and hard rind out of which emerges the spirit and the flower of Wordsworth's song. So it is not only what is peculiar that I look for, but that peculiar gift in its highest and most lovely form. . . .

50 WELLINGTON ROAD
May 30th, 1875

MY DEAR JOHN,—We were very glad to hear that you got safely over, and to hear news, which upon the whole is good news, of Eddie.

I enclose a letter of a few days since from father, from which you will see his state, and learn his satisfaction at your absence from our venerable and beloved mother, the Church of Ireland. Did you see that Pusey is writing a letter addressed to Sir J. Napier about Irish Church affairs?

To-day Smith beat the drum ecclesiastic, but not in favour of a schism; he will remain in his Church and read the unrevised Services, and bear any consequences which may follow. He was particularly hard upon the able leaders of the revision party, who have tried to satisfy all parties, and have satisfied none!

My own feeling is that we would be bound to secede *if we had a bishop*, but without a bishop I could not consider any seceding party as belonging to the Catholic Church. This however is only the view of an ill-educated lay Churchman, and I shall, no doubt, be guided a good deal by anything Pusey may say. These are trying times for a Churchman with an anxious conscience! Now I envy the repose and stability of our brethren of the Roman Communion, but I am not yet prepared to take the step of joining them. . . .

I have had much Council and Committee work of late. Of my many jobs, two—the two least—are dispatched, my revision of the Shakespeare chapter in the *Student's Manual*, and my article on Randolph for *Academy*. I find in the *Sh. Jahrbuch* a short notice of my book, by Karl Elze—it only arrived "at the last moment," and couldn't be reviewed; what he says is very satisfactory as far as it goes.

I had a letter from Whitman; he speaks of the problem of recovery, even partial, as very doubtful (one leg badly crippled, and serious lesions of stomach and liver): but he gets out, and means, if not prevented, to publish a vol. of prose and verse next summer, (on which you probably saw a note I sent to this week's *Academy*).

Rossetti warmly approves the idea of our showing our care for Walt in some way—by a substantial gift, if needed, or by some symbolic token—but how to do it is not solved. I rather think Walt's wants, which are simple, are supplied, and that personal help he might resent. R. suggests to buy an edition of his book, (and present it to Libraries and persons who would value it).

John Burroughs writes to me of Whitman evidently with extreme anxiety and dread. He says Whitman is so inexpressibly dear, the Earth would seem hardly habitable without him.

You say nothing of the Edinbro' lectures.—Ever yours,

E. D.

To Maurice Hime

Sept. 19*th*, 1875

My Dear Hime,—As to your book, the only suggestion I have to make is that perhaps you might urge more strongly the evil influence of any form of sensuality in destroying the tone of one's whole character—what Jeremy Taylor speaks of as its dissolving of the spirit of man, and making it "loose, soft and wandering"; and set before the readers as the great object of one's first score or five-and-twenty years, the attainment of a character, *i.e.* a fully-formed will, strenuous and magisterial, capable of executing hard things; and such a character evidently is the only one which can get into contact with the high and difficult sources of happiness in the world. I wouldn't talk much in an abstract way of pleasures or beauty of "Virtue," but urge to the utmost that there is a concrete thing daily forming, *a character*, and that just in proportion to the success one has made in forming this thing during a limited number of years, will all one's work and future existence be. (You already indeed say a good deal to this effect.)

I'd say something to this effect, "Wouldn't you like to be energetic, strong-willed, a force in the world, coherent and at one with yourself, clear-sighted, capable of endurance, and continuous advance? Well, to be so you must keep your whole nature in training, as an athlete does. You will have to renounce a great amount of various kinds of indulgences; the whole affair is a hard one, but it is worth the

effort to enter life sane, clean, masculine; each diminution of your purity of nature may at the time be a very keen gratification, but it is a law of nature that it will inevitably diminish your power of self-command, your entire coherence and force of nature. To get the best out of oneself, it is necessary to put oneself into training."

Young men in College having the idea of self-development kept so prominently and dominantly over them, must be a good deal influenced by the idea of sensuality being an offence against education, *i.e.* against making the utmost of one's body, intellect, and moral nature.—Yours very truly,

To John Todhunter, M.D.

Winstead, Temple Road
Decr. 1*st*, 1875

My Dear Todhunter,—Could you come on Saturday, instead of Friday? We have promised to go out on Friday.

It was partly, as you say, "to save some" that I wrote in that low-toned way about Whitman; but partly because for my own sake I have to assume a cool, somewhat nonchalant way of talking about things and people I love to any third person. It seems less inadequate than a middle way of praise and love would be; and to say the whole truth would be neither profitable nor possible. If A. would very contentedly accept annihilation to do B. a little good, A. had better say something quite commonplace and usual. And in like manner I kept a prudent mask of common sense over my face, (which in reality flushes and pales more than a strong or sober person's ought), while discoursing to the "Fortnightly" folk of Walt.

I hope soon to hear that you are in London, and that your volume of poetry is getting into some printer's hands.

I had a long day in College to-day, and was re-elected Secretary of the Council. It is part of the provisional life, not the absolute life, this Secretary and Council business; but one makes it subserve, a good deal of drudgery to me being less vexing than uneasiness now and again as to where one's rent is to come from.

Bring any music you have with you on Saturday should you be able to come.—Yours, E. D.

The Clown, you know, brought in his "pretty worm of Nilus" under fig-leaves. So I, with Walt—"Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it, do seldom or never recover."

To John Dowden

Winstead, Temple Road
Dublin
Tuesday (*Jan.* 1876)

Extract

. . . . Thank you for the Catalogue of Paterson. I see in it several things I much desire. But households, like nations, have periods of expansion and periods of concentration. This is a period of concentration which we have entered on, and it is very hard to conceive bold ideas and do courageous deeds (such as spending 24s. on Stubbes' "Anatomie of Abuses") nowadays.

Dr Caulfeild has been appointed Librarian of Queen's College, Cork.

I have carried a number of valuable Library reforms in Committee here; and I expect the Council and Board will accept them.

My Primer is at a standstill; I know too much and too little

of Shakespeare to write it comfortably. I am harassed by difficulties which would not beset me if I were more ignorant, or more completely equipped with Shakespeare study; and each would take a week to solve. I must just try to omit as far as possible these doubtful matters, and write about what is certain; otherwise Sh. will kill any original force I have, and make me a mere erudite.

Think of the honour I have received this week! Messrs Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, through their distinguished Editor, have proposed to me to write a "History—political, social, and literary—of Victoria's Reign." I don't think I shall tell father of this, for he would lament that I had so rashly thrown away a noble opportunity of forming public opinion, and educating the mind of my generation.

For prose work for a long while to come I mean to stick to the 19th century, and make an *opus magnum*, if not *maximum*, in the course of years, on the mainsprings of this century of ours, approaching it from every side I can. It will probably be written in fragments, and I suppose a "Mind and Art of Goethe" will form a comparatively early portion. . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
March 26th, 1876

MY DEAR BURROUGHS,—It is a good while since I received your "Winter Sunshine," and there was no cause why I should not have written at once, to tell you how much enjoyment and impulse I got from it. What you write possesses a portion of the power to "free, arouse, dilate," which Nature has. Indeed parts of your book are like an immediate off-growth of Nature (and of man as a part of Nature), and as full of juice as a "bonny-cheeked Newtown pippin," or a red astrachan in August. Your song of the apple I found

quite persuasive (p. 119 where you become lyrical; "Temperate, chaste, fruit!" etc., is like a page from Whitman); and I acquired a sudden craving for imported American apples, and suffered from a bad conscience because I didn't diverge from my route into College every day, to get to a shop where I knew there was a very ruddy store of them I am not inventing this little confession for the occasion, bu recording a fact. And I have been more than once sent int the country by your "Exhilarations of the Road." No that you succeed in imposing any factitious "rurality" or me, but a real love for the road, which has always lived wit me, gets at times covered and crusted over by the accident of my own way of life, and some external agency like your book is needed to thaw the arrested current, and make me free and happy.

Since you saw us we have changed our place of abode, chiefly under the pressure of this need of the country. We are now on the extreme edge of the city, and cannot be built round by houses; opposite our windows are the Dublin mountains, and within easy walking distance; while almost at our door a railway runs down through country places to the seaside, and so on into the beautiful places of Wicklow.

I like much also your "October Abroad"—your memorials of St Paul's in particular strike me as a fine interpretation of the spiritual essence of the place.

We have been made anxious and unhappy about Whitman of late, not solely on account of his broken health, but through the fear that he may have less means of providing for all needs and comforts than he ought to have. The article from the *West Jersey Press* describing the true state of affairs was copied into our *Athenæum*, thereupon Buchanan wrote a long and passionate letter on Whitman, and the neglect of him by America, in the *Daily News*. Rossetti wrote to say he was in communication with Whitman to ascertain whether it was his wish that his English friends should now

move on his behalf. Thereupon the *Daily News* had a leading article on W. admitting his excellence as a man, but depreciating his work as a writer, and the *Saturday Review* published a vile column of rancorous abuse of Walt Whitman, man and writer. Such is the latest aspect of things here. You probably saw the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some time since, by O'Grady, a friend of mine, with its warm appreciation of W., and Peter Bayne's hostile review the same month in the *Contemporary Review*.

I stayed all proceedings toward any movement in Whitman's favour when I learned that it would—at that time—be probably unpleasing to him, though I was in communication with Rossetti on the subject of some less substantial expression of his English friends' admiration and regard—and we had thought of several kinds of slighter gifts, which might be taken as a token of our feeling towards him. But now this appears very insufficient and out of place.

Ought not the American Government be moved to give W. a pension for the rest of his life, in consideration of his services as hospital nurse? It seems to me as if such an arrangement would be honourable both to the Government and to Whitman.

I hope you will soon write to me and tell me what you think of all this. But in the meantime Rossetti will have got W.'s answer.

Eight copies of his Autograph edition are either come or coming to Dublin—probably more will be taken. My own copy has reached me. I am greatly interested, and contented by his preface (except that I think "L. of G." is more for the *soul*, as well as the body, than W. quite admits), and the Memoranda of the War held me close to them for long.—Believe me, always yours sincerely, E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
April 2, 1876

MY DEAR JOHN,—Your letter come. Yes—Rossetti has written to W. W. asking what he'd like done, and Buchanan had a long *blast* in the *Daily News* proposing to get up a subscription to buy his books, to which he got several friendly answers. I hear frequently from Walt, and he is very well aware of the warm feeling of his English friends. He has printed an edition of his complete works in two vols. with portraits, handsomely bound, 150 copies, with autograph in each copy—"L. of Grass," "Two Rivulets," miscellaneous new poems, "Memoranda of the War" (prose), "Democratic Vistas," etc., for 10 dollars (£2, 2s.) . . . I have had seven copies taken, and shall get some more. Rossetti and Mrs Gilchrist each ordered £5 worth of copies. . . . Some of the new matter, especially a preface to "L. of Grass," is very fine. Get a draft on some London Bank for £2, 2s. I know it would please him much more to hear directly than through me. But if you prefer, or think it in any way inexpedient, I'll order the copy. *Saturday Review* has talked of the "impudent agitation" to get up a subscription for Walt, and abused him in a most brutal way, but *Athenæum* has inserted article about him from American paper, and this week a short poem of his. He is cheerful, accepts the situation, thinks his paralysis will not pass away, gets by tram-car and ferry on the Hudson river (? or Delaware—I forget which Camden is on), and gets infinite kindness and attention from the employé's of cars and boats.

I am going this evening to London—this (Sunday) evening in order not to miss Joachim and Mme. Schumann to-morrow evening at Monday Pop. Shall be away ten days. Address if you write, Charing Cross Hotel. Ingram and Salmon come too. . . . On Wednesday evening we go to Conversazione of Royal Society—shall see Blake Exhibition. *Couldn't you run*

down to London. We shall go to Oxford, and to Stratford, on way to Dublin. Come, and we'll have fun. . . . If you write to Walt, ask him besides his autograph on title-page to write your name in it. Mary's love.—Yours affectly. E. D.

I have written *nothing* since I saw you, except little things for *Academy*, but couldn't, College business so distracting, and still a long job—(women's exam.)—left over till my return. . I've undertaken (for 1880 !) an essay on Spenser's ethical teaching for an ed. of Spenser by Grosart, with assistance of W. Aldis Wright, Palgrave, Lord Coleridge, Aubrey de Vere, Edmund Gosse, Prof. Child and myself.

I shdn't wonder if I saw G. Eliot.

To his Daughter, Hester

Charing Cross Hotel
April 6th, 1876

My Dear Essie,—We—Dr Ingram and I—went last night to a Conversazione at the Royal Society, where all the great *savans* in London, I suppose, were. But we did not know almost anyone there, and it was rather dull walking about the rooms, and seeing little old men, and big old men, and hearing all sorts of strange voices, and looking at microscopes, and instruments we did not understand. The President, whose name is Hooker, and who is a great botanist, stood at the door shaking hands with everyone, as soon as the footman had shouted his name—" Professor Ingram "—" Professor Dowden "—in a very loud voice. Of course it was we who were ignorant, and not the place that was dull, and there was one thing which even we thought very interesting—a kind of little wheel inside a glass bottle which when you put it near the light of a candle, or any other light, begins to twirl

round, and no one knows certainly what makes it move. Mr Crookes who made this instrument was showing it; it is quite a tiny thing, and there were all the greatest men in England more interested in this than I am in a novel or poem (or as much), and puzzling their heads to invent experiments which would help to find out what turns the little wheel.

We saw, too, the manuscript of the greatest book written by the greatest philosopher ever born in England—Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia." He used also to keep a little note-book in which he wrote down any faults he thought he ought to remember, and try to avoid. We saw also a death-mask taken by a sculptor from his face.

In the afternoon yesterday I went to see Mr Furnivall. He is seriously ill, and was sitting in his study unable to go down to dinner. . . . We are to dine with Mr Furnivall at half-past one on Sunday, and perhaps after that I may go on to see George Eliot.

Yesterday I went in for a few minutes to Saint Paul's, and you can have no idea of a building so huge. It is like standing in a mountain of building, only you are inside the mountain and not outside; it makes everyone look small, and makes you feel small. But when you think of the great men buried under the pavement, or of one of them, then suddenly the building seems to become small, and one of the dead men greater than it; and you begin to feel that you are not so tiny an insect as you seemed when you came in at the door. On each side of the door stand statues of two great soldiers, and rulers—Miss Napier's two uncles, Sir Charles and Sir William Napier. It is in Westminster Abbey that most of the great poets and writers are buried.

I wonder will you write to me again. If you have time I should like it of course, and if Richard doesn't object I think a picture of a snake by him might be worth showing to some of the artists here. At least *I* should like it if they don't.

I was quite surprised to find what progress Hilda had made since I left, as I didn't know that she could write a letter.

When I go home I shall perhaps try to tell you something about the pictures by William Blake I have seen. There are some even more beautiful, and some more terrible, than in "The Grave" or Young's "Night Thoughts." There is open in a case here a wonderful copy of the "Night Thoughts," with a great many coloured pictures by Blake, some of which are not in our book, but of the two on the open pages one is the picture of the soul on one knee, I think, looking up and crowned with stars, in which the gigantic serpent coils over the page. The serpent is full of wonderful colours. One of the loveliest pictures is one of "Jacob's Dream," in which, instead of a ladder put up that night for a kind of show to Jacob, there is a beautiful winding stair of stone going up and up into the farthest heaven, and remaining there every day, and all days and all nights, and not only angels go up and down the stairs, but beautiful men and women and children; and they may play, or kiss, or be serious on this stair between earth and heaven, only all that they do is beautiful and wise. Blake means that there is really a going-up and coming-down between the high things of life and the ordinary every-day things (where Jacob has fallen asleep), and that it is no dream, and not at all dreadful, except as all most beautiful and good things are dreadful. This is only one out of a roomful of strange and lovely pictures by Blake.

Love to mother (who I think knows about this stair of Jacob's dream, and can tell you something about it), and kiss Richard and Hilda for your loving, E. DOWDEN.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL
Sunday (April 9th, 1876)

MY DEAR ESSIE,—Yesterday morning, after breakfasting with Mr Mahaffy and Dr Salmon, and a visit to the Blake

Exhibition (my last visit), we came back to our hotel and I got mother's letter ; next Dr Ingram and myself climbed on the top of a bus (not near as comfortable or nice as our trams in Dublin), and drove off to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. There was a great stream of cabs and buses, and all sorts of carriages, all the drivers with bits of dark or light blue ribbon on their whips, and a great many blue " favours " (one penny each) and ties worn. The bus, after a very long drive, stopped at Putney Bridge ; a great crowd was crushing over the bridge ; and every window everywhere full ; a great deal of beer-drinking and joking, but a good-humoured crowd. The trees and grass looked beautifully bright and green to our eyes, that had for a week seen nothing but houses ; the crowd was pushing along the sides of the river, which is very broad, with low banks, a fresh wind blowing and strong tide running. We got out of the crowd, and by paying two shillings got on a pier where we were very quiet, few people being willing to pay so much. After some waiting a long boat very little above the water shot out from the side of the river, with eight rowers dressed in light blue flannel. This was the Cambridge Boat,—and they were cheered from one of two steamers crowded with young men—one the Oxford, the other the Cambridge steamer—which were to follow the race ; soon after came the Oxford boat rowing more slowly, and a cheer from the Oxford steamer. Then a little boat came behind where they lay, and a man stood up in it, and waved his arms once—twice—three times —and away they darted, Cambridge first ; in a few minutes they were out of sight, and Dr Ingram and I turned away. For once perhaps it was worth seeing, but I shouldn't care ever to go again. The river and the boats were very pretty, but it seemed as if every ugly, coarse, low, and bad-looking man and woman in London had come down with us to see it, and very few, as far as I could see, that were pleasant or good-looking. I thought I should like the mere mass of

people—to be with so many men and women together—but I found I really was anxious to get away from them, and I am not sure that it would have been much better where people were who paid 7s. 6d. for a seat, except that the smell of beer in the hot sun and close passages down to the river would not have been so bad. We came back to London quickly, but before we arrived newspapers were selling in the streets telling that Cambridge was the winner.

Tell mother that in the evening we dined with the Congreves. . . . Mrs Congreve knows George Eliot particularly well, and says she is the woman with the greatest influence she has ever known, through her deep sympathy. She says when about 18, G. Eliot practised all sorts of austerities and abstinences—so much so as to injure her health.

With love to Richard and Hilda, your affectionate father,

E. D.

P.S.—Since writing this I have been to dinner with Mr Furnivall. . . . Then I went on, and stayed from 4 to 6 with Mr and Mrs Lewes—a house of great beauty and refinement, without ostentation—only quite a few guests. Millais, Paul (of King & Co), Lord and Lady Lindsey, and one or two others. Mrs L. is really very like Dante, with a large, mobile mouth, sweet penetrating eyes, and a delicate feminine voice. Her perfect refined feminine personality was what impressed me most. She was not in her best talking vein, but everything she said was exactly right and accurate, and beautiful in manner. I sat next her for some time and had some *tête-à-tête* talk, but she prefers to get the circle into talk. Lewes was friendly, clever, and pleasant, and Millais said much that was interesting about his work as a painter. I then went on to Yeats. They had all gone to the Coulters—and after vain attempts to find the Coulters, whose address I hadn't got, I was obliged to give it up. Got a general invitation to go, whenever in London, to the Lewes' house.

TEMPLE ROAD
May 11th, 1876

(EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO DR TODHUNTER)

And did you hear Rubinstein play ?
And did he sit and strum for you ?
And did you merely walk away ?
How strange it seems and new !

I should suppose the Sonata Appassionata would bring all his soul into his fingers and face. I should not have gone to hear it without a bottle of Phosphates of Iron, and a Pulvermacher's galvanic belt. But London cultivates a fortitude of nerve which we rustics cannot attain unto. . . .

I am, of course, much gratified at being presented to your High Church friend's imagination as " a sweet-faced man; a most lovely gentlemanlike man." And you may tell her that I am a most sincere Catholic, (only preferring Human Catholicism to Roman), and hope to be some day a Priest, with so true an Apostolical succession that Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in New York, in Skibbereen, and in the parts of England about the Thames, Whitmanites and Newmanites, may hear me speak in their tongues the wonderful works of Man.

Miss Walker has a picture in the R. Academy, and pictures, (of which Rossetti spoke highly in the *Academy* newspaper), in some other Exhibition.—Yours affectly., E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD
(postmark, *May 15th*, 1876)

(EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO DR TODHUNTER)

I am wondering whether I could write a few verses on Apollo after the death of Hyacinthus. It seems to me a beautiful subject, my notion about it being that Apollo

couldn't, or wouldn't, being what he was, weep and cry aloud, but must transform all his pain into beauty, and that the peculiarly sculpturesque form of the flower must be the result of the stress of the god's grief, transforming itself into no careless loveliness, but into a monumental beauty. Perhaps I'll try it. If not, you must accept this for my unwritten poem.

James Beale has his little sheaf of verse nearly ready, and dedicates it to no other person than to me!—Ever yrs.,

E. D.

TEMPLE ROAD
(June) 9th, 1876

MY DEAR JOHN,—I am very glad to hear of your chance of going to the Engadine—by all means help to convert it into a reality.

My College work will come to an end next week. My Primer has made some way; it only requires a short, steady pull to get it on. My Sh. Picture-book is out. It is a handsome book, with some things I don't like, but for which I am not responsible, and my part of it—the selection of text—is, I think, well enough done.

King undertakes to advertise my book well in the autumn. I have got about £30 from him, and am to get about as much more in July. About 160 copies of 2nd edition have sold, which I think is as many as could be expected in the time, with no advertising. I hope it will go off faster in autumn, and prove a small annuity to me for a year or two.

I proposed three weeks ago to Blackwood to enlarge my *C.R.* "George Eliot" into a book the size of one Book of "Daniel Deronda," to appear a month after D.D. ceases to appear. The fact that no answer has come seems to augur unfavourably, as I asked for a speedy reply, if affirmative. I fancy G. Eliot

(who would probably be consulted) would not like to bring her own work and her critic's into too close approximation.

I sent your Whitman order through Rossetti. Hence there may be some delay—the Books ought to come from W. W. himself to you, *at your present lodgings*. Do you know anyone to whom I could send—with a chance of getting a purchaser—Rossetti's circular about Whitman and his books?

My bit in the Leslie Stephen article to which you objected was not a hint as to the genesis of the sense of sin, etc., but an attempt to show that the sense remains—certainly transformed but not lost—when one discards everything except verifiable realities. One doesn't dismiss one's mystical tendencies (though these are things the worth of which I can't determine, and sometimes they seem to act detrimentally on character); but at least one likes to build one's life knowing what part of the foundation is sure, and where probability, surmise, guess, hope, come in.

Every deepened sense of the significance of verifiable human relations, I find, possesses an indefensible value in the building up of character. I find it less certain that theopathetic emotion has this value; or rather whether, if turned into positive channels, the same emotions would not be as deep and broad, and *more* fertilising.

Such a book as "Daniel Deronda," so charged with *natural* mystery and marvel, enables one to dispense with the mediæval interpositions of the miraculous, in their Legends and Romances. But Life is far more charged with such virtue than G. Eliot's book is. I am afraid it might be a kind of lethargy to look for spiritual gains on easy terms from angels, or consecrated wine, instead of wrestling with life for the solid prizes of the Universe. And I am quite sure three score years and ten may be fully occupied, in trying to discover the beauty and virtue, (and in trying to add a little to it), in Nature, and in men and women.

I met Lecky the other evening. He is a gentle talker with lapses into silence, from which, with a gentle tolerance of boredom, he allows himself to be picked up.—Yours,

E. D.

TEMPLE ROAD
Sept. 11 (1876)

(EXTRACT)

. . . Longfellow has a fine sonnet, in his last very poor volume, of which the idea is dryness, and ebb—well worked out—when suddenly before the sonnet is over, the flood-tides of emotion suddenly sweep up once more.

My poems are a-printing fast, 122 pp. done; they'll make about 212 I suppose. The type is large and the page is as large as Rossetti's, I think. A little closer printing and larger margin would, perhaps, have looked better, but it's very creditable, and satisfactory enough.

C. Kegan Paul rather objected to my Rouen sonnet, the bronchial one, so I wrote another in its place. He thinks well of the vol. from what I gather thro' Todhunter, and has taken some trouble in pointing out blots—whence further alterations here and there. I suppose the printing ought to be done in ten days. The revisal of proofs occupies much time.

Fort. Review has "Dan. Deronda" given away to a contributor, so I wrote to-day to *C. R.*—probably to find a like result.

I think "Dan." is a companion of "Middlemarch."

The highest lot is a *great cause* united with a *life of personal love.*

Lydgate loses both, Dan. gains both.

Dorothea is a S. Teresa narrowed by an evil age of disorganised faith into a mere sweet wife and mother.

Gwendolen is an egoist thrown first out of her egoism by

(1) private remorse and love, and (2) by coming across great social forces, at the end of the book.

Hence, "Middlemarch" is realistic, satirical: "Deronda" an ideal romance almost, and poetical. I don't suppose G. Eliot believes in Mordecai's idea, but it has reality enough to pass, and to show, in a romantic way, how an organised social purpose widens individual lives. . . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN
Sunday, Decr. 17th, 1876

MY DEAR JOHN,—*The Daily News* for Thursday came (from you I think) to-day. I cannot find anything in it concerning either you or myself?

I came into College to-day to get some papers and have only time to write a line.

See the *Spectator* of yesterday for an article "Poetry and Civilization" anent my little book—very complimentary. It finds a funny mare's nest in the matter of the "Spinning Dervish."

I like to get any review of the book, (by either a human being or a Scotchman), as having them by me in the case of the Sh. book has been of use in stopping King & Co. from selecting the worst bits for advt. purposes.

Did I tell you that all the bound copies—not a large number—were ordered at once, so that for some days the Poems could not be got. This is only a very small incident indeed; but so unmarketable is poetry that King & Co. looked on it as a good omen, and something not usual.

I have undertaken a new prose book of which I'll tell you afterwards—a kind of philosophical survey of the chief forces that appear in and through English literature—to be one of a History, Literature, and Art Series like the International Scientific Series. It is a secret still. I think I'll like writing

this, and you'll have to help me in the matter of English theological literature.

. . . . . .

—Yours ever, E. D.

Great ovations to Henry Irving here. I saw a good deal of him, and liked him personally.

FROM AUBREY DE VERE

Christmas Eve, 1876

DEAR PROFESSOR DOWDEN,—I had wished to have waited till I could write more at length, before sending you my thanks for your great kindness in letting me have a copy of your poems. But as my friend Lord Emly has just taken possession of the vol., and I am not sure when I may get it back, I will defer to a later time some remarks which I should like to make about particular poems, and lose no more time in letting you know how very greatly delighted I have been by this volume. I had looked forward to it anxiously from the time that you mentioned your intention of publishing it. I expected much from it, and those expectations have been amply fulfilled. I lost no time in reading the volume through, and many of the poems I have read several times over, nor do I doubt that the oftener they are read the more pleasure they will give to intelligent readers, for they are of that high quality, the more interior force of which is not felt, or at least appreciated, without thought and care. It struck me that you had combined two different views, so to speak, of poetry—the meditative, which belongs pre-eminently to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and another and more classical vein, which has a very different class of representatives in our later literature. The volume seems to me to be full of elevated thought and tender feeling, both of which find a spontaneous utterance in an imagination singularly rich and refined. It is quite possible that the re-

finement which belongs to these poems may retard their popularity; for whatever qualities, good or bad, belong to the public, refinement is not among them; and it is also not unlikely that some passages will be charged with obscurity; but such a charge is hardly to be wondered at, where the thoughts to be expressed are frequently subtle, recondite thoughts. Both the diction and the metre of the poems struck me as remarkably delicate, and there is in all of them a fine grace, a perfect purity—qualities, I fear, anything but common among our more recent poets.

Among the sonnets, (and I rejoice that so many of your poems belong to that difficult form of composition), there are a very large proportionate number that reach a very unusually high order of merit, one of them especially, called I think "Ascetic Nature," struck me, as indeed many of your poems did, as both very original and beautiful, in the mode in which it delineates nature, reaching to the meaning and soul beneath the outward aspect. Among the classical poems the one that struck me most was "Eurydice." Perhaps, on the whole, the poems which pleased me most were some of those in lyrical measures but on very grave subjects, chiefly religious. There was something to me very congenial in their tone, and as regards form they seemed to me particularly happy in their *proportions*. What I have said can give you but a small idea of the pleasure those poems have given me, but I will not write at more length, or I shall lose the post.

I rejoice that in you one more will be added to the small number of our Irish poets. In many of these poems I detected what I regard as an Irish characteristic of poetic genius—a quality not easily defined. The landscape, too, is often Irish.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

AUBREY DE VERE.

I return to Curragh Chase in a few days. Many happy returns of this Holy Season to you.

WINSTEAD
Jan. 1st, 1877

(EXTRACT)

MY DEAR JOHN,—I get especial happiness from *your* liking my poems, so that it was really worth while to yield yourself to the generosity of praise. I know nothing would satisfy you which had not some virtue both ethical and artistic. And I dare say you instinctively sympathise with certain things more immediately and surely than any other reader, in consequence of the deep fact of fraternity, which is liker a finer sex—a certain invisible barrier lying beyond it, as a certain barrier lies between man and woman.

I am particularly glad you like my "Andromeda." I believe my Greek women to be true *feminine* creatures; and that this will be unperceived by most men and women, but strongly believed in by women of a certain type, and by an odd man here and there. And, generally, what I hope for the little book is that it will gain a few very warm friends for itself, not that it will make the kind of wide impression on which fame rests. . . . .

I have heard nothing of the G. Eliot ("D. Deronda") paper, and have written to Strahan about it. H. S. King & Co.'s name was on Dec. *C. R.* That would be pleasant for me. Did I tell you (Mr Stevenson told me) it was being turned into a Limited Liability Co., capital £15,000, Strahan holding £7000; Lightfoot, Mr Stevenson, and others also shareholders. The heretics, I guessed, to be less liberally dealt in, or rather their wares—a new editor—and good pay for contributors. All which things would accord well enough, I suppose, with your wishes and mine. Did you see the *Examiner's* article on me? By Minto I should say. Please return it.—Mary's love, yours ever, E. D.

To W. J. Craig

Winstead, Temple Road
Dublin
Jan. 4th, 1877

My Dear Craig,—

Cymbeline iv. 2—

" for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear."

Have you seen the attempt of Ingleby to sustain the reading of the Folio? It is quoted in the *American Bibliophil.*, Oct. 1876. I don't think it successful.

Has it occurred to you that the true reading may be " Is oft the *cease* of fear "? Remember " The *cease* of Majesty " in " Hamlet." All well with us.—Always sincerely yours,

E. Dowden.

To Hastings Crossley

Winstead
Feb. 5th, 1877.

My Dear Crossley,—Two or three persons—of whom you are one, have of their own accord written to me to say they warmly liked my little book. This has been to me a real service; the reviews are less personal, more official; but a direct assurance that my work has some virtue in it, cannot be put aside in moods and want of courage; and serves to pull one out of the discouraged mood; or to enable one, during it, to have faith that it does not represent the whole truth.

Such friendly testimony as yours really helps me to say to myself " I shall not be following a false direction if I go on, and give up a large piece of my energy to trying to do

better in poetry than I have done." The feeling of distrust does not attack me about prose—but, because what I write in verse has to myself a kind of preciousness that prose hasn't, I fear I may set too much store by it; and because the feelings from which I have written were vivid and personal, I feared they might be by me incommunicable. Another thing that makes your letter particularly pleasant, is that the choice of things you liked falls in with what I feel myself a good deal.

So I really mean, when clear spaces of time present themselves, to do more of this work, and the blame or praise be partly yours! (It is true, however, that I like to agree with you, for to write verses is almost pure pleasure to me; while there is a considerable element of the pain of working in the sweat of one's brow in other literary effort.)

As to changes, I went over all my printed poems last summer, revising, and the result is that in a large percentage of cases I have improved the poems, but in some cases done harm; and I have had to hear many scoldings from Todhunter, and others.

The name "'Tis Pity she's a Queen" is from Ford's "'Tis pity she's a Whore." I thought the early part of the name so engaging, so pathetic and simple, that I might adopt it, and I made out a little love-story to explain to myself why it was pity she was a Queen. Chronological arrangement is not observed; but perhaps on the whole, later poems preponderate in the second half of the book.

Reviews—I have seen a good many—one, the *Saturday*, was contemptuous. Several speak of culture and refinement, want of force and absence of genuine poet's virtue, three or four were in the highest degree friendly, the *Westminster* erred, I think, in excess of praise.

The most interesting perhaps to me was the *Examiner Review*, and this I send you. Minto, the editor, as I believe, the writer. He had written just before me on Shakespeare, on entirely different lines from me, and gave me rather a

careful assailing in the *Examiner*, since when we had a little controversy in the *Academy* (in which I hope I got the best of it); so now I take his unqualified praise of my poems, as a kind of generous justice on his part.

We are all well. John has become a very bad correspondent, but all was well when last I heard.

His classes kept him busy. With renewed thanks for your letter.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

FROM EDMUND GOSSE

BOARD OF TRADE
1 WHITEHALL, LONDON, S.W.
February 9th, 1877

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr Kegan Paul is anxious that I should communicate personally with you, on the subject of the two books we are to write for the series that King & Co. project. It increases my pleasure in doing so to be able to say that it was at my particular request that Mr Paul first tried to induce you to undertake that work. I would not consent to promise my contribution unless he did so, for at the present time when it is not ignorance so much as heresy that embitters one's reading of current poetic criticism, I could not possibly have worked in fellowship with a writer of the Freeman school, or the Fleay school. You will wonder what an arrogant sort of person I must be, but surely it really is time to make a definite stand against the inroads into poetry of the inherently prosy. You must allow me to express to you the constant encouragement and delight that your own criticisms, so far as I have met with them, have given me. And now I pass to the immediate reason for my writing to you.

Before I even knew whether you would consent to Mr Paul's proposition or no, I had drawn up a scheme for my book, which he tells me he sent you. But when I saw your

proposal, and still more when I began to look about for materials, I found it would be very difficult in adopting the historical method, to avoid trenching on the labours, not only of yourself, but of admirable writers like Skeat and Minto, who have worked thoroughly what I could only work superficially. I have, therefore, now come to the conclusion that I will treat my subject essentially as an art, and after certain primal chapters devoted to prosody, etc., take each branch of English poetry individually; for instance, have a chapter on pastoral, one on satire, devote a section to blank verse, and another to the heroic couplet. This also will, I think, give me scope for what I wish to be a distinctive feature of my volume, constant reference to technical influences on our poetry from abroad (from France, Italy, Spain and Holland), and *vice versa* (on Germany, Sweden, Italy, etc.), which has to my knowledge never been attempted. But one of the greatest advantages of this revised plan seems to be that it takes me completely out of your way. We shall not tread any longer on each other's heels. You will, of course, have to treat very largely of the backbone of English literature, the prose.

I take the opportunity of telling you with how much delight I read your scholarly volume of poems. Few books of verse that have appeared lately, have, I think, shown so much lyrical sobriety and force of thinking, few have enjoyed so pure and elevated an expression. I should like, if I dared to take such a liberty, to urge you to vary your range of themes, to permit yourself a little more audacity. I am much too young to dictate on such a matter, but I may repeat what Gabriel Rossetti said years ago (about a little book of mine[1] that I am ashamed to mention beside yours), "we want to be *amused* with a book of poems."

I hope you will pardon this long letter, and believe me, My dear Sir—Yours very truly, EDMUND GOSSE.

[1] "On Viol and Flute," 1873.

To Edmund Gosse

Winstead, Temple Road
Dublin
Feb. 12th, 1877

My Dear Sir,—Thank you for your kind letter which has given me pleasure in many ways.

But first as to your book. While I thought a very interesting study could have been made upon your original plan, I entirely agree with you in thinking that the second plan is better, and essentially the right one. And it is of course an advantage that neither of us should tread on the heels of the other. Your book will, I believe, fill an important gap, and will be seen to do so. Of course it will be in your power, and I suppose right for you, often to trace the history of certain poetical forms; but your present plan will make it evident that in such a historical survey the form is your primary concern, and the matter or "content" chiefly as related to form. You can look forward with satisfaction to breaking much new ground. The subject of the influence of foreign literature upon our poetical forms etc., is happily thought of, and has been little considered.

Let me here make a note on Ebenezer Elliott, whom I have just read for an *Academy* article. He is particularly fond of five lines (in his long narrative poems) rhyming a b a b b. He often ends a *section* with the first line of a couplet, the second line of which (beginning the new section of the poem) starts another of these five-line stanzas, (virtually stanzas though not divided). He dislikes the stop at line 8 of the Sonnet, and writes "Preceded by five lines linked to it in melody, and concluding occasionally with an Alexandrine, or preceded by four lines only if concluding with a triplet—

the far-famed measure of Spenser is the best which the English Sonneteer can employ."

Do you know Théodore de Banville's little book on French prosody? It insists greatly on rich rhymes, and on an imagination for rhyme—a book worth reading—I have it and also an older book, about 1830, which V. Hugo praises, "Prosodie de l'École romantique" by W. Terient.

Now as to my own book. It adds to my forefelt pleasure that you are in some way concerned in its parentage, as father, or godfather, or fosterfather. I was pleased to find we were associated in a piece of work undertaken some time since, Grosart's edition of "Spenser." What you say of my critical work is a capital bit of encouragement to me. For you must know I suppose, as I do, how the light fades off, or out of, anything one has written as soon as it is fairly done, and how grey it all looks. I should feel less happy in hearing that you like some of what I have written, if I could not with perfect truthfulness say how much I enjoy and gain from your writing. I always glance or grope about among the reviews for any articles signed by E. W. G.; for without writing in a cool, or hard judicial way, you succeed in inspiring me with trust in the truth and justice of what you say. To get at truth by sympathy is to secure some light and love together—and I know this is also my own way of getting at truth, but I am less always to be trusted, I think, than you are.

Now that I think of it, perhaps I have been saying this in order to feel myself justified in believing true your kind words about my little volume of verse. Here, too, I can keep pace with you, for I read the volume you refer to and do not name, "On Viol and Flute," immediately on its appearance.[1] My poems were written at various times since I was a boy, and are so far good that each is a genuine record of some moment of pleasure, or some moment of mastery of pain;

[1] In 1873.

but I know how small a pinhole in the universe they all peep at. I feel strongly that if I have any warrant to become more audacious, I ought to be so. And I suppose one can only make sure by trying. However, I find it hard to write verse except in clear spaces of time, unvexed by other concerns; and these come only in my vacations, and not always then, with this or that job on hand. Two large, and, I think, fruitful subjects strongly solicit me, but if I were to speak of them I should be much less likely to write at their prompting.

But it is time to end. Believe me, dear Mr Gosse, very truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Feb. 20th, 1877

MY DEAR JOHN,—How are you faring? Where are you? Put up the speaking trumpet and hail me—run up the bunting, and signal if all is well. We are well, but I have a sense of mid-life pressure on my spirit more than ever before. I have been trying to give my class some talks about the graver part of English literature (of course in a very slight way); and wish you were here to coach me up in the main lines of English spiritual or theological literature from the Reformation to 1830. I want to make slenderer my zone of ignorance—my guides for some of the way have been nearly all heretics—Leslie Stephen on "Eighteenth Century," J. J. Tayler on "Religious Life in England," Tulloch's "Puritanism" and "Rational Theology," Rev. John Hunt's "Religious Thought," Mark Pattison in "Essays and Reviews," and Dr Hamilton's sketchy "Christian Classics." What is Cattermole's "Literature of the Church of England?" I suppose some popular book. Give me a general outline so that I may know the significance of such names as Bull,

Waterland, Newman. What were the causes of the Oxford movement?

A pretty batch of questions!

I am to give three lectures for Alex. Coll. next month on "Nineteenth Century Literature."

1. Revolutionary movement, 2. Transcendental movement, 3. Scientific movement, in relation to literature.

I shan't have time to make 'em good, but will re-write them and fill in—and have a good scheme I think. Now I'd like to be told in three words why Oxford grew so Catholic!

Thank you for reference to *Dublin Review*.[1] I suppose Edward Harding must be our portrait-painter's son. The *Westminster* was particularly extravagant about my poems; and the *Pall-Mall* friendly. I have just revised for a 2nd edition, only 50 copies of 1st being on hand (1st edition 500 copies, and book published Nov. 20th, a quicker sale than I had looked for).

But what I am gladder of is that I am not poetically defunct, and have this year written nearly a dozen poems, two or three of which are certainly as good as most things in my little vol.

Endless committees cut up my time, and I wish I could be clothed like the lilies by looking up at the sky, instead of by attending meetings of Council. However, one must take the rough and fine of life together.

C. R. paid at once for my D. Deronda art., £21, 10s.

. . . . . .

G. H. Lewes wrote to me about my article. I send the letter. Please return it. And say what you've been doing.—Yours affectly., E. DOWDEN.

[1] "Dublin Review," January 1877, had an article "Critical History of the Sonnet." Edward Harding.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
May 12th, 1877

MY DEAR TODHUNTER,—I received the drawings safe and sound, and they were a most pleasant surprise. I am in doubt how to deal with them to best advantage, and shall treat them in some way which will enable them to form the nucleus of a collection of such facsimiles. I think it is folly to collect inferior doubtful drawings attributed to this and that master, when one can get such admirable reproductions of genuine work. The strange reference to Rev. Charles Harvey was to give you the name and address of a relative (relative I think) of the Coulters who would be glad to act as a cicerone in Florence to an English exile hight Childe Todhunter.

"To think, is to be full of sorrow"—you are living and breathing and growing, and in that thought I find the reverse of sorrow; but it seems that I am indurating, and mortifying, and being vermiculated by the maggots of life (far worse than those of Death), and the pity of it!

But this is only a fling at seeing from my stall a fellow-steed disporting himself in the meadow.

Of course, I do bits of work, but if it were possible to play I'd be as idle as the blessed sun when he proves a micher and eats blackberries. We have had no April and no May here—and after cutting out by much valiant toil ten days for a run in England and Wales, the east wind kept us at home.

However, the long-promised *magnum opus*, my Shakespeare Primer, is done.

I mean to get ready a vol. of Essays this year, and Kegan Paul urges to have my book of English Literature, (which, of course, will turn out a "philosophy" of English Literature)

ready if possible by the end of this year. I must try, and then I shall be free.

'I think of a vol. of purely objective historical scenes, from all times and lands, combining heroism, vice, beauty, grotesqueness, ghastliness, and all presented with aloofness on the writer's part. I've written a bit of a poem called "Le Balafré," *i.e.* the Duke of Guise, assassinated, 1588, by Henri III. I have written also some twenty pp. of verse in the old vein.

Rubinstein is Titanic, Joachim is a god, who is also a Dæmon, or at least a Titan, and who worked in the forges under Aetna.

But I surely never said Salvini was "vulgar," he only seemed inspired by the spiritual form of a tiger instead of by Shakespeare. But a tiger is not vulgar . . .

My 2nd edition is a genuine one, but it can't have begun to sell yet as a dozen copies of my "Poems," 1st edition, and some 60 copies of my 2nd edition of Shakespeare, are on hand, but gradually both have been selling.

Will you not see Parma?—Ever affectly. yrs.,

E. DOWDEN.

Let me know where to write again—and sa[illegible] some hour to write to me—I'll write my soul out to you then some day. But this morning Strahan writes for an article for next month's *Contemporary*, and this being the 12th I have in power to give myself the enjoyment of a long, good letter

TEMPLE ROAD
Tuesday (*May 22nd*, 1877)

MY DEAR JOHN,—I am very glad to find you like my application of a scourge of small cords to Matt. A.'s shoulders.

His most suggestive passage is an attack on the "Psychology of the Sermons." [1]

J. R. Green. I have no doubt he often gives superficial liberal views, still I think he has mapped out English history into great spaces which give it new life and reality to schoolboys; and on the literature I have found him generally accurate and sound; but his uniform brilliancy is very wearisome, and produces the feeling of spuriousness. Of course on the literature he works at second-hand, and is never more than brilliant, clever, talented; it's the kind of book one feels disposed to hate, yet I think a useful book. The brilliancy and high pressure style is a vice of the time; and sometimes makes one long for the easy sentences of Addison, or the tranquil robustness of Fielding, or the, at least, *elaborate* grandeur of Landor's prose. I feel myself infected by the vice, and therefore hate it the more; but it is what I write for lectures, or write in a hurry, that is worst, and it is not ingrained in my nature.

I ought to say I mentioned in a letter to sub-ed. of *Acad.* that I particularly wished Appleton to see the letter in which I had spoken of your contributing.

Strahan wrote for an article a week ago for June. By great pressure I got my first lecture ready (it opens with a sentence containing a compliment to Mr Green's brilliant study of English History) on "The French Revolution and Literature." My best lecture was that on "The Scientific Movement and Literature." My art. was set up in 24 hours; proofs sent back by return of post. Triumph of 19th-century civilisation in the manufacture of literature!

Did I tell you that the Sh. Primer is some weeks written, but proofs not come yet? "Sh. Mind and Art" not far from a 3rd ed.—only 60 copies remaining—sale of 2nd ed. of Poems just beginning—but sale slow now.

Do you know anything of Edw. Caird of Glasgow? I've

[1] Bishop Butler's.

got his "Kant" and as far as I've looked into it, it seems very good.

Did you ever think of seeing if *Encyc. Brit.* would care for articles from you ?

H. Littledale's a candidate for Prof. of Modern Lit. at Leeds. Do you know any Leeds people of importance ?

I want you to note in your Ecclesiastical history reading subjects suitable for brief poetical treatment—scenes or persons of an individual and typical interest. Some would be sure to strike me, and I want to make a series of such typical poetical studies from history.

. . . . . .

I suppose you've seen Grant's catalogue (George IV. Bridge, opposite Chambers St.). He has a good many good books from Edmonston and Douglas' sale very cheap.—Yours ever, E. D.

Monday (Aug. 27th, 1877)

MY DEAR JOHN,—The dolls arrived to-day and gave intense satisfaction. They are true works of art. Why aren't babies born with long black hair tied in blue or red ribbon ? They would be so much more charming..

Thank you for the papers. Isn't *The Literary World* a wonderful pennyworth ? So many interesting reviews, besides that on Minor Poets which is not at all bad. I rejoice to think that I have afforded many Minor Critics the means of paying for a week's rent.

As to the Bulgarians; what you send me raises them much in my esteem. That a people so long oppressed, so savagely tortured, could conceive a judicial vengeance, and should carry it into effect, sparing women and children, using no torture, but speedily destroying those chosen for punishment, shows them to have qualities of greatness I had not suspected. It is the act of a nation of great intellect, will, and self control, showing no less of these qualities than

the English did in blowing certain Indian criminals from the guns.

Have you seen Colonel Wellesley's report to our philo-Turk government, *absolutely exculpating the* Russians from the charge of atrocities, and observed the united voice of Europe expressed by the conjoint note of the Powers to the Porte on their *atrocities*.

I never knew a clearer case of right and wrong, of Satan against Michael (a Michael I admit not celestial, but of terrestrial stuff), and I think your conscience must call out against any halting between two opinions.

My review of Shairp[1] is delayed by Swinburne's "Notes on C. Bronte" coming. It is an éloge of C. Bronte at the expense of G. Eliot. I am trying to write as well as I can, and to aim at the originality of entire justice to Swinburne, to Mrs Lewes, and to Charlotte Bronte. Possibly it may secure me the distinction of being named an anthropoid ape, a polecat, or an aborted ascidian, in the next piece of dithyrambic prose which Swinburne writes. I wish you were here to talk about "Wuthering Heights"—of which I shall now probably say nothing . . .—Ever yours, E. D.

I hope you will carefully avoid Turkish tobacco, and only get that which comes from some honest place like St Petersburg. The Turkish tobacco tastes to me as though steeped in Bulgarian blood, and though the ammonia is soothing, I think principle ought to prevail over appetite.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Sept. 12th, 1877

(EXTRACT)

MY DEAR JOHN,—I am very glad you thought my Swinburne article done well; my militant instinct united with

[1] John Campbell Shairp, published "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature" in 1877.

the æsthetic feeling tended to produce as neat hitting as I could effect.

I don't doubt that Swinburne will at some time hit back venomously, either in person or through some of his following in the reviews. But I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that if I am hit at, my blows must have been truly planted, and have been felt. I shall not send Lewes the article, but I daresay he'll see or hear of it. . . . My Primer's out, but I haven't got a copy. I hear from Furnivall that Macmillan is disappointed to find the trade have subscribed for only 2000 copies, instead of from 5 to 10 thousand. This I attribute to its being the first book on an *author*, not a subject; but I have no doubt Shakespeare will be found to be a subject, and that as soon as the book is known its sale will be large and continuous.

Ought I to direct that a copy be sent to the *Scottish Guardian*? I do not make any honourable mention of Mr Davenport Adams, or the Howard Shakespeare.—Ever yours,

E. D.

. . . . . .

TEMPLE ROAD
Nov. 17th, 1877

(EXTRACT TO DR TODHUNTER)

I have very little to show for the last six or eight weeks. It is only now that I am getting clear of examinations, and examining is the most hateful to me of all works. I read a good deal for my lectures, but haven't time to write, and feel that my reading is superficial in consequence of having to go over too much ground. If I went into anything very minutely it would be bad for my class, and they would not come. I have a score of books from the *Academy*, and about thirty correspondents unanswered.

My Essays get on, but less rapidly than I desire. I doubt that they will be ready by Christmas though I urged this as important.

The Primer has succeeded better than Macmillan had hoped. I say 10,000 have sold, only on guess, but it is, I have no doubt, a well-founded guess, for a reprint is about to be made, and I am assured they print in the first instance at least ten thousand copies.

. . . . . .

One morning I met Gladstone at the Archbishop's. Only Ingram and myself. The great man talks with great mastery over his subject whatever it happens to be.

. . . . . .

TEMPLE ROAD, RATHMINES
March 1*st*, 1878

MY DEAR TODHUNTER,— . . . I am very glad to hear that the block containing Rienzi has been quarried. May the hand be divinely deft and strong to discover him!

This Schumann poem is a very pretty nightmare. If Schumann wrote music like this it must have been when he badly wanted blue pill.

You know how little I can orient myself in the world of the ghastly.

My father taught me Whately's "Evidences of Christianity," and I inherited a regular digestion. Therefore I cannot take to my heart the Romantic. All I can say is that this *seems* awfully weird, eerie, hideous; but whether it is the true article "horror," or the sham article "romanticism," ask anyone but me. If Endymion found himself on the Brocken, in place of Latmos, and in a witches' Sabbath, in place of divine solitude, he would still bear in his soul the image of his mistress full-orbed and holy. And so I, an Endymion of

Sonnets, look askance at your fiends and magic of the north. Still I could comment on fine inventions of your evil genius—and I think I like above all—

> "You could not say they were ravens,
> You could not say they were owls."

It was just such a bird figured abominably in Weber's romantic opera one time here, and one wing would not work, and one crimson eye went out.

Have you seen "Keats's Letters to Fanny Brawne"? I am glad for my own part to see Keats's heart, and to see it quiver. It is only poor souls that will not be the better for so dear and sacred a sight. If Keats now from the Empyrean could look on, he would see that he is just as much hidden from those who do not love him as ever—perhaps more hidden. So—while I do not know the right or wrong of such a publication—I do not personally feel that Keats can suffer by it. I am reading with great delight Symonds's translations of Michelangelo's Sonnets, and Campanella's. They are at opposite poles—but both are great. I have to review the book for the *Academy*.

Another book which I greatly enjoy is Thoreau's "Walden." There is a good deal of Whitman's spirit in Thoreau, but Whitman seems to me a more robust man. . . . I am trying to awake from my life of Committees—now over—that Christ may give me light.—Yours ever, E. D.

To T. W. Lyster

Montenotte, Cork
March 31st, 1878

My Dear Lyster,—Since I came down here it occurred to me that a good line for trying to invade the magazines

may be open to you if you care—namely articles on interesting writers in German literature since Goethe. Let me say that at first, magazine-writing might be uncertain laborious, and ill-paid; also you might feel you were spending your time ill, over men of second-rate talent. Still it might be worth your while; and I think such a writer, one who would explore modern German literature, is rather a want just at present. There are Saintsbury, and Gosse and others, telling us about Gautier, and Musset, and Baudelaire, and Catulle Mendès. But no one tells us about men at least equally interesting in Germany. I might name Lenau, Hamerling, Lingg, Hebbel (two b's, I think, in the latter ?) Gutzkow.

Think of this, and when I return, I hope you will come out some time by yourself, and look over some books of mine, which may serve as fair guides to modern German literature. England knows only of Heine, and perhaps Freytag, since Goethe.

I may, if I have time, do something with these men myself, but the field is wide, and my time ahead is well occupied for a year. I am here superintending the exams for women, and I have to lecture on Edmund Spenser. I feel moved to write an article on the women of the "Faerie Queene." They form one of its chief charms, and sources of power—Una, Britomart, Florimell, Amoret, Belphœbe, Serena, Pastorella, and many more; and the evil ones, Duessa Acrasia, Malecasta, and others—so many various types.

I return on April 8th.—Very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

8 MONTENOTTE, CORK
Tuesday, April 2nd, 1878

MY DEAR ESSIE,— . . . Instead of working this morning as I ought, I idled. I went out into the field to taste the air

and hear the thrush's song. I took my book and paper out with me, thinking I might write, and I sat down on a seat under a large bay tree, and began to eat the bay-leaves. The birds kept up a pleasant jargoning about me, and one fellow in particular was very inquisitive and impertinent. He kept on asking ever so often "Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?" and then (vulgar little bird), "My eye, my eye, my eye." Then a great blackbird, with his bright eye, and yellow bill, went gliding swiftly, low along the grass, and took a flying walk along the path. All this time there was a thrush near the top of a sycamore, the buds of which are just beginning to open, saying something not at all about me, but about some happiness of his own, and of the tree, and of the grass, and of the air. And this he was so much delighted with that he said it over again, and then stopped to listen to himself.

While I was listening the air though bright was cool enough, and then the sky darkened, and a shower of hail came on. The hailstones made the red beech-leaves, withered from last year, dance on the ground, and came pattering on my back, and into my neck. Soon the ground was whitened with them, but it was too pleasant to go in-doors. When the sky darkened all the birds stopped singing, now they are singing away again, as if they meant to keep on till June.

Have you decided to keep a diary like Pepys?

. . . "I did go this day with Mistress —— to Alexandra College. Lord! how fine Madam Jellicoe's young women be. One did make faces at another—a sly wench. Heard Z—— lecture, and yawned mightily. Home, where my mother was cross, and did scold and kiss me. I have this day two and four pence halfpenny in my purse, praise be to Heaven. I did never think to be so rich."—Yours ever, E. D.

To James Ashcroft Noble

Winstead, Temple Road
Dublin
April 22nd, 1878

My Dear Sir,—I have taken a long time to acknowledge your last letter and to thank you for the gift of your book. The pain that comes from being thought too well of, is as you know a pain mingled with hope that one may be still worth some real regard, and perhaps better worth it for being reminded of what one would wish to be, and is not. And your book shows me that if we came to look at each other face to face we should find true material for—shall I say—comradeship. It seems to me not a piece of literary manufacture, but a living little book implying a soul to give it birth. I will put first the point at which my sympathy failed, and which may make you infer something wanting in your correspondent. I have read only one of Macdonald's books—one of his later novels—and it seemed to me to contain, with beautiful thoughts and feelings, something self-conscious, unrobust and almost sentimental in its spirituality, and some *simplesse* (by which I believe French writers mean *simplicité* of an unreal kind) among its art qualities. But one of my best friends, who is looked up to by me, as uniting a fine intellect with ardent feelings and spiritual insight, made me read this very book—and the result was the disappointment of not caring strongly for it, when I had hoped to do so.

I forgive "Paul"—all whose likings and dislikes I do not attribute to you his biographer—his indifference to Miss Austen. I first found a torn novel of hers, one wet day, in a Wicklow inn—a most desolate spot on a roadside—title-page gone, and neither my brother nor I knew the writer's name,

We were delighted with such a god-send—and I afterwards read all Jane Austen's books with pleasure. It was in a leisurely and unaroused season. Then afterwards they became nothing to me, for there are times when one wants deeper solutions of things than good temper and good sense can furnish. But when in the mood I can return to Jane Austen, and find her admirable.

Nearly all your other friends are mine. To care for James Martineau, and also to care for George Eliot, must mean that you and I would care for one another.

There are many parts of your book that I marked, but I can say nothing about them, for I have lent it to a friend who was also a friend for many years of Wordsworth. This ought not to lead you to suppose that I am elderly. I do not think I can be more than a year older than you, but my Wordsworthian friend is one who carries on into the serenity of age the sympathy and freshness and faith of a younger age than my own.

Much that you say in your book on the subject of man in relation to God, and what you say about human love (love in its special meaning, towards the end of the book) expresses verities that have laid their hold on me.

At first I shrank a little from writing as I have done, lest it might give a personal bias to your criticism of my Essays[1]; but my truest thought was that you would more courageously give me pain if you thought it needful. The book has had to endure two snubbings already; one from I should say R. Buchanan, or a Trinity College Dublin man, Verschoyle . . . the other, brief and stern, from the *Athenæum*. But these leave no impression which lasts over-night; (just at first they produce a mere sensation of having been hit at, but this doesn't transform itself into a thing of the mind); the good wound of a friend pains, and may help to heal some malady. I think in several ways my essays go against the

[1] "Studies in Literature, 1789-1877."

stream of contemporary tendencies in literature. But I do not want to play the critic of myself.—Believe me, dear sir, most truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
April 27th, 1878

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

Of my book, yours is almost the first friendly word written. The *Scotsman* anticipated your notice by a day, or it would have been the very first.

Caring as you do for George Eliot I may show you two letters of G. H. Lewes, which I have treated almost as if marked private because they confess so much warm feeling of devotion to Mrs Lewes. But it is satisfactory to one who cares much for her to know that the person nearest to her is entirely loyal. . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
April 29th, 1878

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . There ought to be two words to describe the two different kinds of criticism—judicial criticism, and the criticism of love. What you have said of my book is not judicial, but it has the special value of making me know that the book has had virtue enough in it to make a reader (whose caring for it I value greatly) give himself up to his own most generous feelings for a while with *abandon*. When the judge resumes his place in your consciousness, I know that, though you may feel differently, you will not charge your past self with excess of generosity.

I certainly suspend judgment with regard to George

Macdonald. I can believe some things on the evidence of the consciousness of other people; but I must make acquaintance with some of the books you name myself, and wait for the mood to read them in. . . .

I might get away on Saturday, June 8th, or Friday, 7th; if it suited you, spend one night with you and then go on to Aberystwyth, where a friend wants me to join him on a little excursion in Wales. This friend, Craig, has been lately on the track of Shelley in Wales, and actually came upon an old woman—beyond all doubt a truthful old chronicle—who had seen Shelley and Harriet, and remembered having coveted a £5 note which the young gentleman used as the sail of a toy boat. (Hogg tells some such story, making the Serpentine the scene.) . . .

I will write when I can say anything certain as to my movements. It would be a great pleasure to meet Mr Russell. I suppose he knows how Gladstone values his work. I happened to meet Gladstone last autumn when he was over here, and he thought it correct to talk of Shakespeare to me. His eye brightened at Mr Russell's name, and he was emphatic in his assent to, and enlargement of what I had said.

You must find journalism laborious, but certainly *I* have not reason to suppose it has killed your spontaneity, and it seems to me that to bring wholesome and pure water to a great city as a journalist may do a work which must, in some ways, be as satisfactory to a rational man as a good many other forms of literary effort. . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
May 1st, 1878

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . Meanwhile please read to Nellie the verses everyone knows from Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immor-

tality," and urge on her the duty of staying a little longer in the Morgenland of babyhood. Or perhaps it will be best not to speak of time past or future to her, for the fatal moment is that in which the eternal Now ceases; when a human creature, instead of rocking on the little waves of the infinite ocean, enters that swift-rushing river down which we are racing. I expect, though less perfect than at present, she will, when I see her, still be in possession of some of her original brightness, and appear not less than archangel of babyhood "ruined, and the excess of glory obscured." (I think Wordsworth might have cited this sentence of my letter as a supreme example of the unifying power of imagination, —your little girl and Milton's Satan being brought into conjunction! . . .)

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
May 18th, 1878

EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE

You haven't said a word about coming over in August to the British Association. We want you to say you will come? It will be a change that will do you good. Ireland—have you ever been in it?—is not intolerable for a week. Several of us speak English quite intelligibly. My landlord lives near this, I could get a couple of old guns, and we might have some landlord shooting. You would learn the sensation of riding on our gondolas, the outside cars. We'd send you back a Home-Ruler, if not a "Repaler intirely." You would have smelt the Liffey.

It was good of George Saintsbury to let me off so lightly. I feel moved to be silent often about beauty, and to enjoy it without talking of it, and I feel sometimes moved to say things about the side of literature which is related to

character—to character. rather than, as Saintsbury said, to conduct. And he was wide of the mark in saying it is with reference to conduct that Wordsworth attracts me. That is the view of Wordsworth of a non-Wordsworthian. Really what attracts one is Wordsworth's visionary power, the spiritual truth of his imagination. . . .

I will begin operations for your conversion to Walt Whitmanism by sending you some hasty and somewhat spasmodic notes written by him when hospital nurse. I didn't take Walt rightly in my essay. If writing it now I'd dwell on the common elements in him, Emerson and Thoreau, the three Americans of special type. . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
May 23rd, 1878

(EXTRACT—TO DR TODHUNTER)

I made rather a lucky find yesterday at Hedgelong's in Grafton Street, a vol. of pamphlets of about 1675-1690, some curious, and at the end 130 pp. of MS. poetry. Having only got this yesterday I cannot yet say whether all the poetry has been printed, but much has; some of Marvell's is here, some of Sir J. Denham, some of Lord Rochester, some attributed to Dryden. It seems to be of earlier date than the collection in which these poems appeared in print for the first time ("State Poems"); it often differs from the printed texts, correcting a good many certainly wrong readings, and giving a good many lines and passages of these poems not in the printed copies which I have been able to compare with them. It has taught me a good deal by demanding a hunt to identify some of those I have succeeded with. I got the volume for half a crown. . . . Next Monday evening I am to get the Cunningham Gold Medal. It was an old bequest, and the medals were for some time given, then it fell into

desuetude, and this year they revive it with giving four medals —one for mathematics, one for natural science, one for numismatic work, and one for literature.

. . . . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
May 28th, 1878

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . I am sorry you don't care for landlord shooting. The landlords are not in as good condition in August as after 29th Sept., when they receive their rents, still we might have had some sport. (The shooting season begins on Jan. 1st, and ends on 31st December.) . . .

Rejoice with me in a find which ought to gladden the heart of a Professor of English Literature—in a vol. of old pamphlets I found 130 pages of manuscript verse of Chas. II.'s reign—(how much imprinted as yet, I don't know) containing poems by Andrew Marvell, Sir John Denham, and others, enabling me certainly to give the true text, where all the printers' texts are wrong in many instances. I will give an account of the MS. some time in the *Academy*, and I send a note announcing it to-day. . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
July 11th, 1878

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . One of my afflictions is a theory that I could do my best work in verse, and the circumstance that every year my lectures lead me to accumulating a quantity of material that

is pleasant property for my outer mind, but is a positive injury to the soul within the soul.

Still it is possible (I am told) that one may reform and save one's soul even after thirty-five. . . .

It is cruel of you not to look on my MS. as a precious find. When all else fails, and life looks a blunder, how happy to reflect that I was the one to show that Sir John Denham (in a vile poem) wrote not "rogue" but "knave," and that Andrew Marvell preferred "slut" to "jade." It is a pin-point to stand firm on amid a ruining universe. . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
August 13th, 1878

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

In my reading of Early English Literature I have been particularly struck with the beauty of a poem called "The Pearl," by a poet before Chaucer, whose name is not known, and who is, I think, the highest poet (both in this and other writings) before Chaucer. This "Pearl" is a poem about his dead child, a little girl, and I think probably the most remarkable and beautiful elegiac poem on a child in English. The only place in English criticism where it is noticed that I know of is G. Macdonald's "England's Antiphon." Unfortunately the dialect is particularly difficult. The metre is stanzas of most curious art elaborateness (as if to dull the pain with mechanic æsthetic work). The father has lost his pearl, "whose sides were so smooth," it has gone thro' the grass to earth. He dreams—is by a river—sees his little girl at the other side under a shining cliff—is forbidden to cross—talks with her—sees her in the New Jerusalem among virgins crowned with pearls, and each with a pearl upon the breast, who follow the Lamb. Last he

awakes in great sorrow, submits, and is at peace with God. His other poems are Cleanness and Patience (both connected, as I guess, with his lost child)—Innocence and Endurance, and a very spirited Romance of Sir Gawayne, rather ethical, but truly a poem. Hunting and the sea in storm are better described by him than by any other early poet. . . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Nov. 4th, 1878

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . I knew you knew I knew you knew it was my Examinations that kept me from writing. They are—infernal. You may talk of having to make weekly notes for the *Argus* as not the very highest work in literature—possibly Plato or Dante might have refused to do it—but be assured, below the mount of Letters there is a cavernous descent which you have never explored, and in the lowest pit are chained Examiners in English Literature. Think of having to torture Adonais into questions, and then to find that one's own questions are indeed poetry compared with the answers which a foolish conscience obliges me to read. But I will not read them any more, I will diagnose them, and learn more from their countenances than by probing and searching their insides. Or I will put them in a crucible, and when their quintessence is obtained I will smell it, and give marks according as it reproduces the bouquet of the author or not. I have been eating the sand of existence, my inward parts are filled with the east wind. How shall I bring forth sweet waters in a letter to you when I have been gulping down salt damnation. . . .

TEMPLE ROAD
Feb. 11*th*, 1879

(EXTRACT—TO DR TODHUNTER)

. . . . . .

"Abbey and Overton" is a book I have noted as to be read.

I have been asked by Morley to do one of his "English Men of Letters." He suggests Southey, whom I like well; but I am ambitious and have written to know whether he could give me Coleridge. I believe Southey would make a charming subject, but Coleridge would be a more living mind (less "still life" in things of the spirit). Aubrey de Vere urges Southey strongly, and Sir H. Taylor has offered me the use of some hundreds of Southey's letters. There is also a great volume of letters in the British Museum.

I worked much last term at literature before Chaucer for my book, which is still all in the future.

In the Christmas vacation I again read the whole of Spenser, and have a little paper on hand for Leslie Stephen on the Women of Spenser's poetry.

I am reading proofs of a course of lectures by Grosart on Howe, Baxter, and other Nonconformists. They show reading, but are dreadfully *didactic* in a way of cheap morals.

These, with much examining, caused by the invalided condition of Jellett's band of examiners, and by extraordinary entrances (great numbers flocking to Trinity College), have occupied me.

I should like much to read Mozley's "Miracles." His sermons disappointed me, yet made me think very well of the man.

. . . . . .

Have you a vote to give Gladstone? Or has some one made you a faggot-voter for Dizzie?—Ever yours affectly.,

E. DOWDEN.

TO DR INGRAM

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Feb. 23rd, 1879

DEAR DR INGRAM,—. . . . I have been reading with much enjoyment Scherer's "Études Critiques," and "Études de la Litt. contemp." In all six vols. They are well worth your ordering if not in [Trin. Coll.] Library—almost more luminous and intelligent than Sainte-Beuve, though less rich, coloured, and genial.

My cold has been rather troublesome and I have indulged myself in a lazy fit of reading without a purpose, which I find delightful for a while. My "Man of Letters" is not yet settled. Sir Henry Taylor promises me the use of some hundreds of Southey's letters if he be fixed on; but I lean more to Coleridge, if I can get him.

The criticism on Moore, which naturally did not please the Committee, was contained in a sheet of notepaper. I was asked to join the Committee at an early stage, and declined, assigning as my reason that a centenary celebration was a national homage which I thought it was well for us to reserve for men, in a high sense of the word, great; and that, though Moore as a lyrical writer was a man of genius, he did not seem to me a man to whom we ought to pay such a national homage. I am not sorry for having written as I did.

I think I have lit on a passage in Drayton's "Owl" which throws light on that poem about which Grosart has been manufacturing a mare's nest, "The Phœnix and Turtle." But I suspect I must call in the help of some historical man like Gairdner to read the riddles of "The Owl." Some nobleman, some wronged lady, his wife? A lover, and love martyred, and chastity preserved are the elements which make up the problem. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, all writing on the subject, gives it some interest.—
Yours sincerely, E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
March 1st, 1879

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . The English literature has nearly crushed me out of existence. I have piled up a store of stuff, a coarse conglomerate, and could throw up a Cyclopean wall with it. But I wanted to build an Attic Temple to Athene, and this seems remoter than ever. The whole field of English literature is now beset with specialists, and, though I have really looked into a good many things, there are parts of the history where I should certainly fall into pits, and where I do not yet know where to be on the look-out for pit-falls. I have not abandoned the idea, however, but it may be that I shall convert this scheme into a History of Elizabethan Literature, where the ground seems now fairly known to me—where, at least, I know what I am ignorant of. If this should happen I would spread my work over some years, and publish studies of the chief Elizabethans in Reviews, afterwards collecting them into two good-sized vols.

Meanwhile, Morley has asked me to do a Southey for his "Men of Letters" series, and I have consented. Southey is not a very rousing theme, but it will be a thoroughly pleasant one. His work is of more worth than folk nowadays suppose, and his life was a noble and beautiful man-of-letters life. My chief material will come from his letters, and his works will group themselves around the man. He lived a fine happy life of work and duty, duty that was of a generous, and enduringly generous, kind. I shall like to say that some of his good qualities are as admirable in my eyes as the art of writing triolets, or of celebrating the extinction of little lusts in sonnet or song.

The Leigh Hunt idea of yours strikes me as a very good

one, if a publisher take it up, but you ought hardly to count on it as a profitable investment from the L.S.D. point of view unless with a publisher's help. I think there has been a republication of some less known Essays, but I suppose you know of it.

Southey had a grief like yours—yet in some respects even keener. His boy Herbert had grown to ten or twelve, I think, the pupil and companion of his father. He was a boy of whom his father had the highest hopes. All the virtue of Southey's nature had to be put forth to enable him to bear up after Herbert's death.

I have for ever put myself in the black books with a number of my fellow citizens. They are getting up a Tom Moore centenary, and asked me to go on the committee. It is seldom I play the part of censor, but my spirit was somewhat moved, and I wrote a letter on Tom and the celebration. . . . I am sure they made remarks I am the better for not having heard. . . .

TEMPLE ROAD
March 3rd, 1879

MY DEAR JOHN,—It has been settled that I am to write "Southey." I am hardly able to compare the tasks of writing a "Southey" and a "Coleridge," so different would they be. I think I shall find Southey very pleasant work. I have written nothing narrative since my old Lamennais and Quinet essays, and I remember enjoying it. There is ample material for an interesting narrative in Southey's case, and the field is untouched, that is, there has been no workman before me who has tried to do this life on a small scale, and as a work of art. The ten vols. of Southey's correspondence are only a quarry, not a building. The amount of writing is only about =120 pp. of *Fortnightly* or *Contemporary*, but the preparatory reading will be considerable. The payment is £100, for which I surrender all rights to Macmillan. I have not promised

my MS. before October. . . . My miscellaneous reading for my E. Literature book sinks down into a Serbonian bog. You can fully appreciate the difficulty of getting at facts from Bede, or rather from "Beowulf" and "Cædmon" onwards, where much is uncertain and much obscure. Then, as planned, the result will be a very moderate-sized book, which *may* not fill the place it aims at. I have had thoughts that I ought to limit myself to Elizabethan literature, and write two good vols. on it, portions of which as written might appear in Reviews. I feel that I know my way in Elizabethan literature, and it is rich in materials, Drama—Pastoral—Sonnet—Philosophy—Theology, and what not. I could go over the ground in a leisurely way—now do Drayton, then Spenser, then Ben Jonson, and so on, and not suffer from the anxiety of such a book as that I have been contemplating.

I should like to hear what you think of this. I think myself such a study of Elizabethan literature might become a permanent addition to critical literature. .·. .—Yours ever,

E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
May 27th, 1879

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . Yesterday our great *Moore Centenary* came off. I who was in opposition, felt very small at such a crushing popular reply to my little demurrer. .·. .

I am sure it will please you to hear that my Shakespeare books have been translated into Russian—the Primer ill done, and published, the larger book well done, and to be published at St Petersburg in the autumn. . . .

TEMPLE ROAD
June 12th, 1879

MY DEAR JOHN,—Allie and Otie have been here, and spent a little while pleasantly, I hope. In one respect this place has become a Paradise of children—it swarms with living creatures. We have two bull-finches (a bull and a cow finch) two love birds, fifteen cocks and hens, eight pigeons, five rabbits, two dogs (and occasionally three), and one cat about to kitten. I am thinking of getting a travelling waggon, of adding a pig-faced lady and a giant, and going to the various watering places for the summer. . . .

This week is one of dissipation with me—an evening at Sir. Saml. Ferguson's, where we had Aubrey de Vere, and played a new game—that of poets trying to put one another to sleep with sonnets. I think I stayed awake longest.

. . . . . .

Did I tell you my Shakespeare book is to be published in Russian at St Petersburg in Sept.? (the Primer is already in Russian). The translator is a Mlle. Tchernoff, set to do it by a Prof. Perselosky of Univ. of St Petersburg.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
July 22nd, 1879

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . Southey creeps on—on the whole to my liking. I think I shall succeed in taking the right line, showing that S.'s life and work is not one of those divine lives made by a blessed Dæmon to illuminate and bless us; but that it was a worthy, solid, large, human, laborious life and work—well shaped by a will of man. He left no corpses strewn behind him, and all he did was to comfort and strengthen the

good and resist the evil. Not to leave any slain person or wounded person behind seems to me most enviable at the end of one's race. . .

FROM EDMUND GOSSE

29 DELAMERE TERRACE,
WESTBOURNE SQUARE, W.
14/10/79

MY DEAR SIR,—It has long occurred to me to make a very Quixotic appeal to you. I am sure that you, as much as I, abhor the violence with which a certain controversy, of no real poetical or critical significance, is being carried on between two persons so far removed from the plane of each other's mind as Swinburne and Furnivall. I know that to some people these gladiatorial combats are amusing. I am sure that to you, as to me, they inspire nothing but distress. As far as I can, I hold myself aloof from even reading what the duellists write of one another. I have urged Mr Swinburne, who is an old and intimate friend of mine, to cease these ridiculous hostilities; on the solitary occasion that I met Mr Furnivall, I spoke quite plainly to him also. Now, to-day, I receive from Mr Furnivall a pamphlet[1] the details of which do not interest me at all; I am afraid Mr Swinburne has once more allowed his fine instinct to lead him too far. If he has made these errors, it is no doubt only reasonable that his enemy should fall upon him. But in what a spirit is it done! The pamphlet has, of course, been sent to you. I ask you if you ever read anything so ungentlemanly as the paragraph about the price of the magazine, or anything so disgraceful as the final note?

On the only occasion on which I met Mr Furnivall he spoke of you alone, among all the many persons he spoke of, with any tolerance or respect. I therefore suppose you

[1] See *Spectator*, Sept. 6, and Sept. 13, 1879.

have some influence with him, and it occurs to me to ask you to do your best to prevent the recurrence of this shocking scandal.

With all his faults, and I am not blind to them, Mr Swinburne is a great poet, and a noble figure in our literature. When he is not vexed with constant irritation, as the New Shakspere Society has thought well to vex him, there is no one who has a larger literary sympathy, a more pure and elevated standard of taste, or a more generous temper. He does himself grievous wrong by replying with violence to such attacks as those of Mr Furnivall, but the blame is due to those who attack him. You, yourself so thoroughly a poet, must comprehend the inequality of a combat between a great and irritable poetic genius, and a little talent, with no literary instincts, entrenching itself behind an array of small facts, or what seem to be facts.

The gist, however, of this letter is to beg you, as the most prominent writer on the side of the New Shakspere Society, to give no adhesion to the founder of that Society in his personalities.

By this post I return Mr Furnivall his pamphlet, with a very strong expression of disapprobation.

Pray pardon this long letter, which may appear to you very unnecessary, and believe me to be, my dear sir, yours very truly, EDMUND GOSSE.

TO EDMUND GOSSE

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Oct. 15*th*, 1879

MY DEAR SIR,—I must reply on the moment to your letter, for all to-morrow and the next day I shall be occupied with Examinations.

I confess it is only gradually that I am coming to believe in the fact that Swinburne and Furnivall are seriously hostile. This which I say of myself is *literally true*; and I still find it hard not to suppose that a large element of Rabelaisian jest enters into the affair. Could anyone suppose that the piled up absurdities in a certain note in a recent *Gentleman's Magazine* (2nd part) expressed earnest feeling? I took it, in part indeed for wrath, but still more for a humorous survival of the old "flyting" such as Dunbar and Kennedy indulged in:

> "Mutton-driver, gernall-river, yad-snogvar,
> foul fell thee;
> Heretic, lunatic, purspyk, carling's pet,
> Rotten crok, dirtin cok, cry cok, or I
> Sall quell thee."

It was, and almost is, inconceivable to me that any two—not men of letters—not gentlemen—but sane human beings, could seriously enter on an angry discussion as to the length, breadth, thickness and hairiness of their respective ears. And I said to Furnivall, "Does Swinburne feel vicious, or is not this a huge, though far from graceful, joke?" I even quite lately took up in jest one of Furnivall's own retorts (but not that terrible note with its French proverb). If it is earnest, the folly of the affair is only equal to its uncomeliness. Few persons can care more for the best part of Swinburne's work than I do. How many of his lyrics and choruses I have by heart! And one owes gratitude to the creator of so much high delight. For Furnivall I have a strong personal friendship. I know how indiscreet he can be: how recklessly he deals about his words. Yet, believe me, he is a good man. When a young man he flung himself into good and generous work, with Maurice and his band, taught and worked among the poor, gave a helping hand to those that needed it. And surely we owe profound gratitude to the man who has started and sustained in a

disinterested spirit, at the loss of all material advancement in life, more work in the field of our early literature than any man ever did. If allowances are to be made for Swinburne, surely they are also for Furnivall, whose Atlantean weight of work may not always tend to calmness. The fact that he was a vegetarian for twenty or thirty years, and has always been a total abstainer, belongs to a temperament in its way altogether as unusual as—possibly even Swinburne's. I take him not as he shows now and again, but in the long run—and how vast and how valuable is his work!

If I thought it would do any good I should be quite willing to urge Furnivall to drop all personalities, and discuss literary questions in a literary spirit. I don't suppose he'd mind what I might have to say. He is much my senior, and takes his own course. Still I should be quite ready to say how much I dislike the personalities on both sides. But I can make no *public* statement on the matter without giving my mind fully—and then I should have to say, quite courteously I hope, things more severe of Swinburne than I care to say. Have you followed this controversy? Or do you remember the words in which he described Mrs Lewes as an Amazon thrown over the head of her spavined and spur-galled Pegasus? A writer who allows himself such amenities must expect some mud from those who think mud-throwing a fair kind of warfare.

I am sure from his writings that with his splendid genius, Swinburne has beauty and generosity of nature. But I cannot conceal from myself the fact that the ethical and spiritual tone of English Poetry has fallen since he became our master-poet. Now I am not straight-laced, but I think that we won from the beast, by hard labour, the ground from which it was possible for a Wordsworth or a Tennyson to spring. Swinburne occupies this ground, and is full of spiritual beauty and fire—higher even in some respects than his predecessors—but he initiates a reeling back into

the beast; and—were it not that great spiritual forces are at work for good—twenty years hence, when genius had turned in some other direction—towards science suppose—our favourite poet might be a Rochester.

This is wide of the mark. I return to thank you for words about myself in your letter, which coming from you are precious to me. I do not dare to use the word of myself which you use, but to be a poet (with however small a *p*!) would be more desired by me than any other thing, (except to make one or two people happy).

But you give me a position in the New Shakspere Society which I *really* do not occupy. I never contributed a line to its Transactions, I never was present at a single meeting. I know not a single member of its working committee. It is true I am one of some sixty Vice-Presidents and I value the Society for its capital work, and I consider my position one to be—in a certain degree—proud of. That is all. I do not know that a single member of the Society has said a word against Swinburne, in Shakespearian matters, except Furnivall. Every one knows that Furnivall is Furnivall, and represents no one else. Would it not then be somewhat out of place in me to notice these personalities, with which I have nothing whatever to do? And is it not somewhat hard, that you should say unless I do or say something on this subject you will try to injure the Society? I do not remember in the Transactions of the Society any mention of Swinburne, (there may be such, I do not know the Transactions except here and there); even if there were it would appear only with the authority of some one writer. At least so I suppose.

The only point which seems to me to connect Furnivall's utterances with the Society, is that they were issued to its members in the parcel of its books. But this has been resorted to, on several occasions, as a mode of distributing advertisements, etc., in no way connected with the Society.

I therefore cannot see any ground for holding the Society in the smallest degree responsible for letters which appeared in the *Spectator*, and which were reprinted at the cost—I am sure—not of the Society.

This letter would be much shorter and more to the point if I had an opportunity of writing slowly. But I am driven with dull work, and must write in haste.

I hear, with much delight, of a new volume of poetry from you. Believe me, dear Mr Gosse.—Always very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

I ought to add perhaps that as to the matters of fact in dispute, to which Swinburne attached considerable importance, I am sure that Furnivall is right. I could not understand how Swinburne made such extraordinary slips.

FROM EDMUND GOSSE

29 DELAMERE TERRACE
WESTBOURNE SQUARE, W.
27/10/'79

MY DEAR MR DOWDEN,—It has distressed me that I have not been able to snatch time enough, until this evening, to thank you for your very kind and sympathetic letter. The affair about which I wrote is already a thing of the past. Swinburne has promised to say no more: and this is perhaps as well, for Furnivall, in a very characteristic reply to my letter, informed me that next time he should have recourse to the horse-whip, which resolves the whole dispute into an absurdity.

You are quite right: with S. from beginning to end, it has been the Rabelaisian delight in extravagance and hyperbolic

denunciation. You must have noted how hyperbolic he is in everything. Every good poem is "noble and supreme," every bad poem is "below the notice of the lowest apes and dolts." And even in that mention of George Eliot to which you refer, and on which you were very severe, I recollect, in the *Academy* at the time, you will find that he exalts her genius on one page as violently as he depresses it at another; so that his mean judgment of Mrs Lewes is higher than that of most critics would be.

Well, I will not weary you with all this. I daresay, as you wish me to believe, that there are good points in Furnivall; but he is to me of the nature of things not to be patiently endured. Yet I gladly acknowledge what, with so much friendly warmth, you are able to say to his credit.

Let me tell you how glad I am to find, in that gallant gallery of votaries of verse—as the old anthologists would have called it—which T. H. Ward is preparing, that you are dealing with Shakespeare's Sonnets, because I have already seen that you feel the immortal sweetness and tenderness of them, without any shrinking from their obvious and palpable meaning. You will say, I know, some most true and admirable things about that manly devotion without which a youth can hardly, in any worthy sense, learn to be a gentleman or the lover of one admirable woman; it is the very school of virtue, the antechamber to the qualities of thoroughness, fidelity and self-restraint. I look forward to your essay as much as to anything in what will surely be a most remarkable book.

Somebody tells me you have certain curious literature of 1660-1680. For years I have been collecting materials for a work, I hope one day to find time to write, a "History of Literature in England during the Restoration." I have a pretty considerable collection of 4to plays of that age. Will you remember me if you hear of anything likely to be important to me? If there are any tracts or plays among

my duplicates that are any use to you, you will do me a favour, by accepting them. If ever I come to Dublin——

But why should I discuss the impossible? Rather let me thank you once more for an exceedingly kind letter and remain—Yours very sincerely, EDMUND GOSSE.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Nov. 22nd, 1879

(EXTRACT—TO J. A. NOBLE)

. . . I have undertaken to lecture in the spring on Goethe. It is long since I approached him, but I took some turns in that maelstrom once, and know its power to suck me in. I shall cry "Farewell, we lose ourselves in 'Faust'" before I am submerged. I am still within hail of you, and sober criticism of Goethe. I shall soon be stunned out of hearing anything but his power and calm yet fierce suasion. . . .

TEMPLE ROAD
Nov. 26th, 1879

(EXTRACT—TO DR TODHUNTER)

. . . . . .

"Southey" is done this good while. It will be published—they say—about the 18th of December. On that day I am to read a piece of it as a lecture in Cork, so I hope it won't emerge sooner. I believe it is better written than anything I have done. I feel as if I had got upon a new level as regards neatness in the collocation of words.

We had a most interesting opening of the Historical Society. Dowse was in capital temper, and our great Irish speaker, P. J. Smyth, spoke with extreme beauty.

I am now carefully prepari[illegible]eech for the opening of the Philosophical Society to-morrow evening.

My book on the "Elizabethan Drama" is shoved off a year. The Alexandra College people urgently asked me to lecture next spring. I first said I'd lecture on Elizabethan Drama, but I found it would be too difficult to present such literature to such an audience. So I have chosen "Goethe" as my subject, and I shall make no superficial study of the subject. Already I feel my way and see how the materials lie—vast, but by diligence to be mastered. The investment in books will be painfully heavy. I have some thought of trying to earn their price by an article for the *Princeton Review*, if they'll have it, on Educational Reformers in France founded on G. Compayré's big book lately published. I should like to have Quick's book; if you don't want it please post it to me. I mean his "Educational Reformers in England." My article would not pretend to more than a sketch founded on Compayré's, but, if 30 pp. long, I should get some £60 for my Goethe library.

I have also a short article for a Cornhill of next year on hand, on "Robert Hamerling," the Austrian poet.

This, with lecturing, keeps me busy—I have not for years had such an overflowing class. I lecture on Chaucer, Romeo and Juliet, and recent writers, each once a week. I lectured last day on J. H. Newman—next day on R. Browning—reading as many specimens as time allows.

. . . . . .

TEMPLE ROAD, RATHMINES
DUBLIN
Jan. 2nd, 1880

MY DEAR MR GOSSE,—Having two children you must have found out that Providence has an annual supply of small

afflictions for every household, and that they are kindly sent in batches of about half a dozen at a time to save carriage. I found a supply awaiting me on my return home, and I need not say any more of them than that they are now nearly cleared out of the way.

So I put off writing to you, and have not yet looked over my old books. Perhaps you have discovered that the list of duplicates you meant to send did not go in your envelope. There will therefore be an excuse for each of us writing at some time before very long.

It is very kind of Mrs Gosse and you to ask me to stay with you when I next go to London alone. I should enjoy much your house, and all the more because of the presence of the creatures who before I can be in London must have grown wholly human, and very meekly—or perhaps not meekly, but with pretty defiance and rages—yours. Our nearest thing to a baby is more than four years old; she has a sister nearly twelve, and a brother nearly six who is at present dictating a story to me about Indians and bears.

I must confess I find excuses for seldom going to London. At Easter I ought to go, but it does not follow that I shall. And if I should, it may be only a run through London to Bournemouth, where I was to have gone in 1879 to stay, not with, but near, Sir Henry Taylor for a while.

Now about Sh—, the author of "Hamlet." It is 1880, and I have already failed to insert the *e* and the *a*. Really it is hard, when I adopted *Shakspere* for peace' sake, in one week four reproofs should have come to me—yours, Grosart's in a note to his Breton, Halliwell's in his "New Lamps or Old," and Swinburne's in his *Study*. I like "*Shakspere*" because I can say that if I err I certainly err with "Shakspere" himself, and of no other spelling can this be said. But peace I see is not to be had, and so that counter attacks may neutralise one another I decide in future to write Chaxpur for which also authority can be found.

A retort—you have done a more wicked thing than any living English poet—you have taught our poets how to occupy three pages with one sonnet! It is true "Alcyone" [1] is worth three pages, and on the other hand, that it will be a comfort to get *only* one sonnet from some writers at intervals of four pages. Still it has a wicked French, Lemerrish look; and it will tempt newer poets to try the same experiment with a couplet.

I have not seen Furnivall's letter, but I heard of this stupendous joke [2] long since, and liked it hugely. When you quarrel with me I shall call your daughter a Gosseling, and will find life a burden in consequence. I do now believe in progress and development when the only survival of the stake and the rack is to call one's intellectual opponent such names as schoolboys invent.

Swinburne's book came to me from the Academy. I have reviewed it as it seems to me to deserve—and that is with a mingling of praise and blame, and a little malicious laughter. Furnivall I do not once name.

I am glad to see the most extravagant passages of abuse devoted to the N. S. Society omitted. Still Swinburne's temper seems unchanged, and it is not hard to read Furnivall's name in many places between the most offensive of the lines. I cannot away with the brutality of such a description of the venerable Emerson as "an impudent and foul-mouthed Yankee philosophaster." And I could preach a sermon on Jude verses 9-10 appropriate to the occasion. A disagreeable passage on Carlyle is I suppose explained by a saying of Carlyle about Swinburne which you have doubtless heard, and which was told to me a couple of years since. (Carlyle—by the way—has said to a friend of mine that the applause which he counts highest of all he has received came from Emerson.)

[1] In Mr Gosse's "New Poems," 1879.

[2] Furnivall thought it funny to refer to Swinburne as "Pigsbrook."

I post my little New Year's gift. You know vol. i. of "Lyrical Ballads" appeared 1798, so this is second edition of vol. i., and first edition of vol. ii. It is by no means rare. —Sincerely yrs., E. DOWDEN.

Why I have not said a word of your "Memoir of Samuel Rowlands" lying at my elbow? Because we Irish are never grateful for benefits from the Saxon. Still, though incapable of gratitude I am very glad to have it. Do you, or do you not wrong Lodge in classing him with "The men of profligate habits" (p. 4)? I had a notion that Lodge was not a wild liver.

FROM EDMUND GOSSE

29 DELAMERE TERRACE
WESTBOURNE SQUARE, W
10/1/80

MY DEAR DOWDEN,—How shall I thank you for your beautiful and generous gift of the Wordsworth volumes. I I have been reading and comparing them with great delight. The reasons why I have not written to thank you are two: 1st, Our little boy has been dangerously ill ever since the beginning of the year, and this has quite demoralised me. But he is now on the high road to complete recovery; 2nd, I am writing, for my sins, the article, "Holland, Language and Literature of," for the "Encycl. Brit.," and I positively loathe the labour and weariness of my task. Like Miss Squeers, I am shrieking out and uttering cries of pain all the time I write it. This is just the sort of work which nothing but the necessity of chasing *cet animal féroce* the half-sovereign makes me undertake at all.

We look forward to the pleasure of seeing you at Easter, if you can. We see few friends, but choice. To-morrow Pater and Colvin will be with us; would that you could

drop in and make a third. Will you be so kind as to send me a photograph of yourself? I will send you, if you like, some sort of presentment of my own very un-Apollonian visage.

I read with amusement your slating of Swinburne. I suspect you did not much please either S. or Furnivall. Are you not amused to see them both at it again in to-day's *Academy*? If they only knew how profoundly weary one is getting of them both. Do you not, quite seriously, think that it is getting a most dreadful nuisance that we cannot read the naked text of any of the great poets without having the annotations of various versions—say in Chaxpur's case, from the vastness of Coleridge down to the tenuity of Fleay—thrust upon our visual organs? I think we of the lyrical schism, who, most of us, I suppose, first read the great poets in delightful little tenpenny editions without notes at all, should rebel against this terrible network of jabbering notation. Take, for instance, Forman's really beautiful edition of "Shelley." It is positively maddening to be interrupted by a figure in the middle of every stanza.

What are you writing? I see you have just brought out a "Southey." By the way, would it be very painful to you to give up Beddoes to me in Ward's selection? I asked for him only a few hours after you did, and I have—from Browning—certain information about him which gives me some little special claim. Tell me quite frankly if you are very much set upon him. Will you exchange him for Darley?—Yours, E. G.

TEMPLE ROAD
Monday (*Feb. 23rd*, 1880)

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

I AM scattered between my various jobs—Prefaces to post for Macmillan's book—Edition of Sh.'s Sonnets for

Paul—Goethe—sitting to Yeats for portrait—article for *Academy*—College work. Goethe, of course, will in the end swallow up the rest. I have also masses of unpublished Southey letters, from his granddaughter, and from Sir Henry Taylor. I do not think I told you his comment on my Southey. "I am now glad I was not invited to write this biography myself, nor am I sorry that I did not write S.'s life, as was intended, immediately after his death. Neither I nor anyone could have done it better. Neither I nor any one I know could have done it as well." The worth of this for me is the assurance it gives me that I have struck no false note, for such would have jarred on H. T., and he could easily have said less.—Ever yrs., E. D.

FROM JOHN DOWDEN

13 WEST CASTLE ROAD
EDINBURGH
March 19th, 1880

MY DEAR EDWARD,—You were probably surprised to receive the copy of "Rab and his Friends" that I sent you on Wednesday. The account of it is this. I wanted you to see the portrait of Dr John Brown, and that prefixed to "Rab" is very good, though just a trifle less big and massive than the head really is. I met him at dinner on Tuesday, and he spoke so warmly of your Southey that I wanted you to see the beautiful head of your admirer. He is not a great talker, so one takes his words for more worth. After the ladies left the table he came round to me and commenced, "And are you your brother's brother? I have been charmed with his Southey. Isn't it delightful? Isn't it? I was taking up my pen to write to thank him, but I felt it would be an impertinence." By and by he said, "I got that thick volume of his articles. He is too

indulgent to that strange, wild savage Whitman. If he knew more of what impurity is, he would be less tolerant. . . ."

Dr Brown reminds me in look of Mr Robert P. Graves, but his head is more massive. His talk is excellent, and is dashed very pleasantly with humour. At the same dinner party I met a brother of Maria Edgeworth, an Indian civilian—a water-drinker and otherwise holding opinions not accepted by the majority. Dr John Muir (the Sanscrit scholar) was also there, and was fierce and trenchant on the abuses *re* Scotch University Education. It was the first time I met him.

Last night I was at the closing meeting of the Hellenic Club at Professor Blackie's. The invitation ran—

> HOMER, ILIAD, I., at 7.45.
> SONG AND SUPPER at 9.30.

The Club has existed for thirty years. It meets once a fortnight during the winter, to read Greek. There was no attempt at critical study; the first book of the "Iliad" was run through at a rattling pace in an hour and a half. . . . There is no doubt a gain in getting a rapid and general view of an author's meaning. Still such a book as Butcher and Lang's "Odyssey" might as well—might better—be used for the purpose than the Greek text carelessly translated. But "Song and Supper" were the features of the evening. Blackie is chief officer, and wore a golden crown, as hierophant —Donaldson (of the High School) a silver crown, (as—I forget what)—and another member a huge mitre as a prelate of the order. There was a good deal of genial foolery, and Blackie sang an original song composed for the occasion. Many other songs followed and toasts were drunk, and we did not get away till near twelve. . . .—I am always yours,

JOHN DOWDEN.

8 MONTENOTTE (CORK)
March 21st, 1880

MY DEAR JOHN,—I heard from Dublin of the arrival of Rab. It was very kind of my brother's brother's brother to send this. And also long life to the stylograph! It wrote a very interesting epistle, but in a very pale ink. I patronise the "J" pen, warranted to write the aristocratic and professional hand.

It pleased me very much to hear that so fine and unique a man as John Brown so heartily liked my "Southey." As to Walt, if I stay away from him I can agree with those who think him harmful, and the moment I come near him, I know he is bracing and wholesome.

I came down here to superintend our Exams for Women, a long job; and the worst—reading papers—before me still. On Tuesday I return. . . . To-day the great Parnell arrived from America in Cork. The streets were packed. Bands and banners, and green scarves, speech-making and patriotism are the disorder of the day.

I am getting through little prefaces for Ward's "English Poets." I have written Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Dyer, Falconer, Akenside, and have still to do Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Hartley Coleridge, and Ebenezer Elliott. They don't pay for the trouble they give.

Moreover six Goethe lectures begin on April 10th. They will be very modest. But I am in for a long spell at Goethe. Your letter reasonably disturbed me. But though I can't get the stings and thrills of pleasure that I get from an English writer—the spaces of Goethe's life make amends.

I want an ample nature to enfranchise me and make me happy, and I want a long task as a protection against the blows of fate—something that may go on, if other things drop.—With many hearty thanks, and love, ever yrs.,

E. D.

8 MONTENOTTE, CORK
March 22nd, 1880

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I must re-emerge in your thoughts, after my disappearance for two months. This disappearance is not your fault, nor is it wholly mine. I rejoiced to hear your trouble with your boy was happily over, and soon after we had a somewhat similar anxiety, or course of anxiety, about our youngest girl, a very delectable little morsel of humanity. But she is well, and various minor troubles of other kinds are over.

You would not guess where I am? In a gaunt room with a long, green, baize-covered table in it, and at the table sweet girl sophisters and fresh-women scraping pens. We hold annual examinations of women, and I have come down to superintend those in Cork, where lives my Father, a man now over eighty, (and I am inclined to think the best man I have ever known). If you read diligently this morning's papers you may suspect that I am disguising my true business in Cork, and that I came to welcome our great leader Mr Parnell (a descendant of the poet, and still possessing old Parnell's library), who arrived here yesterday from America. I certainly was in the crowd, and admired the big banners, and the harps and "sun-bursts," and heard the brass bands. And I love that well-thwacked ass, the people, when he doesn't bray too loud or kick out too savagely.

I fear there is no possibility of my getting to London this Easter. For a long time I have been hankering after Goethe, and I allowed myself to be persuaded to promise six public lectures in Dublin beginning April 10th—of which nothing is written. This pins me, and there are all these dreadful young women's papers to be read. You ask what I am doing? Prefaces for the England's Helicon of Ward. I wrote to him to give you Beddoes. I have the first edition of—I forget its name,—Beddoes' first drama, "The Bride's

Tragedy," (but you have too, I suppose), if it is at all of use. My batch are Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Dyer, Falconer, Akenside—*done*; Leigh Hunt, H. Coleridge, C. Lamb, Ebenezer Elliott—*to be done*. Then I have to edit Shakespeare's Sonnets for Kegan Paul's Parchment Library (perhaps this is not yet made public), and I go in for a long spell of work at Goethe. Books from Williams & Norgate tumble in, till the end seems impossible of attainment. But my lectures will be very modest, except that I shall not be modest in stealing for them.

I fling at you one or two "pellets of dry dirt" (I think that is a Swinburne phrase)—they are nearly two centuries old. Some odds and ends I have lit on, useless to me and I fear to you and to the world. However, they go to you.

If you still have the first editions which you so generously offered me, I should like your rare Etheredge, "Comical Revenge," 1664, and "Poems to the Memory of Mr Waller," 1688. Please post them to *Dublin*. I return to-morrow. I wish it were only *en route* for Westbourne Square.—Ever yours, my dear Gosse, EDWARD DOWDEN.

Do send me your photograph, and I will get mine taken and send you a copy soon.

To MAURICE HIME

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN
1880

I have read your book, and I can hardly conceive how the subject could be treated in a way less likely to do harm to anyone, while I can well believe there are readers to whom it may be really helpful. Even if ignorance of the evil in the world were possible, I believe the world being such as it is—men and women, or at least the noblest and best

among them, are bound to sacrifice their ignorance and such innocence as accompanies ignorance, in order that they may be the better fitted to take part in the hard and needful work of helping their fellows. Therefore I see no objection to a plain, grave treatment of the subject you discuss.

Apart from such influence as the book may have in deterring from wrong-doing, I think it is useful in putting out of the field that evil casuistry by which those who consciously do wrong strive to partially justify to themselves their conduct. It is better that a good and evil conscience should be separated by a gulf, passable only by a strenuous effort of will—this way or that—than that they should be connected by a tottering bridge supported by rotten arguments, which enables a man to suppose that he can with some degree of security pass constantly to and fro between right and wrong.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

DUBLIN
May 24th, 1880

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

. . . . . .

We were much disturbed by the tidings of Mrs Lewes's marriage to Mr Cross. *The Echo* now says it is the *other* Mrs G. H. Lewes. What is the truth ?

Just at present I am at work on Shakespeare's Sonnets for Paul's Parchment Library—a labour of love certainly, and I grieve to say only rewarded by its own pleasure and a nominal money payment. However, it is my foolish choosing. The Sonnets have persecuted me for quarter of a century, and I hope this may deliver me from their tyranny. Paul also continues to urge that I should become chief editor to a new edition of Shakespeare. Possibly I may if it looks promising for pot-boiling ends.

If you care for such a book, the recently published "Lectures on German Thought," by Karl Hildebrand will help you. They are well planned, and as far as I can test them, trustworthy.—Ever affectly. yours, E. DOWDEN.

FROM PROFESSOR KNIGHT[1]

THE CLUB-HOUSE, ST ANDREWS, N.B.
June 4th, 1882

MY DEAR PROFESSOR DOWDEN,—Many thanks for yours of yesterday. Your suggestion is very ingenious. The conjectures as to Calvert (Dr W. Calvert, the father of Mr Joshua Stanger, of Fieldside, Keswick) brother of Raisley Calvert, who died in 1795, is so good that whether it turns out to be verifiable or not, I think you must let me make use of it as one of those "happy guesses" which are often so valuable in literary criticism.

W. W., with his sister, lived at Windy-brow Farm House, Keswick, in 1794, for some weeks, but the Windy-brow House (or cottage) which William Calvert built in 1800 was different from this. Dr John Calvert, his son, Sterling's friend, to whom there are many interesting references in Hare's "Life of Sterling," and in Carlyle's, inhabited this house.

Wordsworth had previously lived with this W. Calvert in 1793, in the Isle of Wight, but I do not think that his sister was with him there.

I am sending the second volume of my edition to press this week (that the two vols. may be issued simultaneously in the end of the month), and I think, if you don't object, I shall embody your conjecture in a note to the "Castle of Indolence" stanzas in the appendix to vol. ii. It is quite

[1] This letter, accidentally misplaced, should be read as if occurring on page 182.

as valuable as any interpretation that has been given of the "stanzas."

Matthew Arnold falls back on the ordinary view about W. Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge.

June 11th.—You will see from the date of the preceding part of this letter when I began it. It has by the merest accident lain unfinished for seven days! I send it off by to-night's mail, and I shall conclude, if I do not hear from you to the contrary, that you allow me to embody your suggestion, which is so delightful, in one of the notes appended to vol. ii.

Your conjecture as to the "concluding poem" of "Lyrical Ballads," referred to by Coleridge in his letter to Davy on 2nd December, 1800, is certainly correct. "Michael" was finished on the 9th of December, 1800.

Don't trouble copying out any more of J. Paull's "Sonnet on M. Gillies' Portrait."

I'm delighted to get your Chaucer paper again. Indeed, I am keeping back everything else till this appears as Publication No II. of the Society.

I can't make out the Tinker at all.

Mr Moffett has joined the Society.—Ever yours,

W. KNIGHT.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
June 12th, 1880

(EXTRACT TO J. A. NOBLE)

My Goethe lectures sent me sky-high as the most distinguished heretic and corrupter of youth in Dublin. The Archbishop and his clerical posse sat on me, and condemned me for contumacy to be racked, disembowelled, and burnt. But I survive, and have a serious hope that the book I expect

to publish some eighteen months hence will be a thoroughly good book, and will live . . .

. . . I have had a long task in going through a vast collection of MS. letters, the correspondence of Southey with Caroline Bowles. I had thought I might have a hand in getting them published, but I don't think I shall.

TEMPLE ROAD
Sept. 23rd, 1880

MY DEAR JOHN,—I fear it is the Rabelais Club not the Wordsworth you ought to be a member of. I have put aside your letter among those worth preserving, but marked "G." —for Gentlemen.

Mary, no doubt, will unavoidably get much delight from the ferns, but we think it so criminal an act of yours, buying them, that if it were possible she would dislike them very much . . .

I have been unwise enough to give £3, 3s. for an unpublished MS. poem by Crabbe—about 500 lines—in his autograph. It turns out of small merit, but curious as being the only piece of Crabbe's known to me in blank verse. If it were a narrative poem some magazine would print it, but it is an old-fashioned piece of imaginative moralising, and a specimen would serve better than the whole.

Did I tell you I'm going to London in January on the strength of two lectures from my Goethe stock which I'm to give in Leicester? They offer me £20 for reading them.

I'm jogging along at Goethe, and think I shall do it pleasantly and well.

The Sonnets are in Paul's hands, but I'm still not done with them.

I enclose a letter from a Liverpool fellow which contains a description of D. G. Rossetti that may interest you.—Yours ever,

E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Sept. 26th, 1880

DEAR PROF. KNIGHT,—I regret much that I cannot be with you on the 29th. You asked me if anything occurred to me worth saying about the Club to say it by letter.

My main thought is, that the Club exists not so much to promote the study of Wordsworth in indirect ways, nor because its members would call themselves by the name of one spiritual master out of many, as because there is a definite piece of work needing to be done:

(1) The publication of all such writings of Wordsworth—poems, letters, etc.—as still remain in manuscript and may be deemed suitable for publication. The letters, scattered through various books might be brought together, or at least an index of them made in chronological order, stating where each letter may be found.

(2) The publication of a complete edition of Wordsworth's poems, presenting the various readings, and ascertaining chronology, origin, and locality of each poem.

(3) A history of opinion with reference to Wordsworth om 1793 to the present time.

Here, it seems to me, is a real work to do and a sufficient work. Minor things may be done by the way as they occur to one. My conception of the Club as existing to do a definite piece of work, involves the idea of its ceasing to exist when that work is done. I should not like the Club to languish, or to seek a factitious ground of existence in the curiosities of a scholarship which has exhausted all that is real and living.

Wordsworth appears to me to be the kind of poet the study of which gains little by associated efforts or by discussion. His poetry goes furthest, like a voice among his own mountains, in quiet and in solitude. I think by limiting its

aim to something positive and definite the Club will gain in reality and energy. When its purpose has been achieved, all external hindrances will have been removed from the way of Wordsworth's influence, all material aids will have been afforded to it; and his poetry may be left to do its own work —side by side with that of other great writers: in a silent, spiritual way—like that of light: in an untrammelled invisible way—like that of the winds blowing where they list. I am, dear Prof. Knight—Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Oct. 5th, 1880

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have the "Southey"—many thanks—it is an excellent fourpence worth. The little pictures are by Nash, an artist who accompanied Southey to Waterloo, and the poem is worth your having, for sake of the beautiful passage describing his return home, part of which is the longest verse quotation in my "Southey."

I am at present anxiously awaiting news from John Grant, George IV. Bridge, who put some of Braidwood's books into his Sept. catalogue; among which I covet much a "Histoires Tragiques" 1603, the source in a previous edition of several of Shakespeare's stories. There are other things surprisingly cheap in the catalogue. . . .

. . . There is truth in what Ruskin wrote, but it is not all the truth. The relation of Wordsworth's poetry to places is interesting in many cases because it illustrates his mind—he either discovers the soul of a real place, or gives it a Wordsworthian soul. To see a model, and to compare him or her with the work of a portrait-painter, shows you what the painter cares for in a face. . . .

. . . This morning I have made a rough sketch of the

plan of my Goethe book. Certainly it is among the pleasures life yields to see light coming. I am still at the beginning, yet I feel how much farther on I am than I was in January. I can orient myself now, and I know what is the lie of recent criticism. Without having found any Goethe "gospel," every day's vigorous work (for some days are languid and dull) give me assurance of the extraordinary fulness and fruitfulness of Goethe's mind. When this work is accomplished, I shall have climbed to a wide platform. . . .—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

NEW COLLEGE, DUBLIN
Oct. 13th, 1880

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I hope you called me "Doctor" inadvertently, though I deserve it. I got your letter, your second letter, your portrait by Mrs Alma-Tadema, your books, your postcard, (that is enough and that is all), and I have never written a line to you. And yet, though it may seem incredible, I have been wishing all the while to write, and I have cherished your books, and had some flushes of vanity in showing them to my friends. There are times when a thing I wish to do mesmerises me by gazing at it, and year after year I have wronged myself to one or two or three friends in each year. Sometimes the idea of distance paralyses my hand; in your case it was the notion that I must get my photograph taken in order to send you a copy, and I put this endlessly off. Now I will steal a copy from my daughter (if I can), and send it to you.

I am in the Examination Hall, as I was when I last wrote to you. Instead of sonnets I now write examination papers, which are equally works of art, and please a larger number of readers, having at least a circulation of ten or fifteen. Here are two which in Hibernian fashion I call

vivâ você papers, as they are the kind of short questions usually given *vivâ você*.

I hope your French holiday was a success. We went—loth enough to leave my books and my flowers—to the sea-side. The sea gradually regained its sway over me, and I spent a great part of the month swimming farther from land than was prudent, and lolling on the heights and hollows of the backs of the waves. But there was a trouble to drag me down into moods of depression and faint-heartedness—the constant misery this same sea in which I rejoiced was inflicting on my wife, driving prongs of neuralgia into her brain.

We are back, and I am again with my present Old Man of the Sea on my back—he is named Goethe. I cannot take him light-heartedly. I feel that no good can be done without vast work; for I want to know endless detail, and also to dismiss detail, and get to elevated masses of truth. And few Germans even attempt both.

My Goethe lectures in the spring gave me a lively entrance into the subject. You wrote a letter to me then, supporting my hands in my little encounter with the Ecclesiastical censors. That was a veritable storm in a tea-pot. The offended persons were wholly clerical, and none of them were authorities of the College or University. It was a groundless clerical scare. It is true, I am far from theologically orthodox; but morally I have much respect for the traditional, and am by no means disposed to call it Philistine.

I fiddled a great deal at notes on Shakespeare's Sonnets. Paul is going to make two editions of them—one pretty and pleasant, and one cumbrously annotated for the all devouring Shak. student. I really went through all the books—climbed the preposterous pyramid of commentary made by every blockheaded blackguard, or blackguardly blockhead, that ever assisted in stultifying the Sonnets. (You see I have been learning from Swinburne in the *Fortnightly Review*)

and in my bigger edition I mean to get credit for such stupid industry—not in the smaller.

In the matter of Swinburne, I have tried to do what you asked in your letter of last year, and I hope I have helped to get Furnivall in future to keep his "flyting" for other publications than those of the N. Sh. Society. There is a note in one of Griggs's reprints which is much out of place there, and I have written thereanent to Furnivall. After this I shall do as somebody advises somebody in Browning's poem, "Let them find it out, friend."

You wrote in a way that was very pleasant to read once or twice or thrice about my little "Southey." It has been very fortunate in pleasing people. Sir Henry Taylor's approval I took as a real piece of evidence that the likeness I tried to draw was like. You will have seen how much of it is pieced together from the letters, yet I felt a happy sense of freedom in writing it, as if biography were a free work of art, while in criticism I always feel as little free or creative as if I were at work in some scientific investigation.

I don't know how you make criticism so charming. I can read several of your Essays in Ward's book[1] with as much pleasure as your poems. They are all so full of colour, and of light. No—one I except. I was very angry with you for adding to the indignity Davenant suffered during life in his unhappy nose. I think better of Davenant than you do, and grieve for his misfortune.

Southey's letters. I have on hand now a selection from his mass of correspondence with Caroline Bowles. I don't think it will sell or find many readers, but the *Dublin University Press* want to publish, and I think a volume of sufficient interest may be made to justify them in undertaking it. There are no mysteries in Southey's life—his letters to Caroline Bowles are like all his other letters. I got a sight through the possessor's kindness of the letters of Shelley

[1] "The English Poets," edited by T. Humphry Ward.

to Southey, and Southey's replies (from Pisa 1819? I think) and very interesting they are; but they are not for publication.

My students are nearly done their papers and I must go and take them up. I have not the slightest doubt that I receive hearty forgiveness from you. I want to keep a piece of your friendship—so many things fail, or lose some of their sweetness, that one cannot wisely let a good thing be lost.

Write as formerly whenever you write, to Temple Road, Dublin.

You ought to have sent me the play and the Waller poems unbound: my books are in this respect ill companions for them. I lately got a curious addition to my possessions—a blank-verse poem by Crabbe, about 500 lines, "Midnight," unfinished—poor enough, but containing some characteristic bits of descriptive writing.—Ever yours,

E. DOWDEN.

I have scribbled so hastily I hardly know whether my entences will spell or parse.

TEMPLE ROAD
Nov. 7th, 1880

MY DEAR JOHN,—Thank you for Lowell's interesting lecture, which I have read carefully and about which I have sent a note to *Academy*.

It looks to me as if Shakespeare—trying various styles—wrote "Richard III." while a pupil of Marlowe. It is certainly Marlowesque, but seems to me also Shakespearian.

What you tell me of Aberdeen is interesting. I daresay, on the whole, I am as well off here.

Thank you for "Wat Tyler"—it was well worth buying and making me a present of. I had another edition of that

year, which did not contain the virulent attack on Southey given in your copy, and I am much pleased to see and possess this. I hope it's being Laing's didn't compel you to pay much.

Examinations have made my life a burden for a month past—they really *kill* so much of my life, and, whatever else I shall try to avoid, I will try to avoid adding to that kind of work.

Paul & Co. are hardly advancing with the Sonnets at all. Did I tell you they decide to make two editions—a Parchment edition first, and then a larger one? I sold them my copyright for £60, perhaps a foolish thing, but I had grown weary of the sight of my MS., and felt ready to get rid of concern about it. . . .—Yours ever,

E. DOWDEN.

. . . . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Jan. 16*th*, 1881

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I was on my way to your house on Thursday afternoon, and had "Barnabe Barnes"[1] with me, when Paul told me I should not find you at home, as you were to call on him a little later in the day. He said to leave my book—rather *your* book—and he'd lock it up in his MS. drawer; and that I'd be sure to see you at your office next day. But there I was disappointed. I saw the official nest, but not the singer and translator. Did you find my card?

[1] "The Poetical Works of the Elizabethan Barnabe Barnes," edited by Grosart in 1880.

Paul told me of the friendly plot he and you had entered into to keep me. Work compelled my return, but also the intense cold and yellow fog, or something made me ill, and I went about both work and play in a very unenergetic fashion, so was glad to get home.

I went across the Channel partly to lecture at Leicester—

> " For, who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
> Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand ? "

The Strand, because I stayed at the Charing Cross Hotel, as it would not have been right, for two or three days, when each night I went pleasure-seeking (and purposed to go still later to the House of Commons) to inconvenience you or Paul, or any other friend. I didn't go to hear my Irish friends have their rights maintained in a British Parliament. I was too unwell. But I saw Irving in " The Cup," and supped with him and his terrier (brother of the departed one that would howl at him in his Hamlet costume), and next evening I saw Edwin Booth in " The Fool's Revenge." I visited, of course, the Grosvenor and Academy, had an hour or two in the Museum Library; bought some Egyptian curiosities for my eldest daughter's cabinet, a stereoscope for my boy, and a lion-hunt for my small girl of five; returned in intense frost; and as we steamed from Holyhead had a wonderful half-hour, with snow-covered hills, starlight and moonlight, and the waves smooth and glimmering. I had often been summer nights at sea, but never in a January night on deck at 3 p.m. If I had genius like Swinburne, I'd write an Ode about it sixty pages in length, with all the words in the wrong, original places, and each word repeated as many times as it wasn't wanted.

Please send a card to say that " Barnabe Barnes " is safe.

Ever sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

29 DELAMERE TERRACE
WESTBOURNE SQUARE, W.
24, 1, 81

MY DEAR DOWDEN,—It was a great disappointment to me not to see you. But I wonder where it was you called —not at No. 1 Whitehall, where no card of yours is forthcoming, and where the servants declare you were not seen? Besides I was in my office all that day. A good thing, precious "Barnes," which has come home to-day, was not left at the supposititious office.

In a great hurry I write, because Paul tells me that you have not yet corrected any proofs of your Shakespeare Sonnets book, to beg you not to omit these lines of Shelley's, which are so very remarkable that it quite astonishes me that I seem to be the only creature who has ever noted them :—

> "If any should be curious to discover,
> Whether to you I am a friend or lover,
> Let them read Shakespeare's Sonnets, taking thence
> A whetstone for their dull intelligence
> Which tears, and will not cut, or let them guess
> How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
> Instructed the instructor, and why he
> Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
> On Agathon's sweet lips."

It forms part of a cancelled passage of "Epipsychidion." It is not merely the loveliest harmonic verse, but it is very deep thinking, a fragment of real scented rush-root.

I am so sorry not to see you. I could curse you in dithyrambs, à la Swinburne. Had I not so many things to show you and to talk about? My wife, my children, my books, my hates and my loves, and my friends, and boots. Creep into your miserable Dublin and moulder—I cast you off for ever.

When you went back, I was away, staying a few days at

Hastings with that charming mystic and true poet Coventry Patmore. He almost persuades me sometimes to be a Catholic.

I am too dull and cross to write you a letter. I find that you don't care about me. You have been in London and did not come to see me. Even pretended to call at an unknown office and leave a Mephistophelean piece of sulphur-scented and vanishing paste-board.—Yours in execration,

EDMUND GOSSE.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Jan. 25th, 1881

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I am very glad and grateful to get that passage from Shelley. Let me put the blame on Forman that I am not familiar with the "Studies and Cancelled Passages." I like to read Shelley in summer and autumn in the open air, on a hill, or by a tree, anywhere except in my room of work, and I can't lug abroad into the wilderness the blue bindings, and sunflowers, and footnotes.

It was wicked of you to have put on your cap of darkness while I was searching 1, Whitehall.[1] I thought I heard an ironical snigger as I stooped to write on my card some splutterings of grief and incoherent friendship. 1, Whitehall, yes!—and Mr Gosse's office, yes! The servant said so, the room was pointed out. I turned away disappointed, and then turned back and went into a neighbour den to ask its occupant whether Mr Gosse would soon be back. No denial as to Mr Gosse's usual presence was given, but the official young man looked bored, and seemed 'igh and 'aughty, so that I instantly became apologetic, confessed

[1] Mr Gosse's office in the Board of Trade.

it was the most frivolous curiosity that brought me, declared that if it displeased him I didn't want to see Mr Gosse at all, and begged he wouldn't remember it against me. To feel a little less small I hurried off to see the Midgets, General Mite and his companion in Piccadilly, and thought of drowning my chagrin in the wild dissipation of Madame Tussaud's.

Seriously I am very sorry. I wanted not only to know you whom I know, but to know your wife and children and books, and boots. I was far from well, took my pleasure sadly and slowly; and my chance of getting to Westbourne Square was on the afternoon when Paul stopped me and took the "Barnes",—which I should never have thought of leaving in an office whose occupant was playing conjuring tricks with me. I meant to put it into your own hand. But I saw no one, not my old Dublin friend Todhunter, nor any of a good many acquaintances whose names figured, with addresses appended, in my pocket-book.

I wish you could get Coventry Patmore to give this God-abandoned age of liberals and infidels another volume of verse as beautiful as "The Unknown Eros." I hear of him sometimes from Aubrey de Vere, he too a Catholic, a strong soul, strong and virginal, elderly-virginal now. Ever my dear Invisibility,—Yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD (DUBLIN)
March 13th, 1881

DEAR DR INGRAM,—Thank you for Alfred Webb's note. I will make further inquiries.

Thank you more for the noble sonnet,[1] which, I think, may rank with the political sonnets of Wordsworth and Milton. I only regret that it needs R. C. D.'s amiable pity to throw out its full vigour and rectitude of feeling.

[1] The sonnet on Majuba Hill, *Academy*, April 2, 1881.

Now out with all the volumes of verse written since "Who fears to speak of '98"! And place in chronological order. You, pretending all these years to be "single-song Ingram"! Out especially with the sonnets which gave you this mastery over the form. Possibly, after all, Edwards, or Giovanni "Volpi," may be J. K. I. There are such sonnets in the volume as you might have written in your salad days.

I'm beginning to get more and more glad that you're not condemned to be Provost. Had you been so assumed, I'd have been left gazing like the men of Galilee up into heaven, while your feet, as in pictures of the Virgin's assumption, would have been misty in the sacred clouds of big steaming dinners and tea-fights, with flunkeys around you for the cherubims. Now here you are still a terrestrial master and comrade.

The Liverpool—*Daily Post*, I think—had an article pitching into Gladstone for not appointing you.

You didn't appear at the Castle banjo and bones last Thursday night. I sat next Dr H——, who was keenly inspecting the nigger songs, and estimating the number of bad jokes the upper thousand of Dublin could consume per night. . . . —Yours, E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD
May 14th, 1881

MY DEAR TODHUNTER,—Send me any other papers on the subject, and I will read them if not too many or too long.

Life and its duties is something like a great committee, in which everyone is interested in everything, but certain persons are appointed as sub-committees to enquire into particular subjects. These sub-committees report to the general meeting, and ordinarily the duty of the others is

to adopt their report. But there is a certain supervision by the general intelligence of the whole, and the sub-committee may at any moment be challenged to explain or show reason for its views. I am in no way qualified to go on a sub-committee on Prostitution. The question is not whether it is a subject in which I have an interest as a citizen and elector, and so forth. I have also an interest as such in the land question, bi-metallism, the decimal coinage, sewerage, and five hundred other matters. My general intelligence does something towards helping me to estimate the value of persons as authorities—helps me to see whether a fair sub-committee is at work, representing both sides of a question. But I should only be in the way, and do more harm than good if I set to examine questions of currency, or questions of prostitution. It is as likely that I should come to no conclusion, or to wrong conclusions, as to right. But I am not a dilettante or an idler. As you know I do a fair share of the world's work, and take as it comes, rough and smooth, without much grumbling.

From this position I shall not be moved, for I have worked out this problem of duty to the issue that is best for me—and for at least the majority of ordinary men.

I meant you to keep the *Nineteenth Century*. I have no doubt you are right about the French verses.

It is pleasant to hear of the progress "Rienzi" has made. I can well believe it will be better than anything you have done yet in verse, tho' I doubt whether I shall ever have the same feeling towards any poems you write, as towards some of those in your first volume.

Yeats talks of soon going to London for a while. His portrait of me, like the original, is growing old. It is now in its second year.

I am steadily but slowly gathering, on the subject of Goethe, but much interrupted by College work.—Yours ever,

E. DOWDEN.

To Dr Oswald

Winstead, Temple Road
Dublin
June 3rd, 1881

Dear Dr Oswald,—On one occasion Wordsworth received the offer of the gift of a house and grounds under Skiddaw, from his friend Sir George Beaumont. He allowed eight weeks to pass before he acknowledged Sir G. B.'s letter, and among other excuses he said that he felt he must reply to such a letter only in his best and purest hour. Here is a high example to justify my silence; and seriously, in the matter of acknowledging the gift of books, I have been several times a defaulter for the very reason that Wordsworth states. When a book comes which I know will not interest me, I generally acknowledge it briefly and at once. But when I get a gift which I really like, I put off thanking the giver till some fortunate hour, which is sometimes missed; so that precisely the persons I am most grateful to have, in many instances, been those to whom I most wronged myself.

This is a long preface to saying that your "Landor" is a book I really *do* like. I don't know whether you know that I have a strong admiration for Landor's prose and verse. When Forster's life appeared it was hoped that Carlyle would have made it the occasion of an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, and I was kept by the editor in reserve, to take Carlyle's place if he failed.

The great man *did* fail, and the small man stepped forward. I remember writing an article on Landor in great haste and with great enjoyment. It is always interesting to see a great writer in a new part, and I am rejoiced to see how well Landor looks in his German costume. I am very glad you did not omit the beautiful "Tiberius and Vipsania."

I am glad to see your Carlyle so near at hand.—Yours very truly,

E. Dowden.

Aug. 8th, 1881

My Dear John,—Father may not have sent quite so particular an account of himself to you—so here is his letter—most satisfactory I think.

Have I told you that Miss Warter gives me the Shelley letters for publication? And did I mention the singular collection of Southey's dreams? I have also got a pleasing portrait of Miss Bowles which, if it can be cheaply done, I may get photo-gravured by Goupil in Paris. But I don't yet know. I am disposed, being concerned in the book, and having got these Shelley letters to make it more attractive by the portrait, even at some expense to myself.

On Saturday I had a most intoxicating success as a book-hunter. Providence has been very good to me! Lang confesses that he never once was blessed with a bargain. And I got that unique Shelley which I sold to the B. Museum!—besides various other lucky finds. Well, on Saturday at my dear friend, old Patrick Tighe's little hole in Anglesea Street, I got for two shillings the original "Epipsychidion"—for two shillings! It has sold for £13, 10s. and mine is an uncut copy! This was sufficiently overwhelming, but hardly had I stowed "Epipsychidion" safely into my pocket than I put my hand on the original "Empedocles on Etna," withdrawn from circulation by Matt. Arnold, and very rare. I wanted to fall upon my knees and return thanks on the spot, but the piles of books were too shifting for a hassock and I contented myself with an ejaculatory thanksgiving merely raising my eyes, while my fingers went still groping for treasures. A horrible doubt suggested itself that it may be Satan's doing. I may have sold my soul to him unawares for original editions of Shelley in this life, and hereafter—to keep company with Shelley to all eternity. Well, until my

time is come I shall resort to Pat Tighe's, and explore the sacks as yet unopened which he thinks may contain more pamphlets by Shelley. But do not it mention or there will be a rush to my diamond diggings.—Ever yrs., E. D.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Aug. 8th, 1881

DEAR DR INGRAM,—I believe you are in Scotland, but I send this to your Irish address in the hope of its reaching you. . . . I have a number of things to crow to you about. My heart crows first and shrillest at the almost complete recovery of my father. He has also gained in strength, and is once again a fine piece of good antiquity. But I have several minor things to crow about, and want to send my cries beyond my own pretty dunghill.

Miss Warter has actually given me the Shelley letters for publication! When the proofs came to the sheet in which they are mentioned, I wrote a great many letters to her, which never went, any more than the letters Mr Toots used to address to himself. But they served as an education in diplomacy, and I at last hit off the one that pleased me—a very short and simple one—and as *she* says "it drew the dragon's teeth." Then, too, I got a most curious collection of Southey's dreams for an appendix—a dreambook kept at intervals during many years. This will cause the vol. to run a couple of sheets beyond the allowed size—but it will be an addition worth making. I also got a pleasing crayon portrait of Caroline Bowles. It would make an attractive frontispiece. Being in for the book I am disposed, if I can do it without much expense, to have this photogravured by Goupil in Paris at my own cost.

I have come to have a regard for Caroline, and found (to my surprise) some narrative poems by her of great merit.

To-day I am recovering from the intoxication of Saturday. I think I must have sold my soul, in some wicked sleep, to the Devil for the possession of rare Shelley treasures in this life, engaging to keep company for all eternity with Shelley when Satan's time to fetch me came. There was that unique prose book which I sold to the B. Museum. Well, on Saturday I got in Anglesea Street for two shillings the original "Epipsychidion" which has sold for £13, 10s. at an auction, and I see for £10, 10s. in a catalogue—an uncut copy! While stunned, I laid my hand on a book which proved to be the "Empedocles on Etna" which M. Arnold so speedily withdrew from circulation. I would have dropped on my knees to utter thanks, but that Pat Tighe's floor was encumbered with shifting piles of books forming too untrustworthy a kind of hassock, so I contented myself with a raised eye, and an inward ejaculation. He says he has sacks unopened from the same place which may contain more pamphlets by Shelley. I shall not get up a company to exploit these diggings, but go to work stealthily myself, and allow no rush for nuggets to happen. My eyes are already glittering with greed and my fingers a-tremble to unlade at these,"

> "Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,

(*i.e.* Shelley's address to the Irish people),

> And seld-seen costly stones."

I am getting ready the larger edition of Shakespeare Sonnets for Paul. My larger book on Sh. is being translated into French by a Prof. at a Lycée, Montpellier.

I made great way with the Southey letters while in Cork, and I played an infinite number of games of chess with my father. In these two occupations went all my time. Goethe stood still—but I am in no hurry with him, rather grudge to

be done with him, and I shall have both slow sappings up to him, and sudden assaults, and defeats and renewed attacks, all of which I enjoy.

The crowings of Edward are ended. Cock-a-doodle-do!
Yours ever; E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD
Thursday, April 6, 1882

MY DEAR LYSTER,—If I had not known the writer of the article in *Hibernia* I should have liked to learn his name, and to thank him for writing out of love for Shakespeare's Sonnets, and with a knowledge of my part of the book. For although I have read a good many fine things about this or that book of mine, many of these utterances have been of a kind to make one cynical or sceptical, being the voice of ignorance or folly in an amiable rather than a cantankerous mood. Commendation founded on knowledge is the rare praise that is a solid reward. I am rather sorry on the whole that Shakespeare's Sonnets got the kind of hold on me they did, so as to victimize me with a diseased interest in all that is connected with them. But this having happened I like to see the good of it, and some good there was, which your article pleasantly makes appear to me. . . .—Ever yours,
E. DOWDEN.

Have you seen the following passage of modern poetry?

> "Where gentle Dowden's lectures, sweet as verse,
> Draw student crowds—where Lee's sonorous voice
> Thunders against the puppyists who doubt, . . .

I now understand Shakespeare's comparison "as *humorous* as *Winter*"!

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Dec. 3rd, 1881

MY DEAR TODHUNTER,— . . . The thing I liked best in the article on Salvini was the pictures. What a mountainous Macbeth with all sorts of Scotch heather and bracken growing over the wilderness of a man.

The Eurydice belongs of right to him who can bring her up from the hell of Yeats's studio, and as you warble notes that might "draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek," and I only make notes on Shakespeare, I think she ought to be yours.

Oscar Wilde's poems I dipped into—enough to satisfy me that he has really a literary talent, but I think the want of sincerity, and of original power of thought and feeling will condemn him to be only a phantasm.

I have found some proof-sheets containing the Shelley-Southey letters (perhaps not quite correct, but substantially so), which you may like to have. Garnett gave me some fifty fragmentary lines of a "satire on satire" by Shelley, which I also printed. They are of little or no value except as concluding the matter of Shelley's relations with Southey and as containing the most prosaic line ever written by a great poet:

"How incorrect his public conduct is."

Kind regards to Mrs Todhunter, ever yrs. affectly,

E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD
May 15th, 1882

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

. . . . . .

I don't know about Haughton's opinion as to the murders, but my own agrees with yours—that Lord F. Cavendish was

the designed victim. As to the new Coercion Bill, its justification, I think, must rest on the knowledge Government may have of the strength of secret societies. That there was a general movement towards compromise and conciliation on agrarian questions in all parties, is admitted by the best observers, and I fear this will now be difficult to maintain; since, however the bill may be directed at criminal classes, (and it seems much better conceived than the former one), it certainly is in the highest degree a humiliation to the national spirit. I, who have none of the instincts of Irish nationality, yet see (tho' I cannot much feel) how it lowers Ireland below all free countries.

Did you see Lecky's perversion (or conversion) to the Home Rule party? . . .

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
June 3rd, 1882

DEAR PROF. KNIGHT,—I hope I posted to you a letter certainly written—but possibly not posted—trying to persuade you that the Pathway inscription may have been the poem on John's Grove in the "Naming of Places." I also mentioned that Mr Graves thinks the "Silver How" poem may have been the same, with which opinion I cannot agree. And I noticed that 1805 is not the date given in poems ed. 1815, but 1802 as that of the "John's Grove Poem."

"The Castle of Indolence" I have always felt a puzzle. Mr Graves says very positively that neither man is W. W., and though he has always heard that the "noticeable man" was S. T. C., he never heard this from one of the Wordsworth family, and finds it hard to fit the description to Coleridge.

I suppose you have accessible, at St Andrews, a copy of "Fragmentary Remains," literary and scientific, of Sir H. Davy (1858), but possibly you have not thought of referring

to it. The "Castle of Indolence" poem was written 1802. In Feb. 1801, S. T. C. writes from Greta Hall to Davy of a certain Calvert, an *idle*, good-hearted and *ingenious* man, resident in the Lakes, and desirous to commence fellow-student with me (S. T. C.) and Wordsworth. He is an intimate friend of Wordsworth. He proposes to Wordsworth to take Windy Brow, half a mile from Greta Hall, and that Wordsworth, his sister and himself (Calvert), should live together. In this case he means to build a little laboratory. W. and his sister have previously lived with Calvert. Raisley Calvert, if I may believe the 1799 of the I. F. note, and the statements on p. 86 of Memoir, was dead at this time. Was this Calvert of Coleridge's letter a brother? Or is there a mistake as to the date of Raisley's death? Calvert is a handy man and a good practical mechanic. S. T. C. goes on to particulars as to intended laboratory apparatus. . . .

Now my guess—perhaps a wild one—is that the originals of Wordsworth's "Castle of Indolence" are S. T. C. and Calvert, one a poet, the other a dabbler in science and intimate with Wordsworth; the date agreeing—1801-1802, and that it is Calvert who is the noticeable man; while S.T.C. is the poet of the earlier stanzas.

I shall be greatly elated if you can confirm my conjectures by further facts about this Calvert.

There are other passages of interest in connection with W. W. in these Davy-S. T. C. letters. A few words about "the Brothers," pp. 77-78, July 25th, 1800. The following on pp. 78-79 is a very happy illustration of Wordsworth's poem on Hartley Coleridge. "Hartley is a spirit that dances on an aspen leaf; the air that yonder sallow-faced and yawning tourist is breathing is to my babe a perpetual nitrous oxide. *Never was more joyous creature born.*" Pain with him is so wholly transubstantiated by the joys that had rolled on before and rushed on after, that oftentimes five minutes after his mother has whipt him he has gone up and

asked her to whip him again. This is in 1800—and Wordsworth's poem to H. C. (dated 1807), refers to 1801-2—when Hartley was in his sixth year.

On page 82 there are reasons given for the non-appearance of Christabel in the second vol. of "Lyrical Ballads," and S. T. C. says, "We mean to publish the Christabel, therefore, with a long blank verse poem of Wordsworth's entitled, 'The Pedlar' (Oct. 9th, 1800)." He speaks of Wordsworth's health as not good, and of his scepticism concerning medicines.

Dec. 2nd, 1800.—"Wordsworth has nearly finished the concluding poem" (? of L. B., vol. ii. 1800—or is this later than its date of issue.) Dec. 9th was the date on which it was finished. If last of vol. ii., it is 'Michael.' S. T. C. says: "It is of a mild, unimposing character, but full of beauties to those short-necked men who have their hearts sufficiently near their heads."

May 4th, 1801.—S. T. C. thinks of going to St Miguels, one of the Azores—afterwards to send over for his wife and children. On this supposition Wordsworth and his sister have with generous friendship offered to settle there with me.

P. 109.—John Davy has an interesting note on Excursion VII.—the life and death of the young volunteer. These were Wedgwood's Volunteers. The company was commanded by Captain Tuff, from whom Davy thinks Wordsworth drew his volunteer—but J. F. notes say he was one Dawson. However, this scrap from a letter of W. W. about Tuff is interesting. "His calm and dignified manner, united with his tall person and beautiful face, produced in me an impression of sublimity beyond what I ever experienced from the appearance of any other human being (1806)."

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
June 13th, 1882

DEAR PROF. KNIGHT,—I am pleased to find you think there may be something in my guess. Couldn't you find out what Calvert was like? Is there no portrait with profound forehead and grey eyes? It would be worth while trying.

Were I attempting to put the best case forward in behalf of my conjecture, I'd put it somewhat like this.

The conditions to be fulfilled are—Two men:

(1) One a poet and *only one*.—Fulfilled.

(2) Both indolent and idle.—Fulfilled, according to S. T. C.'s letter to Davy.

(3) Both intimately known to Wordsworth.—Fulfilled.

(4) One—the poet—in broken health.—Fulfilled.

(5) The other, though indolent, *ingenious*.—"He had inventions rare." And so Coleridge describes Calvert to Davy.

(6) Moreover, interested in natural science.—Fulfilled.

(7) And trying to engage the other men, the poet, in his pursuits.—Fulfilled. Then I'd urge the date as agreeing.

Very soon my MS. shall go back. I have had interruptions and my boy ill, but he is nearly right again.—Ever yours,

E. DOWDEN.

Dr Moffett is President of Queen's College, Galway,

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
July 8th, 1882

DEAR DR INGRAM,—Jenkinson asked Tyrrell for names of some good books on Ireland since 1798, and T. asked me, and I ask you. I don't suppose the list need be long, but send such as you remember *soon*.

We are all well. I have the prospect of a trip to England. To-day I got an invitation which I am better pleased with than if I were offered a Bishopric—an invitation, thro' Sir Henry Taylor, from Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, to become Shelley's biographer, with their private material at my command. They wish for a personal meeting, and I write offering to go to Boscombe Manor (near Bournemouth), or to London, whenever they please. I have said again and again that some demon was connecting me with Shelley, for I never went towards him, but he kept sending me things—the lost "Deism" book, the Southey letters, and various rare books. And I said confidently, "More things will come in spite of myself," which now seems likely. It is the demon's wish that Shelley should have a biographer who mingles sense with madness, and therefore I suppose he picked out me.

We are all well, but saddened by recent deaths—three gold-fish, and a spaniel—a fountain of life and love and joy—chloroformed to death by me, because in the most innocent and playful spirit he took to nipping the calves of postmen and telegraph boys. We are calm, tho' the gold-fish died only yesterday.—Ever yrs., E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Sept. 13th, 1882

MY DEAR MR DE VERE,—I had by me when your note came "The Foray of Queen Meave"—take my sincere thanks for it. My reading of it had been delayed by having given a promise to read it aloud, and the occasions for such readings being irregular. Having fulfilled my promise partly, I anticipated the complete reading by a secret foray through those portions that I had not read out. I come to Irish subjects neither as an Englishman nor as an Irishman, but as a half-breed. Until comparatively recently I did

not even know of the existence of Meave and Deirdre and Cuchullain; perhaps I even suspected that King Brian the unspellable was a mythic hero who never fought the Danes (in whom English history had led me to believe) at Clontarf. At first on discovering my loss I was angry. Now on third thoughts I am inclined to believe my father's error one on the right side. I am infinitely glad that I spent my early enthusiasm on Wordsworth and Spenser and Shakespeare, and not on anything that Ireland ever produced.

But now I come to these stories not in the John Bull spirit. Having breathed Irish air so long, they seem to melt into me very readily. Deirdre I have known through Sir Samuel Ferguson's prose and verse, and through Joyce's very interesting poem. It seems to me one of the greatest tragic stories of the world—one of those which, like some subjects of Greek Tragedy, may be handled again and again by different poets. You have made me feel things either in the story, or that you have breathed into it, which I did not feel before. In all tellings of the story I am struck with the wonderful characterization—the heroine is one of the most striking figures in legend: two other things that impressed me much are, first, the brooding fate which is seen afar off, and secondly the wonderful *moments* in the story, so full of destiny, or passion, or loveliness—the first of these the bringing in of the beautiful babe, and the sudden wail you have rendered with all beauty and terror of the moment. (My eye catches here two exquisite lines on page 15—as dating a period in the year.

> "While the March wind's breath
> Was softening round the daffodil's first bud."

Deirdre pacing the beach: the lovers singing,

> "That hour her song grew war-like as his own";

—the procession of the centuries of warriors, maidens and hounds by moonlight; Ainli and Ardan slumbering, and

Deirdre with her hair in the sunrise; the passage on Spring pp. 30, 31—the sudden change of manner in Deirdre's reception of Fergus p. 40—these and other things will live in my memory from the early pages. After the departure from Scotland all tends onward irresistibly to the doom of the close, so that it would be wrong to pick it to pieces.

The subject of "The Children of Lir" is romantic, piteous, and inspired by sea and sky, but it is a tale for a babe compared with the men's meat of the heroic story of Deirdre. When I think of little Conn, I am remorseful for saying this. I like the poem from first to last, but it is a toy, and Deirdre is a sword.

The Tailkenn is a beautiful incredible fairy-king of a saint. "The Foray of Queen Meave" is newer to me than either of the other subjects (though I suppose as familiar as possible to everyone except myself). I have to get over a vulgar objection to Cuchullain—that he was a Belfast man, and I suppose speaking English like a bad Scotchman—a Presbyterian—(you see how confused my ideas are)—I wish, like that brilliant fellow Dermot O'Dyna, he had been a brother of my own from Munster. However, I do get over these objections and you don't allow the Presbyterian element to become prominent. (Forgive this profane jesting of a low half-breed Irishman). I think you have had a subject of great grandeur, and that you have had a vast advantage here over your Deirdre in your choice of blank verse. I have wearied you with too long a letter, or I could show, I think, that the book is rightly named, and that this is its chief poem. I know nothing in the poetry of superstition more thrilling than the phantom Faythleen (p. 127). Through the whole poem, the natural and supernatural support and elevate one another. I find, however, in my love of particular poems, I have a feeling. A poem which has a heroine of interesting or heroic character always wins upon me, and Meave is far less marvellous than Deirdre.

I must stop. . . .—Believe me, with renewed thanks, sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

8 MONTENOTTE, CORK
Sept. 22nd, 1882

MY DEAR TODHUNTER,—Perhaps I thought-impressed you. I wished certainly to get your address (for which Craig asked me some while since, and which I did not then know) partly to hear of your wayfaring or warfaring in this our mortal life, and partly to give you much gratitude for the prescription my father received from you thro' me. He has been better ever since he began to take it. In the Spring his mind, or at least his courage, was worn down with his bodily suffering. Now he is strong (for eighty-two) and bright. I have seen that a recipe may be as beautiful as an ode or a sonnet.

House-building, "demoralising" and "busy idleness"! Oh profane wronger of thine own soul. Indeed if the Lord build not the house, they labour in vain who build. But you are not likely to forget, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone; judgment also will I lay to the line and righteousness to the plummet." You are to be like Job in Blake's last picture some day. I imagine your summer went very happily, and Mrs Todhunter's also, building this nest in a garden. Of course you wrote no tragedy nor epic. A bird cannot sing while piously carrying stick or straw or more æsthetic down to line his nest withal. But when the nest in the orchard is built there must be mellow flutings from the boughs! Then the seizure of joy—"I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.

Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib."

'As for me I am "goin' off" as thee describes so happily. As you have guessed I am already disembowelled, but my brain has not all been hooked out of my nose yet, and so I move about to undiscerning eyes still alive—and indeed I have just force enough to hew and lift the great stones for my pyramid, where I shall soon lie swathed in the scented gloom, dry as remainder biscuit, with that grand inanity on my face which one sees in my compeers Rameses & Co., but safe for centuries, and to be found some day with my fellow-kings and to be transferred to a museum of antiquities. If I die a dilettante it shall be a dilettante in pyramids!

I cannot but form a high opinion of that American professor of whom, indeed, I had a good opinion before. You did right to commend him to me. If Hiram comes I will give him twenty thousand measures of wheat, and twenty measures of pure oil, and he, I hope, will rejoice greatly to hear the wisdom of Solomon.

As to my "Crake"—Yeats says I wrote it *furtively*, and that all my poems have a furtive look, as if I were ashamed to confess myself a Poet. That seems to me a good criticism. Ought I to join the profession of Poets? I certainly should if I were not afraid it might lead to my writing an epic—or a tragedy. What does it feel like to be a poet? Does one take off the laurel when going to bed? Is the Muse, who has had so many lovers, a person with whom an honourable linendraper could keep company? But as to my "Crake"—I put in those plums of "alien," and "inland," just in order that little Jack Todhunter should put in his thumb, pull them out, and say, "What a good boy am I." There's another plum remaining, bigger than those, for someone else to find.

'I have been up and down to Cork so often this year that I have needed no other change—moreover, I have no repletion

of the breeches-pocket, no tumour of pursiness for which travel is so good. But I go in a few days to Manchester, there to stay with Mr Ireland, to give a lecture, and I hope hold in my hands Keats's copy of Chaucer.

The Nihilist is to me invisible. I hope she has not committed suicide, but it is far from improbable. Yeats is rapidly "turning the corner"—improving, I think, in his craft, and is in hopes of a better studio soon.

My wife has had a great deal of neuralgia of late, but she lifts her small head above the waves whenever it is possible.

Kind remembrances to Mrs Todhunter; to your daughter a secondhand kiss from the mummy.—Yours affectionately,

E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Nov. 27th, 1882

MY DEAR BURROUGHS,—Walt Whitman tells me that he has sent to you a letter of mine to him, so I need not recite what was in it. It has grieved me to hear of his recent prostration, but I did not hear of it until I also heard of his recovery.

I post a copy of the *Academy* to you containing a review of his "Specimen Days."

After so many years of ungrateful silence may I thank you for one of your books. I postponed writing until I could send you a little notice of it which I sent to the *Academy*, and when that notice appeared it seemed so little worth sending that I again delayed to write, and so the gap of time widened from a strait to an Atlantic. I watch for your essays, and read them with eager pleasure when I get a chance.

We jog on. I told W. W. that I had allowed myself to

be swallowed up by Goethe. I do not wholly rejoice, but I cannot help it now, and go on resolutely to try and see all that is to be seen in the belly of that whale. Sometimes a longing comes to cross to New York—hold hands with Whitman, and see you and your wife, and your house by the Hudson. But it is only a delightful dream—ties strong as iron, though silken ties, keep me at home, and doubtless it is best so.—Believe me. always most sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

DUBLIN
Thursday, [*March* 24], 1881

MY DEAR JOHN,—There was nothing to tell about our Committee—your proposal was warmly received. Carson, Ingram, Abbott were there, and Salmon had previously spoken to Ingram.

I think it is a strangely incomplete account of Carlyle to call him a sham. Would that we had more lives carved out of the casual staff of circumstance into such unity as his! and that we had such shams as would produce more "French Revolutions" and "Cromwell's Letters"! (But I think I understand your meaning—only it is the least important truth about Carlyle, and I think, in spite of the pseudo hero-worship of Carlyle, the least needed even now.)

I go to Cork on April 4, for Women's Exam. Perhaps Mary may come too.

I have undertaken to write Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays and Poems for an edition Paul & Co. are planning, if they can find suitable editors for the text. I asked £2 a page, and got it. If this goes on I shall get nearly £200, which will make me feel I am not reckless in taking a great deal of time over my Goethe. It is the easiest journeyman work I could have possibly found.

They still hold back my Edition of the Sonnets, but it will before long be published.

I am picking out Southey's and Caroline Bowles's letters, which Mary, and Barbara Clerke[1] copy, for a vol. in the D.U.[2] Press Series. There's a good deal about Bell in them.

I am lecturing my class on the Elizabethan Drama, and reading new old plays for my own advantage.

I have made a dash at Fraser's "Berkeley" in Knight's Series, and think it a very valuable book.

. . . Yeats is here. Essie's portrait in R. H. A. and much praised. I have been elected a Trustee of the National Library.—Yours, E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Dec. 14th, 1882

DEAR MR WADDINGTON,—I ought to have found time to write more fully. With your book came others or the promise of others to review, and also a publisher's job—some twenty pages—which obliged me to make a selection. I saw that I could not open my lips or set my pen going on Clough without writing more fully and with pains. I did not wish to make an article of extracts as I have done with Fanny Kemble, and therefore I thought it best not to write at all. The Editor told me he had some other reviewer who would undertake the book.

I read enough of your volume (to which I hope to return when I have more leisure) to find things in it with which I heartily agreed and things from which I dissented. This disappointment I had—that I had fancied beforehand it might be possible to work out more clearly the development of Clough's beliefs and unbeliefs from first to last; I fancied

[1] E. D.'s sister-in-law. [2] Dublin University.

there must be some inevitable logic in the whole process. This you have partly worked out, and perhaps as fully as his writings permit, and probably I had deceived myself as to the possibility of analysing more fully the composition of forces which determined his line of advance. Your reverence for the man and his character and genius, and your recognition of what is characteristic in his work, are nearly identical with my own. I am, however, swayed from time to time more perhaps than you, by the charm of poetry such as Rossetti's—and my divided loyalty makes me unwilling to set one school in opposition to another.

I believe your book will do good. Two or three of my students have known and cared for Clough—and to care at all is to care greatly—but he is not generally read by them. And I was not ill-pleased to see one of them carrying off your volume as part of a College prize.

I wish you would remember me to Mrs Clough when you see her.

I am now reading Nichol's "American Literature" which my interest in Emerson and Whitman led me to take for review. My main study for long has been Goethe, but he gets on slowly with the inevitable Shakespeare "pot-boilers" I am tempted to accept.—Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO BERTRAM DOBELL

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Jan. 16*th*, 1883

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged for your ready help. This morning I turned aside from my work, and went through Thomson's articles, I have made a note of them for my record

of opinion as to Whitman, and have copied the short closing paragraph of the *Nat. Reformer* series.

I look forward with keen interest to reading your "Memoir" as soon as my present press of work lightens.

I am in search of an old one volume novel, published by Hookham in 1813. "The Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff translated from the Latin by John Brown." "Brown," I believe, was a pseudonym, and it certainly was not translated from the Latin. I would willingly give £1 for a copy because I think it is the work of one of Shelley's friends, and possibly might be of use to me in my present task—that of writing Shelley's Life from the papers in possession of his son, Sir Percy F. Shelley.

Should you know or hear of the whereabouts of any letters of Shelley it would be a great favour if you would give me such information as you may have. Mr Garnett of the B. Museum and Mr Rossetti have been most friendly and helpful, and Mr Buxton Forman helpful too to such a degree as he says he finds possible.—I am, dear Mr Dobell, very truly yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Feb. 4th, 1883

MY DEAR JOHN,—I read "Joco-Seria" with much interest, and took it yesterday to a monthly breakfast, 8 of us (4 Fellows and 4 Professors) have, where Salmon read it. We decided each to bring a joke or story each month in a different language, and to get Atkinson as chief pundit to be record secretary and so found the great new Science.

I hope you will work the opening in Blackwood now. I have had great go in me this year, but it has gone into rather humble channels. Since my "Romeo and Juliet" I have

written an Introduction (for love and ten quartos) to a facsimile by Griggs of the Passionate Pilgrim (a pseudo-Shakespeare collection of 1599) which is to form one of Griggs's facsimile quartos.

I made a few interesting little finds. Now I am bringing myself to write lectures. I lose annually much time in preparing for my class. If I could make up my stock of lectures to 100 I'd grind out the same until I was ninety-five years old, and so my Goethe might get published about my eighty-eighth year.—Ever yrs., E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Sunday, Feb. 11th, 1883

MY DEAR JOHN,—

. . . . . .

You see I make some fun of ——'s modesty in the *Academy* this week. I sympathise deeply with you as to the omissions you had to make from your "Joco-Seria." Perhaps you may some day get the editorship of a magazine "For Gentlemen Only," and be able to return to the subject, and in the meantime you may have been lucky enough in your book-hunts to pick up a copy of —— "De modo cacandi." Walt, after all, naturalist though he be, has a fine selective instinct, and chooses to name what is specially associated with pleasure and health. I am glad to see the Scots so taking to my friend. In the *Scottish Review, No I*, is an unqualified *éloge*, and a Glasgow publisher is bringing forth Walt's latest book.

If Blackie writes to me I shall be very glad. I do not believe anyone who has got within the range of attraction of Goethe can ever quite escape from the benignant might of that glorious orb. I fear, however, that during Blackie's period of occultation much has come to be known thro' letters of Goethe which he has not made acquaintance with.

I hear nothing of the "Romeo and Juliet," and I fear the price will be more than the book will be worth. But at some time I hope to reprint my essay.—Ever yrs.,

E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
March 10th, 1883

MY DEAR JOHN,—Has anything new "transpired," as the newspapers say, about the Bishopric? We all take a great interest in being kept up to the latest news.

I have had a very miserable week with toothache. . . . I wish I was born one of the edentata—an ant-eater must be a happy animal. These poor jests are wrung out of a shaken brain, and seem to me like Sir Thomas More's upon the scaffold. But you tell me I have gained the character of a wit (and a brilliant conversationalist—a most true description!), and even in agony a wit must sustain his character.

I have embarked in a large Shakespeare enterprise, with the American Rolfe for coadjutor. I am to see after the text of an edition, and to write a short introduction to each play. He is to do the notes. My share of the spoils, together with a fee for my volunteer help in the Parchment Shakespeare, is to be £350. If I were a Bishop or likely to become one, I should decline such work; but unless the islanders of Rum-ti-foo become bitten by the Shakespeare mania, and think my Shakespearian labour qualify me for the see, I see no prospect of the mitre.

There will be a good deal of hard work in what is before me, but it will be easier than any other by which I could earn a like sum.

Here I will close. Mary, and I, and Essie, and Alice Allen

may be in London towards the end of April. I think Essie's pleasure would refresh my soul.—Ever yrs.,

E. Dowden.

Winstead, Temple Road
Dublin
March 30th, 1883

Dear Gosse,—This is a horrible position. Do you remember the scene in the "Parliament of Love" about which you have written eloquently:

> "As I am Dowden: look not on me. I have parted with
> The essence that was his, and entertain'd
> The soul of some fierce tigress."

—and so the two friends prepare to fight it out to the washing of the waves on Calais sands.

Seriously, I am sorry if my candidature[1] lessens the chance of your success. *I* thought you were shut up tight, but in measureless content, in that inscrutable office where I sought for you.

My offer of only one term ought to be worked against me. Has not Mrs Gosse enough of the woman to shake you out of the poet, and make you a malicious foe? I cannot think so ill of her as to believe she has not a better grasp of fact than you have—or I.

Yes, I am a pluralist and more than you know. I hold the Professorship of English Literature, and a Professorship of Oratory, and I am, like John Gilpin, a linen-draper bold. (Like a practical man I mean to get testimonials as such, and to send patterns of my damasks and lustres and linens to the Master of Trinity.)

[1] For the Clark Lectureship in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge.

But I fancy you're the luckier fellow as regards the rattling of the guinea—my Oratory is a sinecure with £60 a year. My English Literature professorship has very light duties and a very light salary. My linen-drapery—well, I mustn't reveal the secrets of a flourishing company—but it doesn't make me a millionaire. And so I'll take my chance—no very good one—against the world.

But I bet on Hales as against both yourself and me. And to-day I have heard from a bigger person[1] than any of us, who *may* be a rival.

But what do *you* care—seated in that inscrutable office all day, piping on viol and flute.—Ever sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
July 15th, 1883

(EXTRACT—TO J. D.)

I have had a proposal (equivalent in the literary world to the offer of a Bishopric) from Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, to undertake a life of Shelley with their private material at my command. The link between us has been Sir Henry Taylor. I am to go over to Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth, (the Shelleys' place), and then spend a couple of days with the Taylors, (also at Bournemouth). Perhaps I may try to see Miss Warter, Southey's grand-daughter, at Sidmouth, and possibly stay with a clerical friend at Horsham, Shelley's birthplace, and go to see Great Marlow, where he lived for a time. Perhaps only the Bournemouth part of this programme will be carried out. "Goethe" is becoming like

[1] Leslie Stephen, who was elected.

Southey's "History of Portugal," but I am resolved to live to finish my *magnum opus*. Don't let my Shelley work yet get abroad. . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Aug. 13*th*, 1883

MY DEAR JOHN,—Mary says, "Come as soon as you can and stay as long as you can, the rest is indifferent."

If you would, however, fix as nearly as you can a date for being in Dublin, I would arrange my visit to Cork so as to return and meet you here. I am so pressed with work that I will not make a longer stay in Cork.

I seem to have had all the fine weather while in England—only a shower or two during my stay.

As to Beauty and God. I think a big book of C. Levêque (now in my college rooms), which I read for my earliest article in the *Contemporary Review*, is a piece of Theistic Æsthetics But I don't think I cared for it. All nineteenth century poetry—Wordsworth, Goethe, Shelley—seems to me to become theistic in its higher moods of nature-worship; but the God is not the Jahveh of Mount Sinai, nor the amiable white-bearded old gentleman of Catholic pictorial art, nor the constitutional ruler governing by general laws of Protestantism, but the true God (of which these are figures), the God of the Ethics of Spinoza; in whom, as one of your own poets says, we live and move and have our being.

Perhaps in James Hinton's books there might be something to your purpose. He is the kind of thinker in whom one would expect to find such a speculation.

Lamennais in his Æsthetics has a kind of transformed Catholic theology in the background—but very much transformed indeed.—Ever yours, E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Sept. 19th, 1883

MY DEAR JOHN,— . . . Through Furnivall I am getting the loan of a copy of "Medwin's Life of Shelley"—(Medwin was Shelley's cousin) prepared for a second edition by the author. I don't suppose it will be of any great importance.

Yesterday a singular incident occurred. At Carlisle (O'Connell) bridge, I stopped to look at a cart of books—"All books on the back of the car twopence each" was sung out by a small vendor. I saw, but could not believe I saw, a vol. in calf, lettered "Refutation of Deism." This is the lost book by Shelley, (of which I believe the Shelley family have a box-ful), of which no copy was known until I sold one to the B. Museum in 1874, and no other has since turned up. It was printed in the spring of 1814, and in July of that year Shelley eloped with Mary Godwin. The book is said to have had literally no sale. But one may be sure that Shelley gave the philosopher Godwin's daughter a presentation copy. Now what was my surprise on seeing upon the cover of calf the word in gilt lettering, MARY. Inside all the errata are carefully inserted in a hand-writing, which is at least exceedingly like the writing of Shelley. It seems very unlikely that a second person, out of the two or three who may have had the book, should have had it bound with the name "Mary" impressed upon it.

Two lines of shorthand at the end of the book are in some pre-Pitmanic style, and can only be imperfectly guessed at by the chief reporter of the *Irish Times*, to whom I went. I suspect these lines may be by a later owner than Shelley or Mary: ("sent admirer's sister" and "brought persons" are words guessed at). It is evident to me that some occult power is guiding me in this Shelley affair. Other things of extreme rarity were found this year by Rooney—"Swellfoot

the Tyrant" being among them. Shelley had some good Irish friends—Lawless, Lady Mountcashell and others, and I suspect that Mary may, like a philosopher's daughter, have given or lent this copy in later years—perhaps to Lady Mountcashell. I shall try to get from Rooney to the source of his finds, and track backward.—Ever yrs., E. D.

P.S.—I omitted to mention the fact that I bought the book, and gave the full price demanded.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Oct. 19th, 1883

MY DEAR TODHUNTER,— . . . So your "Shelley" was not consumed like the original by fire, in Kegan Paul's blaze. I don't yet know what became of my books. Talking of Shelley's prose reminds me that I have been able to identify an article (in an old review) of some eight or ten pages as his. I will keep my secret (which indeed is worth little) for the present.

Shelley has been good enough to send me a gift of the copy of his "Refutation of Deism" which he presented to Mary Godwin in 1814, with her Christian name imprinted on the cover, and the errata written in by Shelley. You remember he sent me the only other known copy (outside the Shelley family) in 1874. This more precious copy he put on a hand-cart of old books near Carlisle Bridge, and that I might not feel it to be a compliment, made me pay 2d. for it. All this is true, and when you come across, you shall see this relic.—Yrs., E. D.

. . . . . .

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Oct. 21st, 1883

DEAR JOHN,—Could you not secure for Essie's cabinet, by a large bid, the Dodger's trousers. Let us sell all that we possess, and own the trousers of great price.

The magic Shelley web thickens and entangles me inextricably. The De Boinville book is delightful, and I have been directed by Mr Archibald Constable, University Press, son of the author of the Memoir, (who is dead) to the representatives of the De B.'s.

A good many threads also started in other directions. I hope if you see Mr Constable, who knows you, that you will tell him that I mentioned to you how kind he has been.

Irving telegraphed to me a farewell "Adieu, adieu, remember me" (Hamlet's father's ghost) from Queenstown. . . . —Ever yrs., E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Nov. 11th, 1883

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I am well disposed to adorn the *Century*, and be wise and witty, grave and gay, and all that you command me to be. I will reel off 8000 wise and witty words. Therefore let me know what the pictures represent, and say whether I can determine the order in which to place them.

I will of course not let the mob of ladies who write with difficulty, know that you are a Centurion; but I have a daughter, ten female cousins and a niece, six sisters and an aunt or two, who would be the very thing for you, if I am

not mistaken. You will probably hear from them by to-morrow's post.

Cork would have been a delightful theme, for I have a big MS. of Crofton Croker's, full of gossip and what-not, to steal from, but there are few pictorial spots in that city. I wish you were a very obscure prose-writer. Last Friday I went into my class-room with a delightful new lecture copied out of a certain new volume by E. G., which lecture I purposed to deliver with a critical air, and an impressive aspect of original investigation as the lecturer's own. Imagine my disgust when I saw "Seventeenth Century Studies" already in the hands of one of my students. I made a vain attempt to turn him out of my class-room for breach of discipline. Then I humbled myself and said, "I will now read some extracts from a charming essay on Herrick, by Mr. Gosse, which I am proud to see is already known to members of my class." The young offender felt touched by this, and did not mention the fact that I read nearly the whole essay.

Tell me on a postcard where to find any account of Suckling in Spain, and in the clutch of the Inquisition. I see nothing about it in the Suckling memoir prefixed to Hazlitt's edition. —Yours ever, dear Gosse, E. DOWDEN.

Would you care for a good copy of the 1st vol. of Vondel's "Treurspeelen" Amsterdam, 1662? It is, I think, the first edition, but there ought to be two volumes. I will send it if you care to have it.

P.S.—I may as well tell you—what possibly you have heard—that my Goethe (after much work done) is pushed back by an invitation from Sir Percy and Lady Shelley to me to write P. B. S.'s Life, and now I am in full career. Garnett and Rossetti have been most cordial and helpful, Forman friendly and courteous, but says he cannot open his treasures to me. Browning has guided me to some important letters. If you know of any lurking unknown

to me, pray tell me. Do you know whether the Hon. L. Warren has anything—or anyone else? I am going in everything to the first sources and mean to do my best with so fine a theme, and the advantage of the family papers.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Dec. 18th, 1883

MY DEAR JOHN,—I started for Birmingham on Saturday Dec. 8th, crossed in a calm, and arrived in Birmingham at 9 p.m., in time to see the stream of Saturday night buyers and the shops just before they closed.

On Sunday I drove to my host, Wilson King, the United States Consul, who lives in delightful rooms in the "Plough and Harrow" Edgbaston, almost next door to Newman's oratory. He dined once at the Oratory—was received by Cardinal and Fathers in silence—except by the one he knew, Father Ryder. All filed into Refection Room, headed by Cardinal—a small table for each person—two candles on each table. Two fathers carve and serve (after the antiphonal grace). Then they too sit. One mounts pulpit, reads aloud some of Vulgate, and life of St Philip Neri (childish stuff). Then one father proposes questions which had exercised his mind—one some theological point—another "Whether an artist may paint on Sunday," Each who pleases gives his opinion, lifting his cap, and saying "with submission to authority" (or some such word). Decided that an artist may *not* stretch his canvas, or grind his colours, but may paint. Several courses—choice of beer or cider—Cardinal says Latin grace—blows out his candles. Everyone blows out his—all file out, headed by Cardinal, to former room, for port, sherry, and claret and talk. Newman's talk very perfect in form. He inscribed in one of his own books for King, *Dominum expectans, viriliter age.*

After a country walk on Sunday we had at dinner, a Dr ——, clever, irascible old man, with fiery eye and quick tongue, two Mr Matthews, ex-Presidents of the Alpine Club, and bookish men, and others. On Monday I went by myself to Lichfield—saw the beautiful Cathedral and Johnsonian localities. Saw Birmingham Free Library and Shakespeare Collection—some fine pictures—two by Rossetti. Lectured in evening to perhaps 1000 people. All the means of popular democratic intellectuality wonderfully well sustained in Birmingham, 4000 people getting taught by the Institute at the rate of 1d. a lesson.

Supper after lecture. Shorthouse, Father Ryder, Bunce, Editor of *Daily Post* (Radical), etc.—talked of George Herbert, Keble, Crashaw. Father Ryder promised to introduce me to Newman if I'd stay.—Pleasant supper.

Next day home. An uncircumcised Philistine poured out a volume of talk on me in train on Demonetisation of Silver—(a vigorous merchant of Iron) and was so charmed by my ignorance and docility that he invited me to stay at ——. Crossed in the great gale of last week—head wind and high sea—seven miles off Kingstown spent an hour in picking up two men and a boy blown out to sea: at last got a rope to them, and hauled them on board, leaving boat to swamp. They were like big awkward sea-beasts in cabin: got up a subscription for them. After near seven hours got ashore. Such is the history of my Brummagen excursion.

I am now trying to get ready something for *Contemporary Review*—perhaps Birmingham lecture—perhaps "Wilhelm Meister" My hand has grown inexpert at review articles. I believe I am to reel off 8000 words for the *Century* too, with "Dublin" for my text.

Many thanks for getting the Mary Wollstonecraft. I send 10s. which will just pay for it and the "Dying Bird."

I had a miss in the 1st edition of "Political Justice" which Grant offered for 2s. 6d., but it was "away." I have

a later edition, but the 1st in quarto is important.—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

I don't see why you shouldn't keep Sheridan's "Critic" for yourself.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
October 1878

MY DEAR JOHN,—Thank you for the Catalogue. I telegraphed for one book, Florio's "Montaigne," and wrote yesterday giving a largish order for those early editions of Dryden and Pope you had marked, etc. It is perhaps an infirmity, but I feel as if the use of an original edition brought me more within the atmosphere of the men who wrote. . . . I believe I have come to the verge of an interesting discovery in "Faust" literature. I picked up in Anglesea St.—having, however, to pay for it 12s. 6d.—a book said by Brunet to be "fort rare," and by another authority to be of extraordinary rarity, an edition of the alchemical works of Gebir; and other things, on philosopher's stone, etc., *sine anno*, but *circ.* 1525, printed from a Vatican MS., by permission of Clement VII., by two librarians, of whom one is *Faustus Sabœus*. A poem of Faustus is given, and the fact of his being a priest of Brescia mentioned. The whole "Faust" history is very obscure: a Faustus *Sabellicus* of about this date is mentioned as a quack, and he called himself *Junior*, and *George*. The traditional name of the magician is John, though Goethe had to call him Heinrich, as John is not tolerated in German tragedy. I am inclined to believe that my man has not been connected with the origins of the "Faust" legend, and it may be if the book is extraordinarily rare, that the Mandamus of Clement VII. exists in no known copy, being the last two pages and after the printer's mark. These last (and first) pages are so often lost. My copy wants a sheet. The book has been reprinted, and the reprint contains Faustus's

poem but not the Mandamus. Brunet seems also to know nothing of it, as it would have determined the date more nearly than he does. I have written to Ward, who knows "Faust" literature, about this, but not yet had his answer.

Another small discovery I am writing about to Masson. That a "G. Rivers" whose name is punningly mentioned by Milton in a line of his College poem in the words "Rivers arise, etc." is author of a rare and interesting little book called "The Heroine;" 1639, dedicated to Waller's love, Lady Dorothy Sidney, in exalted terms, and inspired by worship of her. Masson could learn nothing about the brothers Rivers except their marriage. Would you kindly address the enclosed to Masson. —Yours, E. D.

Did you see Gladstone's acceptance of a phrase of my Shakespeare book: "the Anglican paddock" in his *Contemporary Review* article? In one sense—its toleration—it is less of a paddock perhaps than any other Communion.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Aug. 4th, 1884

DEAR MR DOBELL,—What you tell me is all entirely new to me and very interesting. . . .

Thank you very much for the fulness with which you have written; but if the books are intended for your next catalogue, and are within the means of a slender purse, I shall be very glad to buy them—I mean "The Honeycomb" and the "Literary Gossip."

Did I ever tell you that I got sight of Hogg's novel "Alexy Haimatoff." Mrs Lonsdale, Hogg's daughter, kindly lent me her copy[1]—the only one I have been able to hear of, and I have made a little article for the *Contemporary* out of it

[1] In later years E. D. bought a copy of "Alexy Haimatoff" for 10s.

and Shelley's review of it, (which I luckily identified as Shelley's last year), with two or three notices of Shelley's earliest writings as yet unrecorded.

My life of Shelley creeps on a tiny bit every day, but the end is still remote. With renewed thanks.—Very truly yours, EDWARD DOWDEN

TO BERTRAM DOBELL

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Aug. 14th, 1884

MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you much and heartily! I am very glad to get the "Lit. Gossip" and the "Honeycomb," in each of which I find several things of interest. The Cenci volume I have not yet had time to look through, but I am very glad to see it. Finally your delightful surprise, the gift of Wordsworth's "Eutropius," is a little relic I shall always have a strong regard for, and keep among a score or so of volumes which have some special associations of literary interest about them. A few weeks ago I was given by Sir Wm. Napier's daughter a garden-chair of Wordsworth's, and I have two or three other little Wordsworthian relics, to which your gift shall be added as a companion.

. . . . Believe me, dear Mr Dobell, very truly yours,
EDWARD DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Aug. 29th, 1884

DEAR GOSSE,—Many thanks for your kind and pleasant gift of the Victorian-Augustan Epistle to Dr Holmes No. 10

of forty printed. If published it must be by Jacob Tonson. Ten and forty are sacred numbers, for there were forty sockets of silver in the tabernacle, and Ali Baba encountered forty thieves, and there were ten Commandments, David had ten concubines, and Joseph ten she-asses, and there were ten knops encompassing Solomon's molten sea; and if I am No. 10 of E. G's forty friends, I think that I have a goodly heritage.

I like your ingenious copy of verses much—its stroaks of wit, its harmonious numbers and the flight at its close. Mr Cowley and Mr Waller could not have done it better. But since a critick must find a fault, I will be so bold as to object against the odd word "Myth" in line two. Is it of your own invention? For sure I am that it will not be found in Mr Dryden or Mr Pope. I take it that you mean Fable, but it surely does not agree with the English Idiom.

I am just out of my bed, recovered from an attack of cold, (if it was not the Hyp or the Vapours) which I have cured with the Quinquina.—Ever sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

TO BERTRAM DOBELL

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD,
DUBLIN
Sept. 25th, 1884

DEAR SIR,—I thought that I had got at everything about Shelley at Eton, and now you show me how mistaken I was. I should like much to see the book, for besides its notice of Shelley it might speak of other persons who are side figures in my sketch of Eton. I shall gladly pay carriage both ways—possibly may buy the book if you will tell me the price.

It may interest you to know that the biographies are wrong about the Eton dates. Shelley entered Eton before 12 years old, and did not leave until after he had entered Oxford. It is usually said that he entered Eton at 13, 14, or 15, and spent a year away from school before entering Oxford. I see in the Eton school lists two Richardsons—brothers—in Shelley's time, sons of a great lottery contractor. Richardson *minor* was *John*, and he was below Shelley in school-rank.

I think your plan of printing Thomson's articles on Shelley an excellent one. I shall be glad to take a copy if copies are sold by subscription, and I think I can get our National Library to take another.

With many thanks.—Very truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

I had seen the *Athenæum* on the Shelley forgeries. It knew—or at least tells—only part of the truth about the forged letters of the Hodges autograph sale. Though forged they were not wholly false.

DUBLIN
Oct. 26th, 1884

MY DEAR JOHN,—It is long since I have written to you. When you sent me a line last you were bound for Aberdeen. What kind of things are American Bishops? Do they wear war-paint like the spiritual Medicine-men of Great Britain? Is their Great Spirit more democratic than Him of Anglican theology?

Since I heard from you I was at Birmingham and Wolverhampton, a-lecturing. Ay me! Ay me! a sorry business, with the Eternities star-embracing above one! (You will see that I have got Froude's last two volumes). Lord Randolph was performing the same night at Aston Park. Wolverhampton is a dim, fuliginous spot. . . .

Before the lecturing campaign there had been Congressing in Dublin—Sanitary Congress, Library Association; Garnett of the British Museum and his wife our guests. I took them one lovely autumn day to the Seven Churches, "Shelley-congressing" with Garnett in meanwhiles.

Some incontinent gossip-monger has celebrated my Shelley finds in the *Academy*. One of these is really important—Mr Esdaile's vol. of MS. poetry—virgin soil—which I saw in the spring, has come into my hands—a thick notebook more than half filled with poems unpublished and unknown. Many deserving to be unknown, yet others important and of interest.

Yesterday came through Astronomer Ball an invitation from the President of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, to go across the Atlantic. They will found a Chair for me—salary not mentioned, but from previous enquiries by Sylvester, I think £1000 a year. If not this, then I am asked at least to go and give a course of lectures. Possibly "yes" to this last, certainly "no" to the first proposal. Not that I should mind a new start in a new world, but having pledged myself to a long spell of work on Goethe, when Shelley disappears, I am not willing to abandon literary work for that of teaching. Evidently this is the Hercules choice of poverty or riches, offered me—and I should think my three bairns would have an opener career for their talents in Yankeedom. But "to found a school of English literature" in Baltimore would mean a life of teaching what I already know, instead of trying to know more; and I do not choose to gain the world and lose my own soul. Ten years ago I might have given ten years to such work, and yet had time enough; but now it comes too late.

. . . . . .

I get on daily, after many idle days with my writing—the stress seems lightened and I advance with less toil, whether as fortunately I do not know. Still the haven is far out of

sight—but if the gales do not drop I shall be blown through many zones and sea-circles before we meet. . . .—Ever yrs.,

E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Nov. 12th, 1884

MY DEAR JOHN,—I am much pleased to see that your book is so comely as well as so substantial—pleasant to the eye and to be desired to make men wise.

Though not great as a liturgiologist I know what scholarly work is, and can see such work in abundance between your covers. I believe—so incapable am I of keeping to my province—that I shall read your introduction and notes and find them "as interesting as a novel"; (which is saying very little, for I scarcely ever get to the end of vol. iii. of any novel).

The American proposal assumed a new aspect on learning that Johns Hopkins is the one University in the world founded expressly for study on the part of the Professors, and not for teaching of the ordinary kind. The lectures would, I believe, be a mere trifle. To be paid £1000 a year (which Salmon, on Sylvester's authority, thinks would be the salary) for some six months' light work, and for doing what I like best, is rather tempting. Still, I hardly think I shall go, but I have yet sent no reply and await Robert Ball's return from America.

If you would become an American Bishop, perhaps I might go to your diocese as Professor.

When you are next on George IV. Bridge, I wish you would tell Grant to send me a copy of Landor's "Poemata" (1847) and pay for it. I will send you stamps.—Ever yrs.,

E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD
Nov. 24th, 1884

MY DEAR JOHN,—The crisis is at an end, and a compromise accepted. In other words my salary has been increased by £200 a year, and I decide to stay in Dublin. But when Shelley is off my mind, I hope to visit Johns Hopkins and give some lectures there. R. Ball describes it as an ideal University for higher study, but thinks the mosquitoes are little flies in the apothecary's ointment. Sylvester also speaks most highly of it, and of Baltimore country and society. Still I think, having my work all ready (for years to come) to be done here, I ought not to change the conditions. I have now probably attained all that is attainable here, and shall still be as I am when you are a Bishop.

I have not yet seen reviews of your book.—Ever yrs.,

E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Feb. 10th, 1885

MY DEAR JOHN,—I suppose Anna has rejoiced you as well as me with the telegram from James[1] at Korti convalescent. Your last letter had a postscript about your visit next summer to the U.S.A., but you did not explain its occasion. I suppose the Bishops have asked you to go and do something. Then I expect you to come back and be a North British Bishop yourself. . . .

. . . I have been getting on well with "Shelley," having written over a hundred pages during the vacation, and still keep getting on. I hang over my sweet Basil evermore, and forget the stars, the moon, the sun, and have no knowledge when the day is done, and so expect it to grow

[1] Colonel Magill, E. D.'s nephew.

thick and green and beautiful, and to smell more balmy than its peers of Basil-tufts in Florence. By the end of this year it will be nearly done I expect, and I shall sing the burthen—O Cruelty—— To steal my Basil-pot away from me. None of your wise doubts will for a moment intrude its old sceptical eyes until my work is done, when I shall try to take it at its true worth, which, however, must needs be that of one of the more important literary biographies in the English language.

I have been invited to undertake a history of English Literature of moderate dimensions, from Wyat to Milton, and am not quite certain whether I may not be able to do it with Lyster to act as assistant—but I fear except as turning some College lecture-grubbing to literary account, such work is now of little value to me. You would have to help me with the Reformation Church-writers if I wrote it. Write and tell me of your American plans. If I were to go anywhere, it ought to be to Italy.—Ever yrs.,

E. DOWDEN.

TO BERTRAM DOBELL

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
April 12th, 1885

I think your reprints of early editions of "Shelley" very delightful to hope for. Please put me down as a subscriber. I hope they will be absolutely exact, without any correction of errors in the originals. . . .

I am interested in everything about Miss Hitchener, for I have found Shelley's letters to her of immense importance in telling the story of his early life.

I believe her to have been a good and an able woman (tho' with a good spice of unwisdom in 1811-12). I have

a copy of "The Weald," which shows she was not much of a poet. I fancied the stanzas, close of p. 6 and top of p. 7, might possibly refer to Shelley, and I quote them in my Biography before bidding her a kindly farewell.—Very truly yours E. DOWDEN.

TO HIS DAUGHTER HESTER

8 MONTENOTTE, CORK
July 22nd, 1885

EXTRACT

I have been thinking a great deal of the present you will bring me. You have heard Nuncle object to my hat. I think if you brought me a Tam o' Shanter I'd wear it on Sundays. What do you say also to a philabeg or kilt (which do you call 'em ?) You know how my garments wear out. The kilt would be economical. It would *never* wear out. It would also be a novelty and must attract remark. Hech! my lassie!

"Sing hey, my braw Ned Highlandman!
Sing ho, my braw Ned Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the land
Is match for Edward Highlandman!"

I should also like a dirk, and a cairn-gorm brooch to fasten my tartan, and a claymore and a gill of whiskey and a haggis. And now I have exhausted all the Scotch terms in my vocabulary.

Grandpapa is fairly well.

I was at a concert last night—two crickets were the vocalists who sang in the kitchen for our benefit in the drawing-room.

To-day I had a serene hour in the field, my book, "York Mystery Plays," beside me, cigarettes obbligato (if there is only one *b* in "obligato" you can return my letter corrected).

I hope Dick is adapting his organism to his environment. Please tell him that he ought to do so, and explain that it means that he ought to be awfully jolly. . . .—Yours lovingly, E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Aug. 4th, 1885

EXTRACT

. . . I have made a most interesting and important discovery—Mrs Shelley in her novel "Lodore" has told the story of the separation from Harriet—Shelley's and Mary's history in London, 1814, Shelley hunted by bailiffs, story of Emilia Viviani, and much beside. I submitted my discovery to Garnett, who confirms my opinion as to its novelty and importance.

I am much elated and expect you to rejoice with me. Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
August 6th, 1885

DEAR MR DOBELL,—Many thanks for the "Honeycomb," which is delightful in its new garb. You must tell me how much I am your debtor.

I think Thomson's essay on Whitman would be worth reprinting both for Thomson's and for Whitman's sake. The very best introduction, however, to Whitman, as far as I know, is John Burroughs's "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person," New York, Redfield, 1871. This little book must have become scarce, for Professor Corson of Cornell University, who is now in England, tells me that he was

unable to procure a copy in America. It would be well worth reprinting, with a supplementary note on Whitman's writings since 1871. . . .

I want to get a copy of Mrs Shelley's novel "Falkner," and if a cheap copy of her "Perkin Warbeck" were to be had I should like to have it.

I get on with my "Life," though slowly. Much additional material is likely to come into my hands for the purposes of the biography, and I do not think any large mass of material will have been missed by me by the time I am done with the "Life" . . .

Did you notice Swinburne's sonnet on Jeaffreson in the *Academy*, "Caliban upon Ariel," suggested by my letter of the preceding week?—Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Friday, August 1884

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have only just arrived after a stormy passage, but I must write a line to say that I am delighted at your discovery—"Percy Bysshe Shelley, *farmer*" is charming. . . . My journeyings were most interesting and important. So many threads are weaving and winding together! . . . I was at Cambridge and got some very interesting material from a lady there—one long and beautiful letter, and a good many things of lesser interest.

The only important documents I shall fail to see are, I think, those in Forman's possession, and some in Mrs Hogg's. . . .

. . . Leslie Stephen has resigned the Cambridge Lectureship, and Gosse succeeds him. It would have been useless for

me to apply, the objection as to the term I offer being a really substantial one.—Ever yrs., E. D.

H—— got me an interesting passage from a Cumberland paper, giving an account of an attack on Shelley when at Keswick. I am amazed at the lack of research (where there has been so much interest) up to the present.

I met Browning at old Mrs Procter's in London.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Sept. 21*st*, 1885

DEAR MR DOBELL,—Forgive my long silence. I was away from home when your letter came, and I had directed that letters should be kept till my return. Then I delayed writing because I was much occupied.

I like the article about Mrs Wordsworth so much that I should like to keep it; but as I guess that these cuttings were in the copy of the "White Doe" (1st ed.) in your catalogue, what I should like best would be to buy that copy of the "White Doe" if it is not sold. I forget the price, but at all events, it will be welcome to me.

I am far from happy about my explanation of the difficult passage in "Alastor," but I have tried to find a sense, and have so hammered it into my head that I cannot now get it out in order to accept your ingenious hypothesis. My notion was that Shelley wished to describe a narrowing ravine through which flows a considerable stream, and along which the hero of the poem advances towards that point at which the ravine ends, and the stream tumbles over a vast height. As the ravine narrows its rocky sides rise in height, so that the ravine grows dark below, from the sheer height of its precipitous sides, but above, in the rocky heights, can be discerned openings in the crags, and caverns amid which the

voice of the stream echoes. Such is the sense I get, and I extract it from Shelley's text by considering the relative "which" following "rocks" as nominative not only to the verb *disclosed*; and this verb *disclosed* has as its accusative or object, the words "black gulphs and yawning caves." The words "its precipice obscuring the ravine" I take to be parenthetical and as meaning *the height of its rocky sides darkening the ravine.* Pointed thus my meaning may be clearer:

on every side now rose | Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms, | Lifted their black and barren pinnacles, | In the light of evening, and (its precipice | Obscuring the ravine) disclosed above | (Mid toppling stones) black gulphs, etc.—I separate "toppling stones" as governed by the preposition "mid" from "black gulphs," etc. which is governed by the verb "disclosed."—Very truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

"Above" is an adverb, not a preposition and means *in the upper region.*

To Rev. Robert Perceval Graves

WINSTEAD
Sept. 29th, 1885

DEAR MR GRAVES,—I write a note on the geography of "As You Like It," which I am myself content to place in France or England as you like it. Arden was found by Shakespeare in his original Lodge's "Rosalynde," the scene of which is expressly laid in France. And Oliver describes Orlando as the "Stubbornest young fellow in France."

I think Jacques must be a dissyllable:

"The melancholy *Jacques* grieves at that."

It occurs also in "Henry V.," "Love's Labour's Lost" and All's Well."

We are all enjoying our possession in memory of a delightful day, one of the happiest for me of the year.

I watched you until you disappeared behind the hill-top, and you made a vacancy somehow inside my ribs—a sensible one—for a large piece of my heart went over the hill to Cenchoi Cottage.

With our love to Mrs Graves.—Ever yours, E. D.

Monday Morning
Decr. 9th, 1885

DEAR MR GRAVES, — I return Alfred's letter which interested me a good deal. I am in the Examination Hall examining for Moderatorship.

I was glad to hear good news of you from the servants yesterday evening. Lyster and Stockley were with me, and we thought that we ought not to go in, lest it might fatigue you.

I was teazed by having to speak at the Theological Society this evening. What I should like to say is that the strength of the Oxford Movement lay in its ecclesiastical translations of the great truths—that of a Common Reason (*i.e.* God in latter reason and conscience)—translated into *the Church and its authority*, and secondly that of the interpretation of what is natural and material by what is spiritual, translated into the sacramental system.

And that the one was a protest against the Individualism of Protestantism and the Revolutionary movement, not seeing that both in their deeper meaning appealed to the Common Conscience and Reason of man; and the other was a protest against the unmediated Dualism of the evangelical system which set nature and grace—flesh and spirit—church and world—in absolute antagonism.—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD
Jan. 12th, 1886

MY DEAR MR GRAVES,—We are indeed deeply grieved to hear of Miss Napier's death. I had a feeling towards her as towards a representative in womanly form of a heroic man, so that when I looked at the two great figures that stand at the door of St Paul's, I felt that she had a right to be of their company.

I am very glad to have had the happy meeting I had with her at Ambleside, when she showed me all the details of her house and garden, in which a planning and constructing genius (of which I possess none myself) appeared and made me think that the same planning genius, guided by love, had been exerting itself on behalf of many human lives.

Besides our own sorrow there is the sense with us of your great loss.

With our love to Mrs Graves.—I am, affectly. yours,

E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD
Feb. 20th, 1886

MY DEAR LYSTER,—I have come to the conclusion to take heart, and if offered the Presidency of the Goethe Society—to accept it. Some of my lectures could be transformed into an address—and tho' it is something awful to think of addressing scholars, they would be forbearing, and Goethe says something about its being safer in all cases to stand before the judicious and well-informed.[1]

If you like to come to dinner to-morrow, do so.—Ever yours,

E. DOWDEN.

I wish J. T.—who means very kindly, would not blow the trumpet about my "Shelley," as in to-day's *Academy*.

[1] Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Fällen.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
May 31st, 1886

DEAR MR DOBELL,—What you tell me about the "Wandering Jew" is very interesting and quite new to me. I hope you will send an account of your discovery to the *Athenæum* or *Academy*, reprinting the dedication and preface—and giving your reasons for believing in Shelley's authorship.

I daresay Wordsworth thought ill of Shelley, but if he did, it was probably caused by Southey's ill opinion (Coleridge said it was so with himself.) And I can't find much fault with Southey, or anyone, for thinking ill of Shelley, when the current stories about him were so unfavourable, and there appeared no special ground for disbelieving those stories.

If you don't publish your discovery about the "Wandering Jew," may I mention it?—Very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

EDINBURGH
Sunday (1886)

EXTRACT FROM J. D.

MY DEAR EDWARD—. . . . The state of things as to the election of the Bishopric is curious. The laity I fear will be in a majority against me, and the clergy in a *large* majority in my favour. In that case no election. At preliminary meetings held on Friday, when only a few electors were present, but *which are said to have been really representative*—the voting was in the lay chamber, and 8 against

me, 6 for me, 1 declined to vote. This was announced to the clergy who then proceeded to vote.

16 for Dowden.
4 for Bishop Kelly.
1 for Bishop Jermyn.
1 for Archdeacon Hannah.

It is *possible* the laity may yield, but it is generally found that they are very obstinate. . . .

BOSCOMBE MANOR, BOURNEMOUTH
(*Aug. 9th*, 1886)

MY DEAR BISHOP,—Yesterday at breakfast (Euston Hotel) I saw in the *Times* and other London papers your election. Then got telegram from Mary. I was glad you had so much unanimity on the part of the clerical voters, and also in the final voting of the laity. The *Globe* describes you as a learned theologian and well calculated to add dignity to the Scottish Episcopal Bench. I don't think anyone can be gladder than I am at the result of the election.

My crucial chapter, which I read for you, has given entire satisfaction to Sir P. and Lady Shelley. This, although it was more like a judge's charge than an advocate's speech. And I am pleasantly surprised. Great pressure will be on me till I finish the task, but 6 good weeks' work ought to do it. I shall return probably on Tuesday.

I don't know whether Essie goes to you to-morrow. I am ploughing thro' a long unpublished MS. of Shelley's "A Philosophical View of Reform"—216 pp. of close MS.

The sea and southern headlands are beautiful. But the day grows hazy and looks like rain.—Ever yrs., E.D.

I saw Garnett who at once decided that you must get your designation in the B.M. Catalogue.

By the way what is it? Are you Right Revd.? Lord?

Pantonian Prof? Bell Lecturer? D.D.? or what? I don't know your North British titles!

TO PROF. KNIGHT

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Dec. 31*st*, 1886

EXTRACT

I posted the Transactions No. VII. yesterday. I did not go thro' every one of the "Selections," but I saw in general that the choice was excellent.

It struck me, however, that a kind of iron pathos in Wordsworth's early poems is not represented—and that the "Thorn" or some such piece of pain and passion ought to be included.

What a splendid piece of news—the 136 letters!

All good wishes for 1887.—Ever yours, E. DOWI

(WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD)
(*Jan. 20th*, 1887)

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I am greatly better. The cold, instead of settling down like the last two, is going decidedly off, which I attribute to my steady endurance of bed until all the feverish stage was over.

I need issue no bulletins after this.

Perhaps before the Session is over you may see me in Edinburgh.

A point in casuistry, dear Father in God. A mouse has devoured my books. He had choice of 500, and he mounted up seven shelves and picked out the German and Russian translations of my "Shakespeare, His Mind, etc."; I am touched by the compliment and the mouse is learned.

Query: May I set a trap for an admirer and fellow student of Shakespeare ?—Ever yours, E. D.

Cassell offers me another £25 for 16 pages on "As You Like it." (I like it !)

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Jan. 27th, 1887

MY DEAR MR DE VERE,—I am exceedingly glad to have this enlarged edition of the "Translations from Horace." They interest me much, and seem to grow in merit as translations, when I turn to them after an interval. This counts with me for something, because my theory of translations is in favour of a regular English stanza, as representative of a Latin stanza. But good work makes its way with one in spite of a theory.

I have had laid aside for you—and, indeed, four more like examples of indolence, on my part, stare me in the face—a copy of my "Life of Shelley," for a good while past. At length I send it. What you say of the chapter on the events of June-July 1814 is a solid bit of satisfaction to me. I tried to be just and fair in setting forth the facts of that difficult story.

I am vexed by some slips and some misprints—the most annoying, perhaps, is in October 10, instead of November 10, on (I think) p. 306 of vol. i., which spoils my story there. These I shall some time correct, and so leave the work, and leave Shelley, from whom I can now win little more impulse or instruction.

I must, however, write one short general estimate of some of his character—probably for a volume of essays. I think I have not sufficiently brought out the attraction for a man of mobile emotional temperament in the supposed steadying influence of Godwin's philosophy—a doctrine of Reason and

the strictest Duty, which cut at the roots of natural emotions. How much better if, instead of trying to obtain support against his temperament by a doctrine—largely false—and by rigid abstractions, he had got at the complex truths of real life, which would have worked subtly and unconsciously into his character. To approach real life cautiously and grapple it cunningly is what the idealist needs, and this it seems to me is what makes Shakespeare so great.

I have had a strong impression that my "Life of Shelley" must owe its origin to you. Sir Henry Taylor wrote reminding me that I had said of my "Life of Southey," that I wished it had been the Life of Shelley I had been assigned by Mr Morley. I don't remember having said that in any letter to Sir Henry. I think it unlikely that I should have said it; but I know I thought it at one time (I afterwards rejoiced much that Southey became my friend), and I may have said it in a letter or conversation to you, from whom Sir Henry may have heard it.—Sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO ROBERT GRIFFIN

TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Feb. 10th, 1887

DEAR SIR,—What you tell me about Bisham Abbey garden is most interesting, and it seems very likely that you are right in your conjecture as to the Sensitive Plant. You may have noted that Medwin says the poem was inspired by Lady Mountcashell and her garden, (which was entirely unlike that described in the poem) at Pisa. But it is quite conceivable that although the immediate motive of the poem may thus be connected with Pisa when Shelley's imagination

went to work, he created the poem out of his recollections of the Bisham Abbey garden.

If there is any error in the printing of the letter which you possess, will you kindly send me the correction. So many copies have been printed, that I do not expect for a good long while to have an opportunity of embodying corrections in my text, and I have noted several little errors in each vol., but I shall keep my list of errata by me for use on the first opportunity.

With many thanks.—Yours very truly,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO CLEMENT K. SHORTER

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Feb. 11*th*, 1887

DEAR SIR,—Accept my sincere thanks for the copy of your "Shelley," reprinted from the new edition of the "National Encyclopædia."

You have packed a great deal of information into small compass, without allowing your writing to become over-dense, and so—difficult to read.

It has a special interest for me, and gives me a very different feeling as to the usefulness of my "Life of Shelley" from that which I received from the reviews which were favourable to it. They were to last a day, a week, or a month. Your article is to be read from time to time—and by readers beginning Shelley study, as well as by others—during many years; and I feel a satisfaction in having aided in an enduring bit of work, and in having got a generous judgment on my book.

I should get great satisfaction indeed if I were sure that

it could rank with Southey's most truthful and most interesting "Life of Cowper."

Various little corrections and a few additions must be made in my "Life," at some future date; but it will remain in all essentials unchanged.

If you have it, please correct vol. i., p. 306, *October* 10 to *November* 10. It is an error which spoils the sense of the story.

I notice a misprint, Eason for Eaton, in your 2nd column. —Very truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

I have said nothing of the Ruskin article; but it seems, as far as I am able to judge, excellent.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
March 8th, 1887

DEAR MR DOBELL,—Accept my best thanks for the beautiful book, like which I see there are only copies of the perfect number seven multiplied by the perfect number three. I shall value and cherish it.

I have hurriedly run through the whole. I am convinced both from the external evidence, and the evidence of style, that there is much of Shelley's work in it. Some of Mr Esdaile's MS. poems are filled with imaginings, which one can see are such as might come from the author of the "Wandering Jew," when his crudities had grown a few degrees less crude.

I am very glad to find that Mr Esdaile allowed you to print his "Wandering Jew" fragment, or song.—Very truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

I have a copy of "The German Museum" with the transla-

tions from Schubart quoted in Shelley's note. Possibly I got the "German Museum" from you.

To Mrs Bradshaw

Winstead, Temple Road
Dublin
April 3rd, 1887

Dear Madam,—It is a great pleasure to me to get your letter, and to learn that my book has been making two friends for its writer, and friends for itself. I shall look on the book as a good son whom I may trust when far off, to widen and enrich my life. It was an oversight which I have several times regretted, not to have mentioned that Harriet's son—Shelley's eldest son, Charles Bysshe, died in 1826. He was buried at Horsham, and the inscription on the tablet describes him not as the son of Shelley and Harriet, but as the Grandson of Sir Timothy and Lady Elizabeth Shelley.

Ianthe, as you are aware, became Mrs Esdaile and her children are living, two sons and a daughter (possibly more daughters than one, but I only know of one). Mr C. Esdaile is a man of very large property.

Sir Percy Shelley, you perhaps know, is still living. He has no children. Since my "Life of Shelley" was published, I have seen a letter of Shelley's to Dr Hume, (in whose hands he and the Court of Chancery had placed his two elder children). It speaks of his being deprived of them as a cause of profound grief, and very graciously acknowledges the care bestowed on them by Dr and Mrs Hume.

Believe me with many thanks for your letter, dear Madam —Very faithfully yours, Edward Dowden.

TEMPLE ROAD
Oct. 2nd, 1887

MY DEAR JOHN,—Many thanks for Burns, which I am very glad to get. M'Gee thinks I can get vol. i. from the publishers. I enclose 17s. . . .

On the chance that she hasn't seen it, I send a copy of "Atalanta" to Fanny. I came to know of it through a friend who asked me on behalf of the Editor to write something on Mrs Browning for it (which I declined). It seems to please Hilda, and though the name seems to suggest that it is intended for fast girls the contents are apparently not dangerous.

My task of lightening the pile of books in this house is complete. There is no apparent difference, but I feel much less choked. In College I can now hunt for old books better than on the quays, and often find something new. I shall let myself have a bargain occasionally out of my old bookshop there, and have the pleasures of both buyer and seller. —Ever yours, E. D.

I have always some touch of rheumatism, but never serious trouble.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Dec. 1st, 1887

MY DEAR JOHN,—I made no speech[1]: I had been three days in bed with a cold, and my chest would not allow me to speak, but I went to the meeting and banquet. There never in my recollection has been anything like it in Dublin, for multitude, enthusiasm, and weight of position, especially

[1] Unionist Demonstration in the Leinster Hall, at which the Marquess of Hartington and the Right Hon. George Goschen were present.

among the men of business. It was an unqualified success. I went nearly an hour before to the platform door, a seat having been reserved for me. I could not get it for forty minutes, and then had to find a seat at the furthest end of the great hall. The overflow meeting consisted of 3000. The banquet last night was equally successful. I have settled about the I.L.U.P.[1] subscription. . . .

. . . I have been much pressed for time, and have a hunted feeling. Our Committees sat *daily* for 3 weeks: great care was necessary, and as it was 4 or 5 hundred forged tickets were stopped, and the owners chucked out—though we were most cautious, otherwise probably the forgeries would have been indistinguishable.

I read proofs of a new vol. of Essays which took time, but only once, and probably let slips pass. I so loathed reading over and over the old stuff that I could not have done more. And to-day I sent off to Longmans Sir H. Taylor's Correspondence—it took a good deal of time. A few small jobs lie ahead, but I must lie down and drowse away a couple of days.

Love from all to all.—Yours ever, E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Dec. 15th, 1887

DEAR PROFESSOR KNIGHT,—I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have kindly taken on my behalf. I hope the publisher's difficulty about the memoirs may be soon surmounted. The state of the book-trade, I daresay, is not favourable to books which are neither of the class of polemical politics nor sensational fiction.

It was cheering to me to find that you are on our side

[1] Irish Liberal Unionist Patriotic.

in this struggle between the loyal and the rebel parties in Ireland. I have just read Mr Balfour's admirable speech at Manchester. I wonder does Mr Balfour know that no name is received with such enthusiasm as his in any loyal Irish gathering? I am not a Tory but a Liberal Unionist, but now in Ireland we have practically but the two parties of order and of anarchy.

Our Hartington-Goschen meetings were a complete success. In the two rooms 9,500 people were packed, and almost all that was best and most substantial in the commerce and industry as well as the learning of Dublin was represented there. Mr Tim Healy announced that the Nationalists would leave us in stern isolation. This severe indifference to our demonstration was shown by the fact that 400 forged tickets were taken at the doors, and the holders, who hoped to break up our meeting, were quietly run out of a side door into the street.—Sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Jan. 5th, 1888

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have not felt the least inclination to reply to Matt. My book having been over a year in evidence, and having been widely read, and its fairness of temper having been recognised by many readers, I think it may well take adverse criticism, and remain where it is as soon as that adverse criticism dies down. My recent paper, "Last Words on Shelley," which will appear in my vol. of Essays together with an essay "Victorian Literature" which deals with Matt's poems), makes it evident that my attitude towards Shelley is not that of sentimental adoration, and gives my final word on the Harriet question. That essay has been recently read, and its impression is fresh in

people's minds. Alfred Austin wrote to me on its appearance, saying that I "preserve the fine balance of sympathy with an unerring hand," and W. Bell Scott wrote of it as absolutely the last word ever written on Shelley. I am therefore sure that Matt's article will not be accepted, except by a portion of my readers, and no re-statement of my position probably would alter their feeling. I am urged by the editors of the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary* to write for them, and I cannot whip myself to the canter, though £20 or £30 is always very desirable.

Sir H. Taylor's Correspondence is in Longmans' hands. Lady Taylor acted with great spirit in trying to give me the benefit of the sales—signed an agreement with Longmans assigning all the profits to me. . . . I struck my pen through it, and Longmans is to give me £75 on publication. It occupied much more time than two articles for a review, but my time during my illness could not have been employed in original work. . . . Ever yours, E. D.

WINSTEAD TEMPLE ROAD
Jan. 16th, 1888

MY DEAR JOHN,—I saw the little note in the *Guardian*, but I am not at all moved. I am quite content with having a considerable public, who judge me in a fair and friendly spirit. One loses something always by pursuing anything that is of one's past, instead of forging a bit ahead; and though I don't under-estimate the influence of a falsehood, I should lose more by controversy than I should gain. I am not sure that any word of Matt's could be pinned down to the meaning that you justly assign to it as an insinuation. But the truth is I feel done with the whole business, and while a falsehood may leave a certain influence behind it, it is always a diminishing influence as against one's active

and progressive work. I may, however, have an opportunity somewhere in a note, or by some aside, to prove the independence of my work. . . .

. . . Many thanks for the friendly notice in the *Scotsman* of my Essays. I wait with reasonable equanimity the abuse likely to fill a column of the *Saturday* and the *Athenæum*. I found the proof-reading irksome, so much had the essays passed away from me, but I know that I wrote them with interest. And the former volume has sold well (I don't know how well, but certainly a couple of thousand or more), so I daresay there will be people found to buy this, and in time content my very moderate mercenary expectations.

I must set to and write something for the March *Fortnightly* —I don't know what.

Kegan Paul will send you a copy of my new vol. in a day or two.

I think I must get J. Martineau's book. If you get Dean Bradley on "Job," lend it by-and-by to me. I want also sometime to read Robertson Smith's Lectures on the Hebrew Prophets.

We are all fairly well. Always, however, a little rheumatism in one or both shoulders of mine.—Yours ever, E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
June 12th, 1888

RIGHT REVD. FATHER IN GOD,—There is general rejoicing at Winstead at the prospect of seeing your Lordship and Miss Alice Dowden: we hope that some episcopal grace may descend upon us; and we wish to efface the uncomfortable memories which Miss Alice may have of her last visit, when I was a thing of aches and cramps, and hurried the

household off to Buxton. Come as soon, and stay as long, as you can.

My Charge is to be delivered on the 28th, Essie may go on the 23rd to join Jane Lee—possibly I may go then too, or perhaps not till a few days later.

Our various ailments are gone, and I hope you will soon be able to give a like report. But we were near inviting you over to attend the funeral of the late Prof. Edward Dowden and his eldest daughter—it was to have been fixed for to-day. Our infernal machine for getting hot baths—a new and improved machine—got out of order, and on Friday I was nearly choked by carbonic acid gas, while lying in the bath, but did not attribute my "fit" to the right cause; on Saturday Essie just succeeded in getting out, unlocking the door, and fainting. The opportunity of attending our funeral will not occur again, at least from this cause.

I am pegging away at my Goethe address, and in two or three days I shall have set tooth and nail in 100 Civil Service of India papers—an odious job. I hate going to London, and hate everything just at present, except idleness and utter oblivion, which are the unattainable things. But life is a constant effort.

That letter of 1864 was certainly written with the mantle of the Prophet of Chelsea on me, and I suspect if Habakkuk or Haggai were closely examined, their prophecies would be found no nearer to literal fact, or at least that it could be shown by a commentator that for the prophetic eye all subordinate offices, as of Archdeacon and Dean, were contained and virtually summed up in that of Bishop. At all events I said nothing about four beasts or bones, or wheels and eyes, or whoredoms, or lion's whelps, and that kind of prophetical padding.

That postscript about my Wilhelm Meister article is worded with Episcopal subtlety. "It is not for one who is not a professional student to conjecture so and so," which

being interpreted means "I, J.E., with my plain good sense brush away your professional special-pleading"—But I, like a simple layman, take your sentence literally and assent to its pious sentiment, saying, "Certainly it is *not*."

I had proposed to name my article "The Whitewashing of Wilhelm Meister"; I do that kind of thing particularly neatly, and have all shades of moral whitewash and Christian whitewash, and æsthetic whitewash; but to take in a Bishop one has to get up early. Always whitewashing the old Church and its rotten timbers, he knows the tricks of the trade.

I was lately whitewashing no less a person than the Pope, and in a speech used a magnificent trope, about the dance around the golden calf made from the American dollar and the landlord's guinea, being interrupted by that veiled figure coming down from the cloudy hill, bearing the tablets of the law on which are engraved the Commandments, Thou shalt not kill, and Thou shalt not steal. I think Leo ought to make me a Count after that Holy Moses simile.

Essie says, send on Alice at once and follow as soon as you can.—Ever yours, E. D.

At Chelsea you will be like Chaucer's Canterbury Bishop:

> "And for ne nagge ne rouncy hadde he any
> He rood upon a tramme-carre for a pennie."

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
July 2nd, 1888

MY DEAR HESTER,—We have been rejoicing in the pleasant news of your voyaging as far as we have heard of it. My own travels are successfully over. Instead of stopping at Chester as I had intended and resting my aged frame, I

took a sleeping compartment and went on to London. By 4 P.M. I had seen everything, and was at a loss how to employ my time. I had visited three public and three private galleries, and concluded with a survey of the National Gallery. I went to see Meissonier's great picture in the Haymarket, and admired the wild wave of war sweeping past its calm god, Napoleon, every trooper madly shouting *Vive l'Empereur* as he rode to death and victory; and then I visited the Japanese Kakimonos, which being interpreted means hanging pictures, in Bond Street, and enjoyed the tranquil decorative flower-traceries, and tranquil cranes and wise monkeys; then I glanced at Abbey's drawings to illustrate the "Good-natured Man," but looked with greater interest at some paintings by Samuel Palmer in the same rooms. In the Academy I verified the presence of the pictures given in the Illustrated Handbook, and added colour to what I had known. I had seen the "Dawn" before, when washing and dressing in the Pullman's car, but I was glad to see her again in Watts's picture. At the New Gallery I saw everything that I ought to see, but that patient "Andromeda" in ivory of Burne Jones's is not the bride for a hero. The lady of my own poem I say, in all kindness but with all seriousness, is a nobler being. Still my heart is large enough to care for Burne Jones. The Grosvenor certainly has sunk low this year. The masters of the fantastic and the romantic are admirable, but their imitators are, I think, a poorer race than men who would paint faithfully an old woman peeling potatoes, or an old sailor smoking a pipe. After all this I came to my Club in Trafalgar Square and tried hard to think that I was enjoying it, but it was the hardest work yet; harder than trying to admire Walter Crane or the Kakimonos. I lounged in an armchair and smoked, and was as worldly and wicked as I in my innocence thought was becoming to the occasion. Then I went off satiated with worldliness, and got a plain tea for

one at the Hotel. And after having vibrated long between the attractions of Beerbohm Tree and *The Pompadour*, and Ellen Terry and Mr Irving in *The Amber Heart* and *Robert Macaire*, I decided in favour of bearing the ills I knew, and went to see my old acquaintances. Ellen was full of charming girl's ways and pretty kittenishnesses. I thought Robert Macaire (a thief who has broken from prison, and tries in most shabby attire to play the fine gentleman) suited Irving's fantastic melodramatic comic vein well. He was like a character out of Dickens. Next day I went up the river on a tuppenny boat with his Holiness of Edinburgh, and helped to take lodgings at Chelsea. Then to Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. I cheered their hearts by telling them to make ducks and drakes of all the copies of Shelley they have, and by promising to make a short "Life" forthwith of 450 pp. to be sold for 6s. . . . Then I met Z—— at my Club, and ordered lunch and a large bottle of Chablis, and afterwards cigarettes and coffee, and we talked all the small-talk of personal gossip which passes for literary conversation, and then I drove to Miss Anna Swanwick expecting to see one of the Graiae in somebody's picture, where the three blind white-haired crones are passing about their one eye or one tooth or something: but I found a rosy, apple-cheeked young woman of perhaps fifty—not nearly of the ripe years which have a charm for me: and she talked with the greatest vivacity, and tripped about the room gaily. Perhaps if she were thirty years older my heart might have been dangerously affected, but with such a child one could not think of even the lightest intrigue.

Then I drove to Elgin Avenue, and had a most kind reception and a delightful cup of tea from A. L—— I brought away your box, and was back in time to dress and dine with his Eminence the Bishop at Westminster Palace Hotel. Thence to Westminster Town Hall, where I played the part of Prophet, successfully, I think. The room was

pleasant, the audience a good one, and there was delightful singing from some German professionals who gave their services free. Moreover, music from O. Beringer, which I liked. . . .

My journey back next morning was troubled by telegrams of a disturbed Channel, but the Channel behaved most kindly to me. I made only one purchase—a portrait of Wordsworth in which he looks like a silly old sheep, going to baa out some sonnets. It has been delightful to renew my acquaintance with my dear friend Mr Hickie,[1] and to see all the new blossoms in the garden.

. . . . Ever yours, E. D.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
July 10th, 1888

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I am afraid it will tax your powers of belief, considering my dumb dead silence, if I say that when I opened the cover which wrapped round your Mermaid "Shirley," and found it a gift from you to me, I had a most pleasant surprise, and a genuine feeling of gratitude. Yet such is the fact. I read your Introduction at once, and I did not see how it could be done better. And why I have been silent, I am sure I do not know. But I do know that it has happened often that letters which I have liked best to write have often remained longest unwritten.

And what of our "History of English Literature?" Have you rounded off your last chapter yet? And how does it close? And what ought my first chapter to be?

If that first chapter were written I should get on, and it shall be written soon.

I mean it to be more like an old-fashioned Manual, or School and College book than Saintbury's is. I shall give the usual little biographical sketch, and the usual critical remarks on

[1] Bookseller.

works in chronological order. I should like my book to be more suitable for ordinary class-room teaching than Saintsbury's. His book, in relation to Literature, is somewhat like Green's "History of the English People" in relation to English History—a most stimulating book for young or for any readers, but not so suitable for teaching facts as the Old "Student's Hume," and my bit of the History of E. Lit. will be more like the "Student's Hume" than like Green's book.

I was in town for one day at the end of June, and I should have called to see you but that I had not a spare moment. I am now cutting down my big "Shelley," so as to make a one vol. Life to be sold for 6s. The publishers are meanwhile getting rid of the copies remaining out of the 3000 printed of the big book as a remainder. I think I shall spend the rest of my life in writing big books for the pleasure of cutting them down.—Ever sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Aug. 20th, 1888

MY DEAR JOHN,—Although we had heard a fortnight ago that Margaret had been ill, what you tell me comes as a distinct and separate trouble, for when we heard of her illness we heard also that she was better. I suppose we shall hear nothing more until Egypt is reached, if even then. . . . I produced my tale of bricks for the *Fortnightly* taskmaster, with the regularity of servitude, the supply of straw being just sufficient. I sent off Shakespeare's "Wisdom of Life" yesterday, and tried to persuade myself that the average reader will take to its rhetoric kindly, and perhaps like it the better for being as old as my old Shakespeare book. I feel a deep debt of gratitude to Shakespeare for presenting me with a small annuity.

Your tidings about Margaret were emphasized by a foolish dream I had last night. I have not had a visitation from her in my sleep for years, nor have I ever noted down a dream except one or two for their grotesquerie, but I had decided when I woke in the night to take a note of this. Some unpleasant incidents which I now remember confusedly had occurred in my dream, when Margaret suddenly appeared in her nightdress, and bent down over me with a long silent insistence. I had an unaccountable sense of awe, and something more than awe, though not common fear, and the impression became so strong that I woke. It looks as if you had been thought-impressing me, and I put it on record for the psychical phenomena folk, if you know any such. . . .
—Ever yrs., E. D.

TEMPLE ROAD
Nov. 29th, 1888

MY DEAR JOHN,—I was to have lectured to the Queen's College students, Belfast, last Friday, and could not in consequence of a cold on my chest, of the kind I am so familiar with. The lecture had been printed for the *Fortnightly*, and was read in my absence by Prof. Redfern. I now go to my College lectures, and house myself on the intermediate days. I shall get all right, but slowly. We have all fared rather ill with colds and other minor ailments. I have some thoughts of becoming a Naples beggar with sunshine and gaiety, rather than a Professor in this northern latitude with coughs and respectability.

The weather here is like that in which Noah was chuckling at the people outside the Ark. Our only source of enjoyment is bell-ringing, carried on for us by an artist who has come to cure the dumbness of our bells.

What has J. Edinburgen been charging his clergy with ?

I am curious to follow all the aberrations of that ecclesiastical hero, besotted with the intoxication of empire. Couldn't you send me a *Scotsman*? Has he been recommending a general massacre of Presbyterians? Or has he declared that haggis is the accursed thing? Or run a muck upon whiskey-toddy? What is his new offence? Or has he appeared in Princes Street in his auriphrygiated mitre and cope, and smitten the Bailies, as they passed to their civic functions, with his crozier? Or has he publicly offered up prayers for the repose of the soul of Claverhouse? Or recommended St. Claverhouse for canonization? Or what? Has he fortified Lynn House and pointed his ordnance against St Giles or the Castle? Or has he burnt the evil weed, and exsufflicated a pestilential cloud, and that upon the Sabbath day? Or has he sacrificed a Presbyterian child upon the altar of St Mary's?

I pause for a reply.

My last communication with Edinburgh has been the arrival of a big parcel of books from John Grant. From another bookseller I have got a curious waif—a MS. diary of Fabre d'Eglantine, Danton's secretary, who went in the tumbril to execution between Danton and Camille Desmoulins. This diary was written when he was nineteen, and its 200 pages are largely filled with ecstatic protestations of love. He is travelling in the South of France in 1774, and runs short of cash though so affluent of love. He writes to the beloved for three louis d'or, which she sends, but with a letter recommending prudence and economy, and without a word of *tendresse*. Again he has to appeal for yet three louis more, and when the diary breaks off he has waited wretchedly from post to post, and pawned his sword, and still no letter comes. I am afraid the lady found the second trial of her love too severe—whence probably Fabre's taking to the stage and his subsequent distinction as an author. I have not yet ascertained whether the diary is unpublished, but it would hardly bear publication, for it is all in the superlative style of lovers,

and could only be cared for in the Isle of Paphos. A few pages describe the wretchedness of the people in pre-revolution France.—Love to all, yours ever, E. R.[1]

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Feb. 5th, 188[illegible]

EXTRACT

. . . I did not mean in the *Fortnightly* article to say anything against what is genuine in any Irish intellectual movement, or against local predilections anywhere; but I think we have always suffered from not being able to approach things in Ireland from a central standpoint—*e.g.* the absurdities of Irish antiquaries and others, who were not equipped with scientific knowledge. And I also wanted to point out that much of the best work is not adscripted to the glebe, but if rooted in any soil, lives in a wider spiritual world. *e.g.* the mathematics of M'Cullagh, Hamilton and Salmon. To encourage Irishmen to be masters in any and every province, is the way to create a fine literature and science in this country, and not to whip them on to a national sentimentalism prepense. . . .

To HENRY S. SALT

TEMPLE ROAD, RATHMINES
DUBLIN
Sept. 18th, 1889

DEAR SIR,—I do not know whether it is you I have to thank for a copy of the *International Review*, which has come

[1] E. R., Edward Rathminesensis.

to me, but I may certainly thank you as one of the readers of your excellent article on Shelley. I didn't perhaps quite agree with all that it says of Matt. Arnold, who when least just to Shelley was something different from a Bumble *in excelsis*, but the article seems to me to put admirably the truth about Shelley, and how to be fair to him. I feel with you that Shelley's life and poetry belong to each other and form a consistent whole, that there are not two Shelleys; and that therefore it is impossible for the story of his life to obscure the beauty—(or the infirmity) of his verse.

I think if you are unjust to Matt. Arnold, it comes from your not feeling sufficiently how, through all his writings, runs the unity of that strong moral spirit, that strenuous regard for conduct derived in the first instance from his father. Whether one accepts his rule of life or not, one can see how he was faithful to it. Had he failed to condemn Shelley he would have departed from the unity of his own life. But I agree with you that he ought to have understood Shelley while condemning him (I have expressed myself ill—I don't mean that you think he ought to have condemned Shelley, but only that whether he condemned or justified, he ought to have understood).

No one, I imagine, can get more delight from Shelley's poetry than I do myself, but I question whether he will take rank among the greatest poets, other than lyrical; in consequence of his occupying himself so largely with ideas and doctrines, and his not being a great thinker—at least originative thinker. I, as a lover of Shelley, should like to see someone, who places him in the first rank of poets other than lyrical, show where he is original in his body of thought—where he is not merely an interpreter of Godwin. The thoughts may be true or not, but are they not derived? Here is a challenge—if it were to call forth another essay from you, I should think this a lucky letter, for I have read

a good deal of your writing, and have always been quickened and instructed by it.—Very truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

Shelley's "Love" I take as Godwin's "Benevolence" quickened by Shelley ardour.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Sept. 27th, 1889

MY DEAR JOHN,—

. . . . . .

I am sure that practical philanthropy is destructive of one's connoisseurship in spiritual flavours. I must myself try the heady Spanish wine of John of the Cross.

My interest in those who dance naked before the ark of the Lord has been revived by obtaining in Dublin a most curious MS. life of a certain French marquis, who left the army about 1710, and turned hermit and pietist. Afterwards God moved him to marry an elderly lady, who was also a religious, but the lifelong union was wholly spiritual, in spite of temptations. His spiritual guide, Antoinette Bourignan, had the rare gift of Penetrative Chastity or Infrigidation, which produced entire freedom from passion on the part of those near her. She was also very ill-looking. Many religious ladies aspire to, and attain to perfect chastity; but few are found who even desire the higher gift of Penetrative Chastity.

I am meditating whether I shall spend next summer in America. Some Bishop who is the head of Chautauqua University asks me to follow in Mahaffy's steps, but the terms are not stated. Mahaffy got, I think, £300, which ought to pay for both my own expenses and those of Essie, if I went and were to take her.

We found Jack the pleasantest of guests—seemingly not devoured with ennui in a house which was very dull.

Many thanks for Maggs's catalogue. My avarice is gratified by seeing Scott's "Border Antiquities," in the same condition as my copy, priced four or five pounds.—Ever yrs.,

E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Oct. 27th, 1889

MY DEAR MR SHORTER,—I received "Jane Eyre" some time since, and send you my sincere and hearty thanks. . . . I am at work on my Oxford lecture and some other things—under difficulties, for my father, now over ninety years old, and truly one of the best of men, is evidently loosening his hold on life, and it is a grief.

You have a most interesting task in the "Rousseau." Is there not a story somewhere about G. Eliot and Carlyle[1] having found out that each thought the "Confessions" the most interesting book in the world?—Very truly yrs.,

E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Dec. 1st, 1889

MY DEAR MR SHORTER,— . . . I had noticed that there were a good many little inaccuracies in Carlyle's version of the "Apprenticeship," but I don't think the reader need be interrupted by corrections except in a very few instances (*e.g.* where he translates *Stillen im Lande*, a name given to the German Pietists, "the still world in the country"—not

[1] No, it was George Eliot and Emerson.—C. K. S.

understanding the sense). Although, as I say, there are many little inaccuracies, I could not now discover these (except a very few), unless I read the German and English side by side, and I am not able to give the time for this. Then, as to inserting the few omitted passages—Carlyle's motive for omission was to avoid offence to the over-sensitive, so he obscures one important incident about Mignon, and omits an amusing bit of Philine's light behaviour. I think anyone who accepts Wilhelm Meister ought to take it as a whole, but if it should seem desirable to restore these passages, it would certainly be undesirable to call any special attention to them.

Have you considered the fact that Carlyle's "Travels" is from the first form of Goethe's book, not the final recast (now accessible to English readers in Bohn's Library—for they have replaced the old version of the first form by a later translation of the final form). Of course Carlyle's version of the "Wanderjahre" will always have an interest, but I thought you might possibly be disposed to give the "Apprenticeship" only, and fit it into one volume. The "Wanderjahre" is better done by Carlyle than the "Lehrjahre," only unfortunately from the edition which Goethe afterwards recast.

In no case, however, can you make a mistake, as the earlier "Wanderjahre" has an interest as being the first form of the book.—Very sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Jan. 13*th*, 1890

EXTRACT—TO J. E.

We have not yet paid our tribute to the grippe, but are quite prepared to do so, if necessary. I had thought of

locking the garden-gate, getting ten young gentlemen and damosels of Dublin to tell stories to each other under our tinted boscage, and let the plague rage without, as in Boccaccio's "Decameron." If you come, you shall be one of the young gentlemen, and will, I am sure, tell us some merry tales of ecclesiastics and ladies. . . . ("How three young sparks (presumably Presbyterians) play a trick with a Bishop, and how the Bishop gets the better of them with a smart reply to their unseemly raillery.") And while we tell these, we shall see the mourning coaches drive past to Mount Jerome, and hear the sneezes of the mourners and the undertaker's men. Come soon, and bring with you some merry jests.—
Ever yours, E. D.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Jan. 26th, 1890

MY DEAR MR SHORTER,— . . . I find it hard to refill my little bucket out of the ocean in any other way or with any other contents than I have already done. When one has a standpoint it is almost inevitable that one sees things in the same way again.

I hope soon to have ready for you the "Lyrical Ballads," 1798, long since promised. My object was to get a reprint, not to flourish over it with my own talk.

Should you see "Wordsworth's Grave," by W. Watson (Unwin's Cameo Series), I hope you will say a word to make it known. It contains some most finely wrought verse.—Very truly yrs., E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
April 9th, 1890

MY DEAR MR SHORTER,—Many thanks for the *Star* with the paragraphs about "Lyrical Ballads," which will do much to make the little book known and understood.

As to notes on W. Meister, I think you must choose between doing it thoroughly or not at all. No objection could be raised to either course, but there is a risk of doing too much and too little in annotations which might have to be hastily written. So perhaps you are right in not giving short notes.

Your question about the song leads to an unexpected puzzle which you can probably easily solve. The text differs in the Chapman & Hall ed. which you sent me, and my own Chapman & Hall ed. of 1864. First as to the line in question:

"Know'st thou the hill, the bridge, etc." 1864.

Here are other differences:

l. 1. Where citron-apples bloom.

l. 6. O my true lov'd one, thou with me must go.

l. 9. And marble statues stand and look each one;

l. 12. O my protector, thou with me must go.

What does this mean? Both editions have the appearance of being Carlyle's revised text; yet one must, I suppose, be that of 1824. And if so, which? And do differences appear elsewhere? I suppose they must.

The title-page might, I think, be much improved. First, as to myself it suggests that Notes as well as Introduction are partly by me. Then, it does not indicate clearly what is your contribution, and thirdly, the name "Wilhelm Meister" will surely not do: on Chapman & Hall's ed. they have it right "Apprenticeship and Travels."

If you are editing a series of books,[1] ought you not to claim your distinction as General Editor, as John Morley did on the "English Men of Letters?" He puts the general statement on the bastard title. It would be like this:

FOREIGN CLASSICS IN ENGLISH
EDITED BY
CLEMENT K. SHORTER

(*Title*)

GOETHE'S
WILHELM MEISTER'S
APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS
TRANSLATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
E.D., LL.D.
&c.
&
NOTES BY
THE EDITOR

Would this crowd the page too much?

As to the Socialism of Wilhelm Meister's Travels, on which you had some interesting notes in the *Star*, it has occupied much attention of course. In Germany, first to comment on it were Varnhagen von Ense and Rosenkranz. Karl Grün in his "Goethe vom menschlichen Standpünkte" tried to show that G. is—not merely in the "Wanderjahre," but

[1] This scheme of foreign classics in English under Mr Shorter's editorship was published by David Stott, and the edition of Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister," with Professor Dowden's introduction, duly appeared in 1890.

through and through—socialistic, which is absurd I think. Gregorovius (1849) confines G.'s socialism to the "Wanderjahre." The subject is also considered in a volume by Dr A. Jung "Goethe's Wanderjahre und die wichtigsten Fragen des 19 Jahrhunderts" (1854). G. Sand is said to have been influenced by Goethe's book in her "Le compagnon du tour de France," and Bettina von Arnim is said to have been urged by G. Sand to attempt a development of G.'s book from the socialistic standpoint. Last, there is an essay by Hermann Hettner in his posthumous Kleine Schriften called "Goethe und der Socialismus," occupied partly with the "Wanderjahre." He calls G. "the first German socialist." But G. was, as you know, entirely opposed to the doctrines of land-nationalisation and community of goods, as clearly appears from the "Wanderjahre." The contrast between the melancholy self-involved Werther—the child of eighteenth century Individualism and the emotional reaction from the dryness of the Intellectual movement, and his joyous workmen of the "Wanderjahre," is very interesting, and I think is noticed by Hettner. But I must stop.

Since I wrote last we have had a sorrow—the death of my sister, whose life, as a clergyman's wife, had been most bright and useful. It did not come unexpectedly. We feared the shock of such tidings for my father, whose age is over ninety, but he has borne it with quiet patience.—Sincerely yrs.,

E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
Oct. 3rd, 1890

MY DEAR MR SHORTER,—I return your notes to vol. ii. They seem to me really very useful and interesting. Nos. 4 and 10 can do no harm (except possibly that some critic

who knows φιλέω φιλῶ may select them for a smile) and they may make an unintelligible sentence intelligible to some readers. So I shouldn't mind giving the critic an opportunity for a smile—I corrected one slip (*are* for *is*) and altered the word *city* to *province*. Someone—probably Mr Stott—sent me the Sainte-Beuve volume—a very pleasant gift. I am not quite sure that it was Mr Stott; may I trust you to thank him for me? Please do. I have a secondary reason for being glad to get it, because it gives me occasion to thank Mr Sharp for a gift of his "Browning," sent to me many months ago.

I am delighted to hear of the selection from Wordsworth,[1] and I need hardly say that if when it is ready you still care to connect my name with it, I shall feel it an honour. No poet has been, or ever can be, to me quite what Wordsworth has been, for during many years I was lost in him. It was Shakespeare who made me a citizen of the world: but all my vows—(substitutes for those of poverty, chastity, and obedience) were heard by Wordsworth. I think your classification may be very successful in its results. I don't know whether you may not, within each group, find some advantage from considering what poems Wordsworth has put side by side—sometimes he is very happy in this detailed grouping, though his general classification may be unhappy. If you should care in any instance to preserve an earlier text (as Matt. Arnold I think does) I may be able to help you, as I have a complete collection of editions, from the earliest quarto poems onward.

And now I come to the most interesting proposal of a Memorial Volume to Matthew Arnold. I have felt strongly attracted, and again I have wavered to and fro—and finally, I find myself thinking that I ought not to undertake the chapter you propose. For two reasons—first, that my hands

[1] A selection from Wordsworth, compiled by Mr Clement Shorter and published by David Stott, was dedicated to Professor Dowden.

are full, and that adding anything to what I have undertaken must delay something else. And secondly, because I think I could say my say about M. Arnold as a critic better in entire independence. Briefly, what I think is, that his attitude towards literature was most admirable, and did immense service, but that his conclusions about individual authors, and books are very often wrong, *e.g.* about the Old Testament. His attitude, that of a student who studied the books as literature was most instructive; but in all criticism I know of no error more enormous—from a merely critical point of view—than that of eliminating a God, in the strictest meaning of the word, Personal, from the Hebrew Books. So, with respect to many other books and authors—Butler, Gray, Shelley—I think his attitude admirable, and his conclusions quite astray. To bring out this in detail would be my chief contribution to criticising M.A., and it would hardly be suitable for a Memorial Volume.

Since his death I wrote for the girls' magazine *Atalanta*, a little paper on M. Arnold's poems considered as a "Criticism of Life." I never wrote anything with greater care. You probably haven't seen it, nor perhaps have time to read it, but your sister may. So I send you my little paper, asking to have it sent back to me, as I have no second copy. It was meant to be illustrated by my girl readers turning to M. A.'s poems, and reading those which I name.

If you do not write the chapter you offer me yourself, what do you think of Dr Garnett? He is an admirably just-minded critic—Very sincerely yrs., E. DOWDEN.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
April 30th, 1891

MY DEAR MR IBBETT,—Your last song "The Potter" has thawed my frost, and I can thank you for not a little

pleasure, and of various kinds which I owe to the goodness and faith that led you to send me your gifts of song, although I was so seemingly heedless of them.

Of course, if ever you care to print the verses I sent you, with your own, do so. I think from all you have written a number will live, which ought long to be sprigs of pleasure to lovers of English poetry. I don't venture myself to say which are best, and perhaps it is as well that you should not know yourself, but time will decide, and I think time ought to spare not a few.

I forget when last I wrote to you. The long anxiety about my brother's life passed gradually away, and he is now regaining health and sure strength.

Perhaps I wrote to you since my father's tranquil death. It was the quiet close of a life that was full of goodness, kindness and truth.—Sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TEMPLE ROAD, DUBLIN
Sunday, June 28th, 1891

MY DEAR J. E.,—I am very seriously concerned to learn the new anxiety that has come to you, and which I cannot think lightly of. We shall wish to hear news of Louisa soon again, with a hope that we may have better news. Come here when it suits you best—and stay as long as you can happily.

I did not write to you from London, for I thought at first you might be here, and then that I should find you at least, just arrived on my return. Yesterday evening I came home, refreshed in body by the great heat and hard work of pleasure in London, where I had the sustaining illusion that I was making Essie's first days of exile more enjoyable. But it required also many lemon squashes to support the heat.

I made my little speech and had an attentive and friendly audience, and I believe was heard in every part of St James's Hall. We stopped on Monday night at Chester, and went up next afternoon, so that we were fresh for "Don Giovanni," with a strong cast, that evening. Next day I saw the Academy and New Gallery while Ess was having her first lesson, and we then went to a matinée of "Olivia," and had the advantage of getting Irving's box. We were much charmed by Ellen Terry and by Dr Primrose, and thought the Squire a "quite too delicious man" to let the moral Mr Burchell be duly valued. That evening I did my tiresome politics, and felt as much at ease as in my college class-room.

On Thursday we did the Academy and New Gallery together, made a profound study of Wardour Street, bought a print of "Garrick" (for we felt in the theatrical line), visited Garnett, Fanny Davies (who played a good deal for me, and was both as pianist and person very delightful), and the Lees. Then to a dinner where were Austin Dobson and various minor stars of the literary firmament. Back at 12 p.m. and on to the Garrick Club, where I stayed till 2.30 a.m. with Toole, Irving, and Irving junior (and others), much discussion of Ibsen and Ibsenity, and reminiscences of his Australian tour from the Genial Comedian. On Friday we lounged in the Naval Exhibition, saw Nelson dying in the cockpit of the "Victory," declined to pay 6d. to see the Sons of Neptune dance and sing, and carried away most pleasing recollections of the 3s. lunch (and of course carried away the lunches also).

That evening again to the Lyceum, where we got stalls from the great and gracious One, and saw with infinite pleasure, Ellen Terry in "Nance Oldfield."

Next morning I came away, had a rough crossing but no discomfort and was glad to be again amid the "tinted boscage." . . .

I must send good wishes—not loud but deep—for your

birthday—and the wish that you may soon be freer from anxiety is a chief one.—Ever lovingly yrs. .. E. D.

To (Sir) Sidney Lee

Winstead, Temple Road
19*th July*, 1891

My Dear Lee,— . . . My friend Rev. Dr Graves wishes to get Mr R. E. Anderson's address. Mr Graves intends to reprint his letter on Sir W. Rowan Hamilton from the *Athenæum* as an appendix to his Life—and writes to ask Mr Anderson for his consent to the including of his letter to the *Athenæum* in the same appendix.

I don't know whether you heard from Mr Joseph Knight that, after that very pleasant dinner at 108 Lexham Gardens, he carried Prof. Knight and myself to the Garrick Club, where were Irving and his son, and Toole and others, and that we stayed there till after two o'clock and had a lively discussion of Ibsen and Ibsenity.—Sincerely yours,

E. Dowden.

From Edmund Gosse

29 Delamere Terrace
August 3rd, 1891

My Dear Dowden,—You will forgive me, I hope, if I yield to an impulse which urges me to thank you for your very noble and encouraging article on the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. I was not quite unacquainted with the general facts, but you have marshalled them so admirably and so concisely, and have lighted them up with so much imagination that they seem to form a new thing—as though the veil had

been raised from the relationship of two august and beautiful natures for the first time. I don't think anything can be more "encouraging"—you see that was the word that naturally rose to my lips—than such a narrative as this; it appeals—in the very dark and depressing life we lead when the blind companionships of youth are past, and we are left each intellectually alone,—to all that is most hopeful and most possible. You have treated the great friendship with so much skill and dignity that you make me long to see the remainder of your great work on Goethe. It will be worth waiting for, I see, and worth sparing you for through these comparatively silent years of yours.

Don't trouble to acknowledge this little word of greeting, which I am half ashamed already of troubling you with. But believe me—Very sincerely yours,

EDMUND GOSSE.

WINSTEAD, TEMPLE ROAD
DUBLIN
Aug. 5th, 1891

MY DEAR GOSSE,—Your cordial word of praise will do me good, and stir me in the torpid moods that come. The noble subject of the paper moved you, and that it reached you anew through me is pleasant to know and to remember. And so, hearty thanks.

You gave me long ago a copy of Tolstoi's very interesting book "Work while ye have the Light." I never so much as said "Thank you." But for the last eighteen months my thoughts and feelings have often narrowed to a single point. They were months of great anxiety and sorrow. My sister died, and then, after much weakness, my father (you, too, not so very long ago had a like trouble), and for many months

my brother's life hung in the balance. And these were only the three central troubles of a group of very serious lesser ones. But my brother is going to be quite strong I hope, and we close up the ranks, and go on—not forgetfully.

I read with great admiration "Fantasy."[1] I never read so edifying (in the true sense of the word) a story of infidelity in marriage. It might be called "A Book for Young Men" —who mistake romance for reality in the characters of women.

I see Grant Allen and others have discovered a bright particular star in Watson. You will remember that he came within the range of your telescope and mine long ago. I think his light very steady and pure, but I will not cry 'a Jupiter'! or 'a Sirius!' His poems in all stages of development are among papers which I reflect with terror must be shifted to a new house (1 The Appian Way, Dublin—"Appian Way!" is sublime), whither we move in a month or two.

Your Gray (Clar. Press) is in our Trin. Coll. course for 1892. —Ever sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

1 APPIAN WAY, DUBLIN
Dec. 3rd, 1891

MY DEAR CRAIG,—I got the beautiful book quite safe, and it is long since any gift has given me so much pleasure. I give you my hearty congratulations on the accomplishment of what is really a great piece of work, and on the fact that your long and thorough study of Shakespeare has borne such admirable fruit.

I also feel as a Trin. Coll. Dublin man a pride in seeing the Oxford Shakespeare edited by one of us. The book, especially

[1] An Italian novel by Matilda Serao.

1, APPIAN WAY,
DUBLIN.

Dec 3. 1891.

My dear Craig,

I got the beautiful book quite safe, & it is long since any gift has given me so much pleasure. I give you my hearty congratulations on the accomplishment of what is really a great piece of work, & on the fact that your long & thorough study of Shakespeare has borne such admirable fruit.

I also feel as a Trin. Coll. Dublin man a pride in seeing the Oxford Shakespeare edited by one of us. The book, especially in this India paper form is by far the most agreeable to read of all one-volume editions. The page & type are far clearer & less crowded looking than the Globe Shakespeare. And I know

that the text must be
excellent. I have not
looked into the glossary
further than to see
that however it may
fall short of your ideal,
it is a very useful
glossary. I hope
other issues of the book
may give their possessors
all the satisfaction that
mine has given to me.

I am now at work on the Aldine Wordsworth. I hope to give a selection from the variations of text in notes at the back of each volume.

I speak without authority, but if you cared to try whether the Board would grant you an new degree of D. Lit (shf. cm.) I would ask Dr. Ingram about it. They have asked me to take the degree, & I believe I must be again re-doctored.

Ever sincerely yr.
Edward Dowden

in this India paper form, is by far the most agreeable to read of all one-volume editions. The page and type are far clearer and less "crowded-looking" than the Globe Shakespeare. And I know that the text must be excellent. I have not looked into the glossary further than to see that, however it may fall short of your ideal, it is a very useful glossary. I hope other copies of the book may give their possessors all the satisfaction that mine has given to me.

I am now at work on the Aldine Wordsworth. I hope to give a selection from the variations of text in notes at the back of each volume.—Ever sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

1 APPIAN WAY, DUBLIN
December 16th, 1891

MY DEAR CRAIG,—I am rejoiced to hear of the possibility of your getting your great store of material for a glossary of Shakespeare into shape and into print. You know I always looked forward to this as the *magnum opus* of your life, and hoped for it as a great gift to students of Elizabethan literature. There is at present no glossary giving illustrative quotations which approaches real completeness; and I am sure with the material you have gathered you could far surpass any existing glossary of this kind. I hope you will be tied to time, but that a very liberal allowance of time may be given you. All I can do is to offer you the use of a very large body of material, in which words and references are given but not quotations. There are many thousands of slips, and one bundle is always with Dr Murray for use in his great Dictionary, but the rest are at your service. . . .—Ever sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

1 APPIAN WAY; DUBLIN
May 30th, 1892

MY DEAR MR DE VERE,—I am far advanced with the "Wordsworth." It will be in seven volumes, containing all the poems except the "Recluse," of which Macmillan has the copyright. The last text of W.'s life; 1849-50, will be followed, and in notes at the end of each volume I will give the most important variations of text, and some notes on the occasions on which the poems were written. Nothing could induce me to vary from Wordsworth's own arrangement of the poems, and the more I study the subject, the more I feel assured that I am right in this. The most disastrous results follow an attempt, (in which success is not really attainable), to re-arrange the poems chronologically. But I will make a chronological table, by means of which everybody who pleases can read the poems in the chronological order.

I am very glad to hear that you are writing the "Recollections" of your life. It cannot fail to be of great value and interest.

To return for a moment to Wordsworth, have you noticed how the Poems on the Affections are arranged by Wordsworth—(1) Brothers, (2) Brother and sister, (3) Friendship, (4) Love of Man and Woman, (5) Wedded love, (6) Paternal and Maternal Love?

Again, the first series of Miscellaneous Sonnets is arranged to form a sequence, (with the resting-place of the Sonnets on Sleep).

Wordsworth admirably expresses his principle of arrangement in the Apology at the end of the Memorials of a tour in Scotland 1831—

> "the several Lays
> Have moved in order, to each other bound
> By a continuous and acknowledged tie,
> Though unapparent";

and so it really is. The psychological classification, if objected to, ought not to blind us to the fact of a most artful and admirable arrangement within each class. He compared his work, as arranged by himself, to a cathedral with side chapels, and said that the chronological order was the worst possible arrangement.

I don't agree with that, because the chronological arrangement is full of instruction and suggestion. But I quite accept the cathedral image as just, and I don't intend to rebuild imperfectly what Wordsworth planned, designed, and executed with fifty years of deliberate thought.—Always sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN

(EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF JUNE 12th, 1892)

To return once again to Wordsworth, I hope I asserted in my last letter that great art is shown by Wordsworth in the arrangement not only of the Political Sonnets, but also in the group called Miscellaneous Sonnets. Please look at Part I. and verify my analysis of the sequence of a few.

I. Sonnet on the Sonnet. *Content in limitation.*
II. Admonition. Variation on same theme. The poor man's cottage. His happiness in limits. (Marred by rich man's desires).
III. Childhood. Its space in limits. Altered by widening conceptions of manhood.
IV. A little cottage, but glorified by the Muse and by Skiddaw.
VI. Glory of a British stream equal to Ganges or the Nile, glorified by memory and love.
VII. Love—human love—glorifies Nature even more than Fancy or the Muse.
VIII. Friendship and Art (Music) glorifying Nature.
IX. Painting and Nature.
X. Poetry and Nature.
XI. What Fancy can confer on Nature.

RESTING PLACE. SONNETS ON SLEEP.

XV. Simplicity of the natural life. Cumbrous pride of artificial life.
XVI. Walton "nobly versed in simple discipline." "Meek" Walton.

XVII. And Dyer. His modest lay, "dear to hearts meek and still."
XVIII. Peter Bell attacked for its simplicity by critics of the artificial school.
XIX. Simplicity of cottage life. The spinning wheel.
XX. Spinning wheel.
XXI. The clothes spun and woven in cottages worn on Easter Sunday.
XXII. Decay of piety.
XXIII. Religion and Love. Seen in rural Nuptials.
XXIV.–XXVI. Ideal Love and Ideal Religion in Michael Angelo's Sonnets.
XXVII.–XXIX. And now we may contemplate Death.
XXX. Glad hearts that do God's will and know it not. Alien in their gladness to those deeper contemplations. The awe of the sea.
XXXI. The awe of the sea connected with a voyaging ship.
XXXII. A ship singled out for love.
XXXIII. The awe and glory of the sea unfelt by worldlings.
XXXIV. The Poet of Fashion and the Poet of Nature.
XXXV. The Poet of Fashion and Misanthrope (Byron ?).
XXXVI. Dedicatory Sonnet to Calvert who enabled Wordsworth to live the true Poetic life.

Now these Sonnets were written at many times and many seasons, but Wordsworth artfully arranged them in a sequence, and much would be lost by the chronological arrangement.—Sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

To H. S. SALT

1 APPIAN WAY, DUBLIN
June 25th, 1892

MY DEAR SIR,—It was very good of you to send me a copy —and one on large paper—of your "Shelley Principles." I have read it with great interest, and I am well pleased that my friendly challenge has called forth such an able reply.

Still I have the feeling that Shelley as an "original thinker," in the sense in which these words may be applied to a poet, belongs to a different class from, say, Goethe or Wordsworth. I quite accept the description that he was "Godwin with a large heart added," but I cannot even yet see that he added to the creed, which he accepted almost *en bloc*, any new thoughts of capital importance. With much that you say I heartily agree, and it is of much value as a reply to critics who do not understand Shelley. As for myself I don't feel that "apologist" is quite an exact description of my position; but I may have failed to make my position clear. I do not think of offering an apology for Shelley. I accept ardently part of his gift. And I reject as ardently some of the doctrines which he preaches, as ardently as Burke might reject some of the shallow sophistries of Godwin. I am neither a disciple nor an apologist, but I express my own view of Shelley. Perhaps you have never seen an article of mine called "Last words on Shelley," in which I make or try to make my view clear. With many thanks and much regard and respect.—I am truly yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

1 APPIAN WAY, DUBLIN
March 29th, 1893

MY DEAR LEE,—Accept my hearty thanks for your excellent address on the Study of English Literature. The reply to objections on pp. 10-13 is most complete and convincing. I have like addresses by Leslie Stephen, Ainger and (in good company) myself—each touching different points and each (including my own!) useful.—Sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

All my days and hours now go in Unionist work.

1 APPIAN WAY, DUBLIN
May 20th, 1893

MY DEAR J. E.—Many thanks for the *Guardian* notice of Wordsworth. I hope to make a vol. of Selections from Wordsworth for Ginn & Co. of Boston. For some months I have done nothing but Unionist work, spending nearly the whole of every day in the office. But a new arrangement will give me some time to myself.

I am glad to hear of your abundance of work—your Lauderdale letters. . . .

I am hopeful about Unionist prospects and so are most persons who know. We got £9000 for future work one morning this week. .

I go to Belfast on Wednesday to present an address to Lord Salisbury, and take Hester with me for one night. Then I shall probably be off to Oxford to help to found a Unionist Club.

I am offered the Clark Lectureship for 93-'94 at Trinity College, Cambridge, and may perhaps accept it, 12 lectures and £200. It would involve 2 or 3 short residences at Cambridge.—Ever yrs., E. D.

1 APPIAN WAY, DUBLIN
Oct. 8th, 1893

MY DEAR MR SHORTER,—Let me know the date of your arrival in Dublin and where to find you. I hope I shall not have gone to Cambridge, where I have to give some lectures, when you are here.

I will try to do what you ask with my old friend Green's book. It is a good one, I know.[1]

[1] During this period Professor Dowden wrote many reviews for the *Illustrated London News*, then under Mr Shorter's editorship.

Rev. Dr Graves, author of the "Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton," died on Thursday. His nephew, A. Perceval Graves, thinks you might give his portrait, and that I might write a short article. He was for 15 years Wordsworth's friend, knew Southey, Hartley Coleridge, Scott, Tennyson, Maurice, Mrs Hemans, Rowan Hamilton. His mind during his last illness was much occupied by a Memorial Poem for Mrs Hemans' centenary of which the greater part—perhaps 120 or 140 lines—was dictated to me. If the Ed. of *The Athenæum* should wish for this, he was to have it by Mr Graves' request—but I don't think he will, and if not, I could print it with anything I might write for you. It has sufficient literary merit, and interest of a personal kind as a reminiscence of Mrs Hemans.

If you wish for a notice, fix length and latest possible date. I send Dr Graves' photograph.—Yours very sincerely,

E. DOWDEN.

I shall want you, if possible, to dine with me, if I am here when you come.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL
April 26th, 1894

DEAREST HESTER, HILDA, AND DICK,—Here I am again at Charing Cross. I got your letters, posted to the Vicarage, and took leave of my kind, good, host and hostess.

Lunched at Newnham with Sir John Seeley, who looks much better than in October, Dr Jackson, Oscar Browning, Mrs Sidgwick and two College girls. . . .

The Trinity folk have prepared their guest-chamber for me, and if you fail to come I shall take up my quarters there from Saturday next till Thursday, the quiet rooms to myself being a temptation. If you come I shall be as much in town as is possible, and shall like to show you things.

The first lecture, I judge, must have done well, for I had the largest audience to-day I believe that ever came to a Clark lecture, and they were very attentive—many young men. I gave to-day's lecture with all the energy which Dick can mimic, and kept one foot on the other. I imagined that I had my audience well in hand, and acted the prophet as rigorously as I was able. Now I intend to work away at my Goethe paper, and I think I will let theatres slide.

I think I have been a good correspondent, as this is my third letter to-day. The weather seems to be improving, but it is still a little chilly. In the gardens of King's the sun was strong, and the flowering shrubs most brilliant. I had a pleasant talk there with a Bishop—Boyd-Carpenter.—Always your old father, E. D.

MOUNT HOEYFIELD, DELGANY
CO. WICKLOW
July 24th, 1895

MY DEAREST J. E.,—I feel as if I might now say *nunc dimittis* to politics, except that the Unionist policy may entail some self-sacrifice on the part of Irish Unionists, and someone may be needed to preach. A Local Government and a Land Purchase Bill may reduce further the status if not the wealth of the Irish gentry, but the Government ought not to lose the opportunity of such legislation. The defensive work has been successful, and now constructive work ought to follow.

I was very constant in my routine and other work at the Irish Unionist Alliance until the Election opened. Then our work in the main moved to London, and though I offered to go for a while if needed, it has not been necessary, and except signing cheques, and one or two bits of speech-making, approving of posters, leaflets and cartoons, I have had nothing to do.

But our campaign has been a great effort, 800 to 1000 men and women at work in 80 or 90 constituencies. It has been very costly, but funds were provided beforehand, and about £4000 added as a special fund. We have really ample money.

This place is beautifully situated, on the height above the Glen of the Downs, facing the Great Sugar Loaf. It is about an hour's walk to Greystones, or an hour and a half to Bray. The July weather, however, has been very unsettled.

Though not, I think, formally elected Clark Lecturer, I have been asked by Aldis Wright to hold the post and have consented for one more year. I am making lectures on Puritanism and English Literature. . . .—Ever yours,

E. DOWDEN.

MOUNT HOEYFIELD, DELGANY
August 12th, 1895

MY DEAR MAGEE,—You were much too scrupulous to send me stamps for the telegram. I thought the pleasant news was my property, which I might convey to you.

If you are, as I suppose, gone away for your holiday, I hope you have better weather than ours. It has resulted for me in a stupefying dose of reading. I am just now finishing a long poem by Mr Milton called "Paradise Lost," which I am sure you have heard of, perhaps have read. Mark Pattison deplores Milton's prostitution in pamphlet writing. I confess I sometimes turn from the addresses of the Almighty to his Son, and *vice versa*, with some satisfaction to the rages and arguments on divorce and king-killing and prelate-harrying; and I like to see how the poet behaved in the stress of the realities of his day.

Very little Sugar-Loafing in such weather. I think the conical mountain was the grand Creator's first experiment, and interesting as a beginning to his more developed art, in

mountain ranges. They—such mountains—would be particularly suitable for Michael's sanctities of heaven to use against Satan's park of artillery.—Very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

FROM J. E.

LYNN HOUSE, GILLSLAND ROAD
EDINBURGH
Easter Day, 1896

MY DEAR E. D.,—I hear there is some possibility of your crossing the Atlantic this year. I wonder whether we could go together as far as New York. I have been asked by the Episcopal General Seminary to give the "Paddock" (you will say "Anglican paddock") Lectures; and October is suggested as the best time, as being one of the most enjoyable seasons. These lectures must be at least four in number, and must be *printed*. When I have delivered 100 copies, they give me a little over £150, which would probably come near covering my expenses. I think of a sketch of the "History of the Theological Literature of the Anglican Church from the Reformation" as a subject. But what about your going?

I owe a letter of thanks to Dick for a good story; I feel it would be excellent in *his* hands, but I lack the powers of that admirable raconteur. . . .—Yours ever, J. E.

I have been enjoying Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" but it misses being a great book.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
CO. DUBLIN
July 14th, 1896

MY DEAR J. E.,—Before this reaches you, Dick will in person have told you something of our plans. They must

be defined within a few days. We thought of going to New York by a White Star or Cunard boat between the 12th and 20th of September—and of returning instantly, if possible, after the Princeton affair about the same date as you. Perhaps we might return together. I have much work which this voyaging will interrupt, and have no care to travel; but if I quit my work, an interest in other things may perhaps come. I expect you will see much more than we shall. Perhaps we might see some things together. New York and Princeton are not far apart.

I have been wholly lost in French literature, working as hard as I did for Moderatorship Exam. and learning a great deal. Should you be disposed to come to Killiney before leaving for America, you would have a good room to work in. . . .—Ever yrs., E. D.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
CO. DUBLIN
Aug. 25th, 1896

MY DEAR J. E.,—I don't know a bit about our movements, except that we shall arrive at New York probably about Sept. 24th, and shall be at Princeton from Oct. 12th to Oct. 22nd—staying in somebody's house. But I shall know before we start and write to your N.Y. address. Any letters addressed to c/o Professor West, Princeton University, New Jersey, would come to me. I lecture in the afternoon every day from the 12th to the 17th. The ceremonies are on 20-21-22 Oct. I suppose in the interval between our arrival and the 12th we shall see Niagara, and wander in some quiet places.

I look forward to reading your lectures in a book with great interest. . . . I haven't yet touched my American lectures. My life has been lost in reading and writing about

French literature. I should like to be able to sit still till the job is done, and I have four or five months' work still in prospect. I look forward with great satisfaction to our meeting.—Always very affectionately, E. D.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL
Oct. 2nd, 1896

DEAR J. E.,—We have had wanderings equal to those of Ulysses!

A gale crossing to Toronto—supper—and bed—first, however, an interview between reporter and "distinguished Educationist."

Next morning invitation from Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs Kirkpatrick (a class-fellow of yours in T.C.D., very sorry to miss you)—visit from a Mr Meredith—on board at 2 p.m.

Boat afraid to sail in such weather. Wet, dark evening—no light, no food on board—dabble through streets, and yawn in state cabin—start at 2 *a.m.*—dull sail on Ontario all day—just before sunset the sun broke forth and we saw the Isles with most peculiar effects of beauty, dark against a crimson sky—no rapids—water too low—lay all night at Cornwall—and all to-day (bitterly cold) crept at snail's pace from lock to lock—a tiresome day.

We have no plans made—I will write soon. Wanting to see nothing, we are excellent travellers, taking any good that comes, and stolidly accepting the evil.

I find a letter here for you, and a sheaf of letters for us. All well at home.—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

This is a fine hotel. You stole a bottle of wine at the Cataract—you bad Bishop—but it is all right and was not paid by me.—I will explain some time.

SARANAC LAKE, N.Y.
Sunday, Oct. 4th, 1896

DEAREST HILDA,—Perhaps before this reaches you your birthday will have come. We send you all good wishes and hopes for many happy birthdays.

On the whole, I think you would have hardly got sufficient value for the toil of travel here. We have seen three or four wonderful spectacles, but with long stretches of uninteresting time. It is not as in Europe, where every day repays you. Here, even in this little scrap of America the distances between things of interest is great. I certainly never saw anything so wonderful as Niagara, but somehow I accepted it with the same tameness of spirit with which I take our inconveniences. I am too old—or too something else—to get great good from travel.

I don't know whether you have heard our adventures since we parted at Niagara from J. E.—our crossing Lake Ontario in the great gale—our visit to Toronto—our visit to the Lieutenant-Governor—our incarceration in the steamship "Corsican" delayed by the gale—our two days and a half on board—our view of the Thousand Islands at the mouth of the St Lawrence, seen against a crimson sunset—our weary creeping from lock to lock of a canal—our entrance to Montreal at night, with dim great buildings and glittering electric lights reflected in the canal. We went on lordly J. E.'s advice to a stupendous hotel, and Friday night closed our second sea-voyage.

Next morning an old class-fellow of mine, Canon Norton, took us by an elevated railway to a height from which we had a most striking view of the city and the St Lawrence, and guided us to the various sights. . . .

At 5.30 yesterday we left Montreal for the Adirondacks—a region of mountain, lake, and river, with great hotels here

and there, and dense wood and winding stream for those who go gunning deer and canoeing.

The Americans are so roasted during the summer that they feel the slightest cold, and overheat to excess the cars and the hotels. They fly to their heated rooms at the end of September, and the great hotels are closed. I inquired most carefully at Montreal as to what hotels in the Adirondacks were open, and learnt that Paul Smith's—which makes up 500 beds—was still in full swing. At nine of night we arrived at Paul Smith's station. One light vehicle for four persons was at the station, two gentlemen going there—we climbed in—and raced along with two swift horses in this open, light-wheeled trap through some miles of pine and maple-wood hardly seen in the dusk. On arriving, the hotel was all in darkness, the fellow-travellers were invited friends going gunning, and only a little woodhouse, where Mr Smith and his friends were staying, was illuminated. We were four or five miles from the depot, and no train even if we were there. In the sitting-room were two young men, one strumming the banjo, two damsels furtively smiling at us, and Mr Smith. Somehow a room was provided—apparently by the expulsion of the youths, whose nether garments hung on the walls—tea and cold meat were provided, and we took our mistakes of a night with a good deal of equanimity. That was last night. This morning we wandered by the lake, beautiful in itself, but made a wonder by the flame, the conflagration of the autumnal foliage—every colour, green, lemon, crimson, intermingled and massed. We hired an open vehicle for ourselves and our baggage, and had a wonderful drive here through the hills and woods. Everywhere mountains ablaze with colour, and yet its variety grows monotonous, and to-morrow I shall be exclaiming against the bloody woods. We shall stay here at least another day, and then probably hasten to New York, where I hope to find a second batch of letters. Thanks for that which I received,

forwarded to Montreal. Perhaps we shall go to Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia before arriving at Princeton on the 12th.

Love to H. S. and R. T. S. from both travellers,—and the like to you from E. D. D. and your old father,

E. DOWDEN.

Our Princeton host is the author of the "Life of Napoleon" appearing in the *Century*.

TO THOMAS HUTCHINSON

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
Dec. 29th, 1896

MY DEAR T. H.,—Your finding reason to blame your silence does not take from me the sense that I ought to have written to you.

On reaching Killiney from America the first greeting I had was a telegram from Princeton, urging me to hasten with getting my lectures ready for the printer. I felt pledged, however, to reach a certain point before the end of the year with my French book. I worked hard and arrived at that station, and then turned to the American lectures, which are now nearing the end. This explains, in part, my silence. Each day I used my fingers at scribbling till they were thoroughly tired, and I do so still.

We had a really inspiriting time. The Atlantic was in many moods and humours, and the "Aurania," our Cunarder on the way out, has a fame for rolling. But we were able to enjoy long days on deck, with roped chairs, doing nothing except submitting to the mesmerism of the great endless waves in bright sunshine. We met my brother at Niagara and there parted; we went north to Ontario, and by the St

Lawrence to Montreal. Then had a few days in the Adirondacks, and saw the conflagration of autumnal colours in the woods. Then by New York to Washington, Philadelphia and Princeton, where I had good audiences and met many interesting people, gained indeed some real friends.

As to the *Academy*, I have seen only one or two numbers, and not enough to tell whether the change is gain or loss. The *Saturday Review* seems to me to have an unseemly mixture of literary matter, advice to investors, and slap-dash politics.

I hope Nutt will accept your proposal for a reprint of the 1807 volumes. They are really scarcer in the original than "Lyrical Ballads," and your notes would be a precious addition.

. . . Your collection of Lake-School documents would be a valuable piece of material in literary history.

I found you well known to Wordsworth students. On my voyage out was a Leeds man named Pryce Davies, who was widely read on many subjects. He was familiar with your scholarship, and interested in finding that I knew you.—Always affectionately yours, E. DOWDEN.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
CO. DUBLIN
May 20th, 1897

MY DEAR J. E.,—I am glad you care for my book. I remember your figure sloping out of Alexander Hall to catch your train to New York. . . .

I heard nine Downes' sermons last week—on the old and new wine bottles. One candidate said the lesson of the text is that "unsuitable food should only be given to suitable persons." Last year one began, "This text gives us an insight

into the sheet-anchor which has raised the Christian religion to a pinnacle above all others."

The Queen's Jubilee has killed the sale of books, and my "French Literature" is to be kept till autumn. When one has a large family of children the addition of twins is not an unmingled joy. But I believe I am to be presented presently with a thumping young American—fat and ugly—a Wordsworth volume. This reminds me of the Vicar who went at Christmas to town, more concerned about his wife than about the texts to decorate his church, and received the telegram from the ladies: "Unto us a son is born—4 feet long by 3½ wide." I fear this is an ancient story.

I hope you saw the story about the Duke of Marlborough's emu. "The emu has laid an egg. In the absence of your Grace we have taken the largest goose we could find, to hatch it."

Make Alice come over to us and come yourself, and bring everyone you can.

I am going to make a set of lectures on Religion in Literature from Hooker to Tillotson. George Herbert interests me much. The Puritan part is mostly done—your book, though chiefly theological, is a valuable guide—but I shall deal with the imaginative side of things.—Ever affectionately yrs., E. D.

THE EXAMINATION HALL, T.C.D.
Nov. 4th, 1897

(EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO W. K. MAGEE)

I have got great satisfaction out of A. E.'s volume. I do not know that we should expect much progress in such art as his. One who has found the secret doesn't need to grow in the common way of growth. The note of human sympathy

is clearer. I don't know that it is of great value, for it means "In spite of my relations with the vast, I pity you my fellowmen," but this rather attaches one to the poet than teaches one to love. A line of dramatic poetry:

"I cannot but remember such things were,"

expands one's heart more. But there are a multitude of beautiful hints of the inexpressible, and suggestions of the incapturable through the little book. And the vast is frequently brought into singular and beautiful relation to the daily life and concrete passions of man—giving these a sudden turn or a new interpretation. There are few poems in the book from which I have not got a good reward. I have crept through them like a dew-fed creature, silent and enraptured. A dew fed pedant, and enraptured Professor giving out Examination papers! But why shouldn't Professors as well as ploughmen, hail the gods as brothers? We plough candidates!—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
Nov. 16th, 1897

MY DEAR T. H.,—I have a healthy appetite for praise, and —deducting all that may be set down to your generosity (which is disposed to value the work of another more than the work of your own hand)—I cannot take your approval as worth less than an imprimatur from the highest authority. Garnett was good enough to send me the Coleridge. . . . If you look into my notes you will see occasional slips I am sure, and various foolish notes done, in as cheap a way as was possible, to satisfy the requirements.

. . . My college class occupies me now a good deal. It is for me unusually large (about 25), with one lambkin, M. Louis Schaeflynk (=sheepling) from Lille, and I am ashamed to give them my worst stuff. M. Angellier is the Lille Professor,

and two years ago I had another of his students, who passed his "Agrégation" exam. triumphantly, and now has a school at Rouen. The Lambkin amusingly describes the students' terror of M. Angellier's sarcasm, but says he is much loved. Beside his great book on Burns—he has written a very beautiful volume of sonnets. I preserve the imprimatur with great content, and am ever yours, E. D.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
Feb. 2nd, 1898

MY DEAR LEE,—I have read your article with great interest. I am neither a believer in Southampton nor in Pembroke. I think Thorpe held that Mr W. H. was the "friend" of the Sonnets, but who that friend was I cannot guess. I entirely disbelieve in the Mary Fitton theory.

But I cannot reject the "Will" conjecture. Of course, in many punning experiments a meaning remains if we consider only one side of the pun. Naturally your interpretation occurred to me in turning all possible meanings over, when I was suffering from the malady of Shakespeare's Sonnets, but the aptness of the double meaning enforced by the italics of the 1609 edition, could not be resisted.

As to Shakespeare's singular disinterestedness, it was the same profession, of voluntarily accepting what was an inevitable pain, made to the friend in Sonnet 40.

It seems to me the run of the meaning in 143 leads us to carry on to the end of the sonnet the contrast between the "feathered creature" and "the babe"—if you catch the bird, then turn back to the babe—so I hope you will capture "Will" in order that you may turn back to me.

It seems to me that one is not to regard in the solemn way of "unfathomed depths of imbecility" the ingenuities of half-jesting amorous casuistry by which the sonneteer is

driven by the circumstances of the case. He professes to his friend that he is pleased that he should have the lady, and to the lady that he is pleased that she should have the friend, and all the time it is apparent to them and to us that he wishes nothing of the kind.

I cannot see that in this part of the article you do more than by dropping half of Shakespeare's meaning, show that the other half remains. All that you say about the word "will" is known to those who are familiar with Elizabethan literature, and there is no misconception of Shakespeare's phraseology in writing your meaning with a punning sense.

I think you dismiss the italics too lightly. Certain principles are irregularly followed—*e.g.* Cupid, Dyan, Philomell, Saturn, Mars, Eve, Hellen, Adonis, Syren, form a group: so, with technical or unusual words, Quietus, Audit, Abisme; the words not accounted for are few, and I am not sure that there may not be some private meanings in one or two. But in the sonnets to the woman, one word, and only one, is in italics—*Will*—and this one word eleven times, and nowhere does it conflict with a punning interpretation involving a "Will H."

The first two sections of the article are valuable aids against the Herbert theory, and a point of special interest to me is the reply to Minto's "M. Sackville" argument, which had taken me in.

Altogether the article helps to keep me in the sceptical attitude which I think is the right one.—Very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

CROWN HOTEL, SALISBURY
April 21st, 1898

MY DEAR T. H.,—Your letter has reached me here. It is true that I had a third wrestle with the bacillus. I with-

stood the bacillus to his face, and never went to bed. But after his defeat I was faint, yet rejoicing—and while so faintly victorious I contrived to write a thing of some length on "Shakespeare's Comedies," for a volume to be published at a remote future date under the editorship of a San Francisco professor. My strength was minished, but my brain was never troubled. However, the bacillus proceeded from me to attack my wife, and entering her brain took a mean revenge, causing her almost complete insomnia. So we came away for a little quiet wandering, and are now almost all right. We first proceeded to Stratford; thence to Great Malvern; Tewkesbury Abbey, Hereford, Ross; Tintern, Chepstow, by Bristol to Bath, Glastonbury, Wells (very ecclesiastical touring), Salisbury, Stonehenge (also an ecclesiastical structure); came in for the "Elijah," with a good orchestra and Santley singing, here, and go on to-morrow, I don't know where—perhaps to the New Forest or Bournemouth—all short distances; third class and cheap green tickets; but something worth seeing every day. The little valleys about the Wye are charming, full of song, the cuckoo shouting, primroses, bluebells, wood anemones, wild white cherries—and Tintern Abbey is worth seeing, but the water of the Wye is muddy, and instead of a sweet inland murmur, its voiceless progress when the tide does not lift it up is through slimy banks. It is amazingly serpentine in its course. We had intended to go *Wordsworthianising* through the Quantocks, but chilly weather and a late spring seemed to be a warning against being shut up, possibly in small inns.

I am grieved to think of your mother's illness and your own vigils while you are unfit for such nurse-tending.

As to your edition of L. B. ("Lyrical Ballads") it will take more evidence than your own word to prove that it is other than like all your work—the best possible. I rejoiced to see you described in some American journal (I forget what it was) as the chief living authority on Wordsworth, or some

such phrase. Your Peter Bell geography is new to me and it is quite Wordsworthian.

As to your questions—my Coleridge article is in a volume called "New Studies in Literature." . . .

. . . As to the line, "That we have all of us one human heart." You know how W. W. sometimes quoted from eminent writers (like Young), and sometimes from the obscurest, if some circumstance of personal acquaintance, or any other circumstance, led him to read them. So the task of discovering any needle may imply that of first discovering bundles of straw now lost in obscure places.

To-day I had a pleasure which I must communicate—a letter from Port Said from my son, who went off for a sight of the world to Rangoon—as ship's doctor. He has enjoyed his voyage immensely, has made several friends, is evidently a complete success on board, and had the joy of two small surgical operations. To take off a man's finger is a kind of happiness you and I can never hope for.

Here I must end.—Always, dear T. H., yours, E. D.

To Professor MacMechan of Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.

Buona Vista, Killiney
Co. Dublin
May 16th, 1898

Dear Professor MacMechan,—You are to be envied for entering on your long vacation so early. I shall not be free till past the middle of June.

We watch the war news with much interest. My sympathies are rather with the country of Mark Twain than with that of Cervantes—partly; I fear, because it seems to be for the advantage of England to draw close to the United States, and also because an United States friendly to England will

be a disaster to the Separatist party in Ireland. Apparently, too, the rule of Spain in Cuba was intolerable—though I am cautious of accepting representations of oppression which come from an interested source, knowing how Irish affairs have been represented to foreign nations.—Believe me, very sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
June 14th, 1898

MY DEAR T. H.,—I have just read in Tolstoi's criticism of Maupassant that genius is close attention discovering new aspects of things. Your editorial work is more the work of this kind of genius than that of any editor known to me. The book is starred over with delightful discoveries. I have spent some good hours in following your pencil-marks. And it is only fatigue that makes you incapable of appreciating the excellence of your own Introduction. I saw with unusual pleasure the generous words—in more than one place, about me and my work.

I forget when I last reported myself to you. I am now well, but had a rather bad spring; between bronchitis and influenza. Still, I only missed one lecture.

I have been tearing away—I don't know why—at "Seventeenth Century Writers." Now a publisher is trying to beguile me into becoming general editor of a proposed edition of Shakespeare, but I mean to slip out of it. I believe it would be wise economy if I set to, and turned all my years of teaching into a history of English literature, about as long as Green's "Short History of the English People." But it is a great task to contemplate, and at every point I should be brought face to face with my ignorance.

I don't know how you accomplished this book under the conditions. Now that the nurse is in attendance I hope you get some rest at night.

I have not yet half exhausted what I shall learn and enjoy in your notes. The book is so well planned and so well executed that it will be final.—Always, dear T. H., affectionately yours, E. D.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
CO. DUBLIN
Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1898

DEAREST DICK,—There is still nothing to tell you. I gave your address yesterday to Hodges and Figgis, and told them to send you Kipling's new volume of stories. To-day I post a *Chronicle* with a lot about Fashoda in it. I can't think the French will be fools enough to go to war with so bad a case.

Yesterday, National Library—to-day, Commissioners of Education—to-morrow, in the Hall, examining—so the days go.

How do they go with you? Do you find Vienna more tolerable? . . .

E. D. D. dreamt last night that the Sirdar had resigned, and that R. T. S. was applying for the post. I dreamt that I was investigating why Hamlet called Polonius a "fishmonger," and that I had discovered the explanation "Because fish are so *slippery*!" at which I triumphed till I woke, and then smiled at the brilliant discovery.

You see I have nothing to tell. . . .—Always your loving,
E. DOWDEN.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
Nov. 24th, 1898

MY DEAR LEE,—Hearty thanks for your gift, and hearty congratulations on the reception of the book in the morning papers of the *22nd*.

I have already dipped into many places and have read the part on the Sonnets and on "Hamlet." I see everywhere a mass of knowledge well-studied, well-digested, and skilfully arranged.

When one has to state a vast army of facts, there must be some errors—and if you are like me, you will wish to have any doubts raised before the 2nd. edition, which I am sure will be speedily required.

I think your estimate of the length of certain plays should be looked into. See the table in N. Shakspere Soc. Transactions, 1880-5. "Hamlet" 3931 lines, "Ant. and Cleop." 3063, "Macbeth" 2108, "Tempest" 2064, "Errors" 1778.

Is the Folio "Hamlet" less drastically revised than Q. 2? I should say that the reverse is the fact.

My eye caught a printer's error on p. 444: I happen to have Pontus de Thyard's "Erreurs Amoureuses" in an edition which I suppose to be the 2nd., and to be unknown to bibliographers, dated 1553.

Ought Belleau's "Amours" be dated 1573? (see Petit de Julleville). Ought the number of Du Bellay's *verse* sonnets be 115 not 150?—I should prefer Baïf (same page) to De Baïf.

As to the Sonnets, I am a hopeless sceptic—as to Herbert, Southampton, and above the rest, Hall. Some time I will return to the subject of the punning Sonnets. As to the use of "Mr" for a peer's son (in which I have no interest myself), it would comfort the Herbertians to know that I have the opinions of Clarenceux and Ulster Kings of arms, and while they differ—both are doubtful. Clarenceux thinks "Mr" not probable, but he says he believes there is no proof either way—Ulster thinks it probable, and at the lowest, not impossible.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY.
Nov. 27th, 1898

DEAR DR OSWALD,—I return the letter to Baron Lindenfels, signed, and I am very glad you have secured so important a new member.

Many thanks for the articles on Macbeth—which I have read with great pleasure. I think the love of Lady Macbeth and her husband deepens the tragedy and its pathos, and that part of the tragedy lies in the decay of sensibility in Macbeth, as weariness of all things grows upon him towards the close, and a kind of animal instinct of life remains. The tidings of his wife's death is the worst news Macbeth could hear, and he feels this, yet the capacity for acute suffering is dead within him—all is so dark in the world, it can hardly grow darker.

The ghost of Hamlet (in the Queen's chamber) was certainly a visible ghost on the Elizabethan stage. You remember old Goethe's interest in the stage direction of the just discovered first Quarto, the ghost here wearing his night-gown, *i.e.* dressing-gown? But in some modern rendering the ghost has been omitted as only a creature of Hamlet's brain.

Your theory that the second apparition is that of Duncan, is new to me, and very well worth considering. I don't venture to give any opinion off-hand—but I shall give it careful consideration. . . . —Ever sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO PROF. HAROLD LITTLEDALE

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
Dec. 23rd, 1898

(EXTRACT)

. . . . . .

I believe Shakespeare's Sonnets belong not to the fictitious order, but to the group of great sonnets by great writers all of which are based on reality and decorated more or less conventionally—*e.g.* Dante's, Petrarch's, Sidney's, and recently Rossetti's and Mrs Browning's. They seem to me to have too little and too much of fact to be imaginative. Puns on will, rival poet, friend, and mistress—all intelligible if fragments of reality, seem to me very poor stuff and ill-wrought out, if we suppose them dramatic. I know no parallel in all literature—indeed, in general, even when poets profess that their sonnets (*e.g.* Drayton's Idea) are purely imaginative, I think they are turning off the edge of curiosity about real passions. But, of course, the rendering of the passion adopts the conventional garb, as the Pastoral Elegy for dead friends does.

I had noticed the striking Constable parallel—and found the same thought (prophecies) elsewhere, but if it is noted in print, it is probably only in some of the Sonnet articles in the Shakespeare *Jahrbuch*. I wish I had remembered Constable's *hymns*. I noted *hymns* in half a dozen other poets, and forgot Constable. Lately I read Constable with care in consequence of finding a number of his sonnets, several in different texts from the published text, and two unprinted sonnets in a MS. in Marsh's Library, Dublin. Also what is very curious—a digest of a MS. prose work by "Mr H. C."—in reply to a book of Cardinal Allen—protestant and patriotic—yet Constable was a R. Catholic. I can't explain this if H. C. be Constable.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
—— 1898

MY DEAR T. H.,—I will renounce you and all your works if you allow your kindness to impose scribe's work for me on a hand that can be better employed.

Nevertheless I am much interested in what you send, and P. B. seems to me to show a genius for conveying. I have one vol. of the "Annual Review" in College but I can't tell which vol.

A just possible Hamlet reading has occurred to me in the advice of Polonius to Laertes,

> "And they of France of the best rank and station,
> Are of a most select and generous chief in that."

The easy thing is to drop "of a" or to drop both "of a" and "chief." But this is to oppose a curious agreement of texts. Q. 1604 (our highest authority) has, however, "or of a."

It occurs as possible that this may be after all right and that "and" is an error for "are."

> "And they of France of the best rank and station
> Or of a most select, are generous chief in that."

Polonius is so fond of distinctions that he may distinguish those of a most select rank from those of the best rank.

I don't want you to bother about this, but only to relieve my wits of a teasing film.

I had a grateful letter from M. Garnier for your permission to question you if needful. He projects, I think, a large study of S. T. C. He is translating Shakespeare's Sonnets into French verse, and writing a thesis on Sir T. More.

I send you a breath of heartiest good wishes to speed your sails for 1899—but they are needless, the surest-footed and

keenest-eyed of discoverers, who loves letters in the largest meanings—as well as in the minutest, doesn't need good wishes—and yet they go—and you will welcome them.—Ever yours, E. D.

To Prof. Macneile Dixon

Killiney
Sunday, 1898

My Dear Dixon,—I hadn't heard of the "Anthology," and I suppose I ought to say "yes" if you bid me. But I don't care to do so unless it would be churlish to refuse. Choose what you think suitable, allowing me a veto; and I think the publisher should send contributors a proof of the verse to see that it is correctly printed. I assume that the "Anthology" has no political colour.

Dr Ingram may publish a small volume of verse, but he will not do so this year, lest it might be thought a contribution to the seditious literature of 1898. He regards his "Who fears" with no sense of regret; but he thinks he might at the present moment be misconceived. He has printed privately some sonnets in memory of his wife. You could ask him if he would contribute something, but you could not press him, and may leave the choice to himself.

What I have written has really no right to appear in a specially Irish Anthology, and if any thing is worth living in it, it comes out of the general mother, Earth; so I should be content to be one of the general crowd of small singers rather than one of a local group. However, you are free to do what you think best.—Ever affectly. yours, E. Dowden.

T. Hutchinson's "Lyrical Ballads" 1798 (3s. 6d. Duckworth's), is a masterpiece of editing, full of good little Coleridge and Wordsworth discoveries.

BUONA VISTA, KILLINEY
Feb. 22nd, 1899

MY DEAR LITTLEDALE,—

. . . . . .

I put my unanswered letters into a basket, and your Ozymandias one is not there, to my sorrow, but I know it is somewhere safe. I rather think no suggestion as to Ozymandias has been made. I thought it possible the gentleman might be hiding somewhere in Volney's Ruins. There were other things in that Ozymandias letter which I want to read again.

I didn't know of Arber bowdlerising Deiphantus, nor do I know about Barnes—whom I first read (and reviewed in *Academy*) in Grosart—but so long ago—ages ago—I forget. I imagine Arber gives Barnes all right.

In your identification's note-book make a reference to Elton's introduction to Drayton (Spenser Society)—a note in appendix on Drayton names.

The only Bonnyboots I know or knew is Chaucer, who now turns out to be no Bonnyboots but a chafe-wax. As to Ringda—Florio Italian Dictionary has " ring " as an explanation of sonare, and *sonata* a ringing.

I fear for my poor " Hamlet " when you see it. My worst conscious sin is darkening, caused by stupid ingenuities. I am sure Hamlet meant something by *fishmonger* and such-like, and I make foolish conjectures. I made a note on " look the morn in russet mantle," and Craig protested. I assumed it was the reddening dawn. He says gray turning to gold (or I'd say orange) and I think russet was used for gray and brownish red—Sir I. Newton (who is late in date) still seems to use it for gray.

The Dyce idea is excellent. I have always valued Dyce most highly, and filled up many references to acts and scenes, " well run, dice ! "

I have amused myself with the very amusing life of Sir Kenelm Digby, and spent all yesterday reading the letters of Browning and Mrs Browning—which are not a book, but a pair of pulsing hearts (yet veiled by light).—Sincerely yours,

E. D.

Ward's new edition of his "History of the Drama" is so cruelly enlarged and appended, I have been forced to buy it.

Prof. Littledale writes:

On the 13th of March, 1899, I wrote to Professor Dowden about Chester's "Love's Martyr," and referred to the *N.S.S.* edition, page 19 (lower numbering)—

> "His name is LIBERALL HONOR, and his heart
> Aymes at true faithfull service and desart."

I pointed out that *Liberall Honor* gave the anagrams: *Lo, all her Robin*, or preferably, perhaps, *Her Loiall Robin*. Grosart, I said, without noting the anagram, laid great stress on Liberal Honor denoting Essex. I also referred to Wyndham's edition of "Shakespeare's Poems," p. xxxiv, and to Bullen's account in the *D.N.B.* I pointed out that Swoln Niobe, in "Cynthia's Revels," v. iii., alluded to Mary Queen of Scots, if Actaeon denoted Essex, and that Ben seemed to be defending the execution of Essex. I went on to consider the three poems by Ben on Essex in the *N.S.S.* edition of L. M. 182-190—all a thesis on controlled feeling, true love, not raging passion. I have cut short my long letter and give Dowden's reply in full:—

KILLINEY
March 15th, 1899

MY DEAR LITTLEDALE,—I believe the Essex-Elizabeth theory is (as F. J. F. would say) all gammon. I want you in your investigation not to be misled by Daniel's analysis—

he discovers *three* Phoenixes in the poem. But the world has never possessed such a family of Phoenixes. There is only *one*, and a *male* Phoenix here is absurd. The higher star-chamber where the gods hold synod, I believe, is their mountain-top of Olympus. Dan's Phoenix, No 2, is found on p. 13 (bottom numbering) where he, speciously but wrongly, takes "this mountain" Phoenix No 1's belly. But the meaning really is, "O that Phoenix might build her bower here (on Olympus) and then Cupid (love's lord) would teach her love." His Phoenix No. 3 comes from p. 17, "Thou shalt behold a second Phoenix love." This is really a second *Phoenix, love*= a second lover of Phoenix, for she is already loved unworthily (*i.e.* it is her worthy lover, the Turtle). The whole theme I believe is the love of two persons (unidentified), who are kept apart, who pledge each other chaste love, and who by this transcendental union perish as mortal lovers, yet give birth to the Phoenix *Love*, a Princely Phoenix who shall purge men of the grosser passions.

A poem or poems, previously written, on Zoology, is tacked on to all this. Possibly "Coeliano" is chosen as connected with *Celare* to *conceal*, or Celia, waggery. ? The motto from Martial refers to the hoax, "a known book cannot change its lord" (= ? author), but an *un*known, like this, may. E. B. I suppose Edward Blount. I think Liberall Honor has nothing to do with Robin Essex. Honor and Liberality are no way special to him—*e.g. Honourable, honoured*, and *honour* in the opening words of dedication to Sir John Salisburie.

Grosart misunderstands "thy love" (p. 5) making it= lover. Here it goes with "kind acceptance." The author praises the transcendental love and acceptance of the Turtle by the Phoenix. The address to the reader shows that private persons are the subject and not a great Empress like Elizabeth. Nature is the mother of the Phoenix (as the poet Daniel also has it) and Nature stands metaphorically for Rosalin. Grosart (p. 23) makes Rosalin=Queen Elizabeth,

which is absurd. P. 9, for "weeping" read "crying," for the rhyme's sake. P. 12, *Tongue* is like a description of Eliz, but Phoenix being a "Queen" of course "*Kings*" naturally come in. Arabia=Britain, the land of low (real) love. Paphos=the ideal world of transcendental love. The Introduction and Prayer, pp. 20-21, are certainly by the Poet, and not by Venus. Venus's prayer is only "Iove, joyne these fires." P. 24, "a poor young Turtle," means, a *lover* not a baby—for a Phoenix's offspring is a Phoenix! The dark dim taper of p. 29 perhaps=an old father or mother who opposes the lady's marriage. Envy, Suspicion, and Parental power keep two lovers apart—they burn transcendentally—and Chaste Love is their offspring, the new Phoenix. *Compare Constable's sonnet*, "Of the sudden surprising of his heart." My explanation, I believe, interprets Ben's, Shak.'s, Chapman's & Marston's poems, and I am very confident that Essex-Elizabeth is a Gross (art's) mare's nest.—Ever yrs.,

E. D.

To Harold Littledale

May 27th, 1899

(Extract)

An "ingenious gentleman" (residing in a crazy corner of my brain) explains "*ropes . . . scarre*" ("All's well" IV. 2) by a reference to Isaiah v. 18: "Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and *sin as it were with a cart rope.*" He thinks one letter *s* got misplaced, and reads "I see that men make sins rope such a carre, that we'll forsake ourselves."

Bertram will bear her away in this car, roped by sins, from her truer self.

Rope's *in such* a scarre=rope sins.

A jumble of words and letters—but the printer had all the letters rightly picked out of the case. Or read—

"I see that men make's rope sin—such a care."

To his son Richard

Highfield House, Rathgar
Dublin
June 26th, 1899

My Dearest Dick,—All goes on well here . . .

Our chief news is that we all saw Coquelin twice. No acting could be better than his "Tartuffe," and a second Coquelin—a brother I think—was hardly less excellent. The "Molière" fitted well enough on the Gaiety stage, but "Cyrano de Bergerac" suffered from the narrow space for great scenes, and from an inefficient heroine. But Coquelin and his brother were admirable—a very full house and much enthusiasm.

I am glad to hear that you are interested in Mrs Gaskell's "Life of Currer Bell." There is a great mass now of Brontë literature, but Mrs Gaskell's book remains the most interesting.

Thackeray did not allow a biography to be written by those who had the papers to make it valuable. But there are two small books—one by Anthony Trollope in the same series as my "Southey" ("English Men of Letters"), and one by H. Merivale and F. Marzials in the *Great Writers* series—I can send you the last, but I advise you rather to buy it for ten-pence. . . .

This week, T. C. D. confers degrees on Cadogan, Lansdowne, Sir G. Trevelyan and—only he can't come, and the performance is postponed—Chamberlain. I am strongly in favour of any measures for settling once for all our mastery in South Africa. It looks as if we would have Liberals in at the next

General Election, and I should like the South African affairs to be settled before then. . . .—Ever lovingly yours,

E. D.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Aug. 18*th*, 1899

DEAREST DICK,—We came home on Tuesday evening, having had four good days at Glendalough, where we found the hotel excellent. We walked a good deal, and I got a second complete sun-burning. . . .

I am much pleased to think that you like "Hamlet." Some of my suggestions may be mare's-nests, but, even so, they won't do much harm. I hear nothing of its publication—perhaps it will be in the autumn. J. E. tells me he is reading proofs of a little book on the Liturgy, which Methuen is also to publish.

I got this morning 30 vols. of a "Library of Literature, published by an Anglo-American Company, on condition that I would sign 100 photographs—to which severe condition I have consented.

My dim recollections of "The Professor" agree with what you say of it, but I remember only "Villette" and "Jane Eyre." I got while away "The Forest Lovers," 6d., but didn't open it, and Hester has carried it off to read and report on it.

My reading was—

"Tristram Shandy"
"The Sentimental Journey"
"Joseph Andrews"
"Tom Jones"
"Amelia"
"Jonathan Wild"
"Fielding's Voyage to Lisbon.'
1 vol. of "Sir Charles Grandison"

I have had about enough of Fielding, and found "Jonathan Wild" rather too strong meat for my liking. . . .—Ever your loving, E. D.

TO HIS DAUGHTER HILDA

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 8th, 1899

MY EVER-RESPECTED DAUGHTER,—Your billet, welcome indeed to the paternal heart, has come to hand, and shows you to be mistress of a charming pen. It is pleasing to know that the worthy Doctor and his amiable daughter are so obliging to the stranger whom they kindly entertain. Your brother Richard will, I make sure, often escort you to Ranelagh or Vauxhall, and with the lessons of the celebrated Shakespeare in your sweet art of song, you will have no time or disposition to give way to vapourish dejection. But oh! use discreetly the pleasures of the great metropolis. Go not to masquerades unless attended by your excellent brother. Let him accompany you in your chariot or ride beside your chair. Trust not any unfamiliar aspirant of the encroaching sex, nor esteem any of the gay fluttering beaux and smarts of London. Choose rather to witness a tragedy having a moral which tends to virtue than one of the modern comedies, which, as I am given to know, run hugely upon wicked intrigue.

Your Uncle Thomas[1] has this moment quitted the paternal mansion, having withdrawn me from my retirements, and the duties of epistolary correspondence for two hours. He informs me that your honoured cousin James[2] has been placed at the head of the field-hospital in the expected war, and will enter upon his tasks with an elevated spirit.

[1] T. T. Allen, E. D.'s brother-in-law.
[2] Colonel Magill, C.B., E. D.'s nephew.

Your uncle, the good prelate of Edinburgh, will soon oblige the world with a performance (how intitulated I know not) on the Liturgy of our Church, which, wrote by a man of such excellent parts, and an understanding improved by reading, will doubtless be an incomparable piece. How well is it when those of exalted station apply the gifts of the Supreme Benefactor to such worthy ends!

The trivial disorder of my chest, about which you make sweet inquiry, is not increased. Should a surfeit or fever appear, I shall be blooded, and it is the skilful Smith who shall breathe a vein. But the atmosphere to-day is charming and my animal spirits are light. I entered into the accustomed exchange of ideas with your good Uncle, with my ordinary phlegm.

In honour of your natal day I purchased at the Irish Lace shop three yards of the lace named Carrickmacross; with which, indulging an innocent female vanity, incident to all the sex, you may be able to adorn a bodice and sleeves. Avoiding alike parsimony and prodigality, I chose that it should be elegant rather than magnificent.

And now with my blessing on your endeavours in the harmonious art.—I remain, your affectionate father and faithful servant, E. D.

P.S.—I am pleased to know that your kind Miss Kerans has such a sweet finger on the harpsichord.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 22nd, 1899

DEAREST HILDA;— . . . Exams and meetings run away with much of my time. . . . National Library, Unionist Alliance, Commissioners—all in full swing.

I am kept in a state of eager anxiety by war news. Last

week's work was good, but our loss of officers is lamentable. I sent James a telegram of congratulation and good wishes, and got a reply. I think I shall alter my usual Sunday plans by going into town to-day for the latest telegrams. I should be very sorry for any collapse of the Boers, and don't expect it, until they are at a later stage utterly crushed.

Yesterday I got a huge box of photographs weighing 44 pounds. They were mounted on heavy cardboard, which I suppose to be a blunder. I signed 140, and sent them off to London. They are the grim one, with hand to head, which we thought the worst. . . .

It is a wonderful October day—the sun warm as I sit in the study window. My reading is Edmund Gosse's new "Life of Donne."—Ever your loving, E. D.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Jan. 21st, 1900

DEAR MR DOBELL,—All that you tell me interests me greatly. Whenever you publish "The Partial Law" please enter me as a subscriber.

The "Traherne" discovery is still more interesting. The poems you show me are certainly in Vaughan's manner, and of real beauty. If others are of equal merit, you will make a valuable addition to seventeenth century literature.

I have lately read all Herbert and Vaughan with care, and written something about them, so I shall be keen for another poet of the group. I fancy *Traherne* is a Welsh name.

I, too, have been occupied with a MS. Bacon's close friend, Sir Tobie Matthew, son of King James's Archbishop of York, became a Roman Catholic. My MS. is an interesting account by him of his conversion in Italy by Father Persons and of

subsequent affairs in which Bacon, Archbishop Bancroft, Bishop Andrews, Donne; and others turn up.

A short account of this MS. was given in a pamphlet," Life of Sir Tobie Matthew" (1795), 37 pp., by Alban Butler, but I have not been able yet to see it. If you happen to come across a copy, please secure it for me. I have a poor copy of Sir T. M.'s "Collection of Letters" (1660), but I should like to have one with the portrait. I have a couple of other books of his which are scarce, but they are not particularly interesting.

Many thanks for telling me about the play and Traherne. I am very desirous of more Traherne, and hope you mean to make a volume from your MS.—Very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
April 9th 1900

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I should very gladly accept your kind invitation, but that I have so much work ahead—editions of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Cymbeline," a volume on some seventeenth-century writers, and an annual address to University College of N. Wales. I fear to add to the list, which includes also probably an edition of Tobie Matthew's autobiographical book. I have a great liking for Matt. Arnold, notwithstanding his chastisement; but I think his theological excursions, while useful from the Biblical criticism point of view, worthless from the theological; and I know he didn't understand Butler; and I think he knew little of the really valuable things in French literature.

The flutter of flags in Dublin flout the sky and fan our people cold. The queen's visit is right and wise, but will not effect any miracles. A more important fact is that under the auspices of the United Irish League local tyranny thro'

the country has revived, and boycotting of shopkeepers in small towns who do not display the League ticket has more than begun, while our no doubt well-meaning Executive act as if things were going smoothly.

This morning I have been elated by getting a copy of the 1635 edition of "Willobie his Avisa," of which the British Museum copy was thought unique. If you should have Grosart's reprint (which he once lent me), I'll ask some time for a loan of it. Whether Avisa was actual or imaginary, I hope I have run the lady to earth in Aust, near Thornbury in Gloucestershire.—Always sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

Curiously this copy of "Avisa" has on the engraved title page the name of a Willoughby owner, "Kenelm Willoughby: *Dum spiro spero*"—which reminds me of yet another Willoughby—Peregrine Burke, Lord Willoughby de Eresby (1555-1601). The other day looking at my copy of Monluc's "Commentaries," which is a first edition, I found inserted in an old hand a poem by Lord W. in keeping with the close of the old fighter's book. I haven't yet tried whether such a poem is known—but it was new to me.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
RATHGAR, DUBLIN
Ap. 11th

[RECD. 12/4/1900]

DEAR LITTLEDALE—I conclude you're not going up for Glasgow, so have written a letter of commendation for Herford. . . . I hope Herford will be successful.

In exchange for your letter I have a find to send. I got a copy of "Willobie his Avisa," 1635, yesterday (B. Museum copy of that edition, supposed unique) and can locate Mistress

Avisa. Indications led me to Aust near Severn—indeed it is written plain enough in the poem—and other things confirming this. I pulled down a big tome on Gloucestershire in Coll. Library, and found the Manor of Titherington hard by was in possession of Willoughbys. The Wiltshire Henry Willoby went to relations there, and saw "Avisa" in the George Inn at Thornbury! I really think the basis of the poem must be matter of fact.

"Willoughbys follow me, for I find a poem in old MS. by a very illustrious Willoughby (Peregrine Bertie)—5 or 6 stanzas copied into an old copy of Monluc's "Commentaries." I can't find that this warrior is known to have written any verse, and some day must send these to *Athenæum*.

We are all in a flutter of flags in Dublin, which flout the sky and fan our people cold—and they get all the hotter with loyalty. Laden with a cwt. of books yesterday I got caught in the crowd, and was wholly tired out before I escaped, and had to go to bed. Up now, and at work.—Ever, dear L., yours, E. D.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
April 25th, 1900

MY DEAR LITTLEDALE,—Three Cornish choughs ennoble my coat of arms (three draper's measuring-yards would have been more suitable), and I won't have them called Billycocks, or Pillicocks, (which last word had both an innocent and an uncomely meaning). There is something so pathetic in the improprieties of Lear's poor boy, that it would not offend me if he used it in the sense which is not that of "a darlin', a beloved lad"; but I think he meant nothing, and was started on his quotation by the sound of the word "pelican."

Dates confuse me, but your reference to "Willobie" makes

me think I wrote last just before the influenza bacillus began to ramp and rage in my veins. I had nearly a week in bed, and at present I don't do more than idle through the day.

Giles Fletcher I know, but I must confess I stuck in Phineas. Yet I think the "Purple Island" would serve me if I could do what I once intended—write on the physiology and psychology which form a good part of our elder literature.

Bright's and Burton's books on Melancholy would be important. I think I read "Piscatory Eclogues" and I lately got a pious prose book of Phineas, interspersed with verse; but didn't find it lively. I don't know at present whether I have one copy of "Sir Ferumbras." I stopped my Early Eng. Text Soc. subscriptions when I had little space for books—and not too many guineas; those I have are in College, and I cannot get to them. My Philological Soc. books are very few and very old. In the same way I dropped the Chaucer Soc. I wish I had subscribed for *Englische Studien* and *Anglia*, which would have been really useful, but I have had long epochs when scholarship repelled me, and then little spells of feeble scholarly curiosity. Yet somehow I have acquired a lot of wholly useless knowledge, and can't get rid of it. If I have any books that I am not using you could have long loans, and *that* would be better than buying them. I like to have the sense that I can get at things I never use; but lately when I wanted Levins's "Manipulus," which I know I have, I couldn't find it; and I have caught myself buying duplicates, and even triplicates —so much have my books outgrown their real use. This is only gossip to idle away some dregs of the influenza, and now I'll look out of the window at the daffodils and apple blossoms.—Ever yrs., E. D.

TO CHARLES CRAWFORD

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
RATHGAR, DUBLIN
June 19th, 1900

MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken to the full advantage of your permission to keep your MS. a long time; yet, though I have read it all, I have in no sense studied it as it deserves; nor is it in my power to work at present at "Henry VI." or "Titus." But I see that you have adduced a great deal of new, important, and interesting evidence: much of what you bring forward about "Henry VI.," and almost all about "Titus" and Peele, as far as I know, is fresh evidence.

I think the essay ought to be published, but how I cannot suggest. Possibly Mr Furnivall could advise you. If it were shorter they might print it in next year's *Jahrbuch*. But you could not well reduce it to any considerable extent. Some of the strictures on earlier critics could perhaps be more briefly put, but that would still leave it too long for the *Jahrbuch*.

Much as you have done, however, more will have to be added. There are not a few striking parallels with passages from Kyd, which are observed by Gregor Sarrazin (who maintains the Sh. authorship of "Hen. VI.") and of these one at least affects your argument.

> "Who first lays hands on me *I'll be his priest*."
> "Spanish Tragedy."

It is essential that you should see Sarrazin's "William Shakespeare's Lehrjahre," 1897 (4s. 6d.). Even if you don't read German, you'd see his parallels and know how to use them. I think he notes one or two Peele-Titus parallels which you don't, (but both he and you I am sure in some cases note phrases which are only part of the stock Elizabethan dramatic phraseology).

I will not say that I am convinced by your arguments, for conviction could only follow exact study, but I am quite certain of the great value of your work, and that no future study of the play can be carried out without the aid you afford. Therefore I want much to have the whole put into print, and made accessible to Shakespeare students.—Believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

WATERVILLE, CO. KERRY,
July 28th, 1908

DEAR MR TAUSIG,[1]—We are still away from home on the coast of Kerry—but the "Erdgeist" and the facsimile of Goethe's manuscript are with me here. I have read Dr Gelber's[2] article with much interest, and I have not a doubt that he is right in his view of Shakespeare as a representative and exponent of "Protestantism," in the sense of the Renaissance movement towards a liberal Humanism, and such a free outlook on life as this involved. I congratulate him on such an interesting study.

I am very glad to have the *Timur* lines of the "Divan"—as Goethe wrote and amended them. I am proud of possessing two or three pieces of Goethe's actual handwriting.

Here is my attempt to translate the quatrain:

Timur speaks

What, lying Priests, you take it ill, this storm
Of human pride and passion never sated;
If Allah had decreed me to be worm—
Belike a worm I then had been created.

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[1] Herr Paul Tausig of Vienna, Austrian *Schriftsteller*, has published translations of E. D.'s Shakespeare-Primer and other writings

[2] Dr Gelber, Austrian Shakespearian scholar of repute. The article here mentioned was in the "Erdgeist."

I hope your "Queen Mab" makes progress. Perhaps you would follow it with "Alastor."

I have your poems with me in these wilds of the south-west of Ireland, but I have been too idle to attempt any translations.

I swim and walk, and lie on the cliffs in the sun all day, and every day. All good wishes from, yours sincerely,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

HOWTH, CO. DUBLIN
Sept. 5th, 1900

DEAR LITTLEDALE,—Your letter is a most delightful and valuable one.

I think Anglo-Indians alone can enjoy the clevernesses of "Departmental Ditties." On the whole the "Seven Seas" seems to me the best of Kipling's volumes of verse. He first was a rather precocious and rather unpleasant critic of, and jester at Anglo-Indian society and its vices. Then he began to honour law, order, and discipline. And now he has a Hebraic Jehovah presiding over all the chaos of passions—out of which order is to be educed. (But somehow this Hebrew Deity doesn't amiably permeate the chaos for good as other gods do). I shall try to see "Twenty-one Days in India."

This morning comes a prod, to make me hurry up, and all I have composed is this majestic opening, "Mr Kipling must be pleased by the acoustic properties of the globe: his voice fills the building."

My taskmaster is a former pupil, and one of the Harmsworths who are starting a new Review.

. . . . . .

We return home on Friday.—Ever yours sincerely and gratefully,

E. DOWDEN.

EXTRACT

I am asked to write a short article on Kipling as a Poet, for a new monthly Review. Do you and Indians generally think him true to Indian life? and what does T. Atkins think of his soldier poems? I think he does what he means to do, and I can't say that of many other living writers.

Sept. 19th, 1900

MY DEAR LITTLEDALE,—I think your Kipling letters of great value and interest. I got from Thacker "Twenty-one Days in India"—bright and slight. My article got written, but quite differently from what I thought, and as a fact, I have neither used your letters nor my own notes. The Spirit of the Lord came upon me and my 4000 words got written in a way laudatory to Kipling—rather about K.'s ideas than about his individuality as a writer—somewhat a description, not of R. K., but of the Kiplingsche Weltanschaung. It is meant for the first or an early number of the *New Liberal Review* of the Harmsworths.

Everything I have heard of R. K. rather tends to confirm your genesis of the Anglo-Indian *outsider*. But perhaps my informants, who call him a *bounder*, saw the wrong side of him.

TO PROF. MCNEILE DIXON

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
Sept. 26th, 1900

MY DEAR DIXON,—I entirely agree with you in your estimate of Alfred Austin as a poet. He has written ill, as many true poets have done, but he has also written very well, and a poet ought to be judged by his best work. A volume

of admirable verse, admirable both in feeling and expression, could be selected from his writings, and this indeed has been done by Mr William Watson, who is a severe critic and prefixed to his volume a notice of Austin's work, which says what a true critic thinks, and not what a newspaper joker finds to raise a laugh.

It should also be remembered that Austin is a charming prose-writer. Very probably jokes will be made at his expense, and at that of Birmingham, if he is appointed; but I should very much like myself to hear such lectures as I think Austin would give.

I am glad to hear of your good summer. I have also fared well since the end of June, my chest has not troubled me, but, of course, I do not expect to escape during the winter and spring.

We are afflicted in Dublin by a split amongst Unionists, and believing it impossible for Horace Plunkett to retain the seat, I have pressed for the retirement of both candidates, so that all parties may unite, and keep the seat for the Unionist cause. Ball is ready to retire, but Plunkett refuses, and so he practically gives away the seat to a Nationalist. It is most lamentable.—Ever affectly. yours,

E. DOWDEN.

TO PROF. MARTIN SAMPSON

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Nov. 29th, 1900

MY DEAR SIR,—I have hesitated long before replying to your letter because I fear so much that I may mislead you. If you should come here at any time, I shall gladly do all I can to help you in your studies. But I want you to know that English Literature is a small part of the big University

machine—Classics and Mathematics are our central subjects, and we have eminent teachers. English is a voluntary subject chosen by a few honour candidates, and studied in conjunction with French or German.

I lecture to a few students in English during three terms, each term of six weeks, and my lectures are three in each week.

What my lectures are like you can see in such a volume as that just published, called "Puritan and Anglican," or in that on the French Revolution and English Literature.

Sometimes, if students desire it, we go minutely through a play, or part of a play of Shakespeare.

I think I am a bad teacher in several respects. I convey very little definite instruction. But I believe I have sometimes quickened men's interest in literature, and sometimes led them to useful points of view. I don't want either to depreciate or magnify what I have tried to do. If you should come here, I hope outside the class-room we might be helpful to one another as my dear friend Horace Fiske and I were.

But at Glasgow, you could probably get more and better teaching from Professor Raleigh, and if you wanted Early English and Anglo-Saxon scholarship you could get it at Oxford or Cambridge or in Germany; and not from me.

This term is nearly over. The next begins about Feb. 1, 1901, and the third I should think about May 1st, and perhaps other lecturers might allow you to attend their lectures.

All I can say is that if you come your welcome from me will be sincere, and I will try to be of use, but I honestly cannot feel sure that you choose wisely in wishing to come to Dublin.

And yet some of my pupils have been distinguished; and I think I could count six who are now Professors in Universities. But if you want much and exact teaching, you should go elsewhere. Professor Fiske will confirm all I say. With all good wishes, Believe me—Most sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
Jan. 9th, 1901

MY DEAR LITTLEDALE,—It was very good to my old heart to get kind words from you about my books old and new.

As to Belfast, no, Dixon is not a candidate. The men I have heard of by name are Dixon's assistant, Cowl, equipped with fine scholarship—John Cooke, vigorous and well able to wield his knowledge—he has written good articles (Elizabethan sports, Elizabethan fashions) in the *Quarterly Review*, rewritten Murray's handbook to Ireland, and done other things; lastly, Boas—not the son of Salmon (who begat Obed the grandfather of David), for he is not of T.C.D., and Salmon[1] therefore has nothing to do with him—a mighty man of wealth (in Shakespearian lore), of the family of Elimelech (the Scripture declareth), and now editing the works of Kyd (a Kyd to make merry with his friends, for he promises me a copy). I am sure there are many other candidates.

This morning a London man who deals in records and books writes to me that he has an autograph of Shakespeare, and a portrait, and writes me to go and see them—but I am content with my own portrait known as the Dowden-Hickie, painted by Burbage on a fragment of the *Freeman's Journal* —and presented "to B. J. by his friend W. S." This was presented to me by Michael Hickie, the most interesting, most profane, clever, blackguardly-shrewd, mad, second-hand bookseller on the Dublin quays. The inscription was discovered at a later date.—Ever yours, E. D.

Among my recent old plays was "The Wisdom of Doctor Doddipoll." There are a few pages of lovely poetry in it.

I am still keeping indoors, not bad, but still coughing.

[1] Dr Salmon, then Provost of T.C.D.

Algiers would be brilliant—the thought of sun and colour is so—but it is All jeers to suggest it while I hold this Professorship.

This dreadful pun makes me ask whether John Newton's "Cardiffonia" was a local.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Feb. 8th. 1901

DEAR MR DOBELL,—Thank you for your very interesting letter. I didn't give first lines of the *Latin* poems of Joseph Beaumont which Grosart prints.

I hope you will enter me as a subscriber for each of the projected volumes. Should there be a difficulty in printing at low prices, possibly you may do as Grosart did and limit the number, charging a higher subscription. Libraries must subscribe and a few collectors will. I think I can promise a subscription from the National Library of Ireland to all your books.

There are a good many known W.S.'s of the time—a couple of William Smith's, and William Stafford, and others. You remember, too, that in "Willobie's Avisa" there is a poetical dialogue between H. W. and W. S. on love-matters.

I am inclined to think that with a little trouble I could run Henry Willobie to earth—at a place called Aust, in Gloucestershire, which would bring him pretty close to Shakespeare, who certainly knew Gloucestershire well.

I am not able, without investigating it, to give an opinion as to the supposed two imprisonments. The "Eastward Hoe" one is of 1604, and Jonson alleged to Drummond that he was a voluntary prisoner. But in a letter of 1605 to the Earl of Salisbury he pleads for liberty and admits a previous offence, which from the manner in which he speaks of it must

have been a literary offence, and not his fatal duel of 1598 with Gabriel Spenser.

I shall watch with great interest for any account you publish of these finds.

Thanks once again for what you have told me.—Very truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

April 6th, 1901

MY DEAR DIXON,—I hope sincerely that you may be on the Royal Commission—the fact that you know both old and new University schemes and methods would make you most useful. I read with the greatest interest (though I never wrote to thank you) your article in the *N.L. Review*. I am quite in favour of adapting University teaching to the needs of the people—but not of either abolishing an aristocracy of studies, or of reducing popular studies to merely those of bread and butter. No one is so little likely to be consulted as I am, who in a measure led the Irish Unionist Alliance and the South Dublin electors in the much-needed revolt.

Of two things you may be sure—that, however disguised, Roman Catholicism is absolutely intolerant in itself, and seeks everywhere for domination—not equality; and secondly that the Presbyteries in the north do not love Trinity College.

I hope your book will, before very long, be ready, and that it will not confirm President Hamilton's recent utterance that the University of Dublin has done little for education, but rather Jeremy Taylor's who called it the "little, but excellent University of Dublin." I have kept comparatively well, caught colds, but got well again and got through my lectures with interest—Ever affectly. yours, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
June 10th, 1901

EXTRACT

MY DEAR TODHUNTER,—I think "The Harpsichord" one of the most delightful things you have ever written, and I only hope you will not go tinkering the text. Mine at least is safe.

Here is your *Temple Bar* back; there is a good piece of my life in it as well as of yours, tho' you began a little earlier than I did.

My first opera was "Lucrezia" and the hero having a cold, went through his part absolutely dumb, but he gesticulated as if the music were in his arms, and I suppose his name ended in *ini* or *iti*. One pleasant incident you seem to have missed—the demand for an Irish melody, or perhaps the Last Rose of Summer, from Tietjens in the progress of "Oberon," and the wheeling of a grand piano into the cave, with the good-humoured consent of that superb Rezia. It was no real harm—only, amid much other magic, a magic fountain of melody rose in the oceanic cavern.

Your memory is much better than mine, and has brought back a good deal that had been only a kind of sunlit haze. . . .

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
August 3rd, 1901

DEAR PROFESSOR MACMECHAN,—I write really from the wilds of Co. Donegal, on a bay of the Atlantic opening towards America—a summer solitude—and all this morning I have been enjoying a kind and welcome gift—your edition of

"Heroes and Hero-Worship." The full account of the several series of lectures is a most interesting piece of Carlyle biography! not a few things are new to me—and the quotations from letters on page 37 are speciálly enjoyable.

I heartily rejoice in your vindication of Carlyle as a man, and your vindication of the book from the judgment of critics. You have tempted me to read again what I know well—and once more I feel how much I gained of knowledge and impulse from this book.

Your notes tell me things I did not know, and clear up some questions for which I wanted answers.

I have been here in the country for a month—under the influence of the "four beloved things" recited by Paustobie, a Chickasaw Indian, to John Wesley—who questioned him about his religion. "We believe there are four beloved things above:—the clouds, the sun, the clear sky, and He that lives in the clear sky." At present the clouds are the dominant beloved things. With sincere thanks.—Most truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 15*th*, 1901

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—Indeed I did not understand, and now that I do, although your gift will be very helpful, and although I feel some pride in such a gift, I am pained to think that you should have robbed yourself of the most precious possession—time, and for one who often idles away his own time. If you spend time on me, I shall know that I am doing you injury, when what I should like is that you were given such leisure as would enable you to devote yourself more fully to research.

The *N. and Q.* paper of Oct. 5 is most interesting. I

think I had given "Willobie's Avisa" (a poem in which I was much interested, believing that I had found the scene in Aust, near the Severn), the honour of being the first poem to show a knowledge of Shakespeare's poems.

Your evidence as to the *1616 Faustus* seems good, and I am prepared to accept your opinion as to a form of the play differing from both our texts.

I do not, however, doubt that the *Hamlet* passage in Nashe refers exclusively to Kyd. A number of points in the passage fit Kyd like a kid-glove, and don't at all fit Shakespeare, and Nashe even puns on Kyd's name. Last night I read again part of the "Spanish Tragedie," trying to note the rhetorical tricks, and tricks of versification. They are of a kind which ought to enable one to determine whether "Solyman and Perseda" is Kyd's (which I suppose is the case), and also the "First Part of Jeronimo" (which Boas, I suppose rightly, refuses to Kyd).

Your astronomical parallel is encouraging to a scientific faith, and who knows but a new Elizabethan planet may swim into our ken? Things still lurk undiscovered in libraries. Mr Boas supposed that one of the 1599 "Solyman and Perseda" editions existed only in a single copy in the British Museum, and last Sunday he looked at a copy which I have, and says he believes it is a second (but I am not so sure as he).

If you won't imagine that I am trying to make a return for your kindness, I should much like to send you a copy of Boas's new "Kyd" as soon as copies come to this benighted city.—Very truly and gratefully, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
Oct. 30th, 1901

MY DEAR CRAIG,—Many hearty thanks for "Lear," and for notes. As far as I have gone "Lear" is so good that I believe

no one else could have done it as well. The certainty and fullness of illustrations from Elizabethan literature is all your own.

The book is an enduring gift of great value to Shakespeare students.

I only wish you received also a material recompense for all your labours and learning.

All the waves and billows of examinations are going over me, but I must thrust up my head to say this much to you. —Ever very sincerely, E. D.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
Nov. 6th, 1901

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—What you write is delightful to read, and I thank you for not hiding your kindness.

I think the hour's lecture so trying an ordeal to the students, that I interject all manner of occasional nonsense into it, in the hope of keeping them awake, but they know I am in earnest at the same time.

I should have kept you a while, but that I had to make up marks with my fellow-examiners, and then followed two hours and a half of rather hot debate at our Academic Council.

I am not at all as much afraid of you now as I expected I should be, and I shall be very sorry when Mrs Sampson and you have to leave Dublin, in which feeling my wife shares, but we shall make one more thread of union flung across the Atlantic.

I have a copy of " King Lear " in Methuen's Shakespeare, for you, if you will take it. And when am I to show you my engravings of Blake? We must arrange on Friday after my lecture if you could wait a few minutes; we might see some College folk.—Yours sincerely, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
Nov. 24th, 1901

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—First let us send thanks to Mrs Sampson for her letter. We were delighted to get it, and to know that you were both safe on "terra-cotta." ("Thank God that I am once again on Terra-Cotta," exclaimed the classic voyager.) She said some kind things also which we cherish in the right places for such words; there they live and will last. I will hide myself behind words of George Eliot, when I think of you and her: "If human beings would but believe it, they do me most good by saying to me the kindest things truth will permit." To gain true friends when one is young is good, but at our age it is rarer, and in some ways is more.

The pseudo-quarto arrived this morning. I had shown it to my friend Craig, and he, I think, showed it to his friend Daniel—and we all were of opinion that it was a reprint.

My query is now answered, thanks to the trouble you took. The paper as well as the type both looked and felt unlike that of an old book.

Some time during your stay in London I may ask you to look at a pamphlet of 37 pp. in the B.M., which I have in vain tried to borrow or to buy, but not now.

. . . I may write to-day, and certainly shall not let to-morrow pass without writing to Garnett, telling him that you would like to know him. In a day or two you might write to him, asking him when it would suit him to see you. He is the most generous and amiable of men (on your envelope he will be Richard Garnett, Esq., C.B., LL.D.).

To-day comes a letter from Gosse, asking me to make the acquaintance of the Earl of Lytton, who is coming here to learn politics under Wyndham, the Chief Secretary. I will tell Gosse where you are staying, and leave it to himself to

look you up if he likes. He will, I hope, do so, and he has an interesting library, not like my dear and ragged collection, which, remember, is at your service. I should like you also to know the good and learned and kind Craig. He was once an amazing walker (90 miles at a stretch), but he is now, I think, a little older than myself; still, however, he takes fits of pedestrianism.

Hutchinson in Wordsworth, and perhaps Forman in Keats, are wholly trustworthy—and apart from these it is a good rule to trust no reprint.

——'s —— is awful (so I fear is my Macmillan "Shelley,") but my "Lyrical Ballads" is trustworthy; and yet the most accurate of men, Dykes Campbell, led me into an error in the preface to the first edition of the reprint. The cruel thing is that collation needs one's best hours, and not too many at a time.

I was glad to see your "Of which all Europe talks from side to side." Mark Pattison (Sonnets in Parchment Library) also has *talks*. If Milton had used *rings*, I think he would have written "wherewith all Europe . . ." as in the Passion, "wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring." "To talk of" is more natural than "to ring of."

But I see the Century Dictionary quotes from Bunyan "all our country rings of him." So I think if Milton used *rings*, ring *with* would mean that the noise was produced by the book itself—and *ring of* that the noise was concerning the book.—Sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

Dec. 13th, 1901

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—"And I beheld in my dream that a man came to him, whose name was *Help*. Then said he, give me thy Hand. So he gave him his Hand and he drew him out."

You have drawn me out swiftly and completely—but at a cost to yourself which I can only accept with a grateful remorse. I was in London one July, and it was oppressively hot, and I wanted to do this bit of work in the Museum—and my wife beguiled me away to the country where her brother-in-law (Hon. Edward Lyttelton) is headmaster of Haileybury College, and I confess she was right in my interest—but it has ended in "the man whose name is Help" from Indiana doing what I ought to have done myself.

Alban Butler has given an excellent and trustworthy redaction of the MS. It is so good that I incline to think no other redaction is needed (except that Butler's pamphlet is so little known and so rare). The MS. would be well worth printing in full, and some learned society might do this, but it is doubtful whether a reprint would pay a publisher the cost of printing. Possibly I may at some future time make a vol. of Elizabethan studies, and if so I might print the MS. as an appendix. At all events, thanks to you, I know exactly where I am. "And he set him upon sound ground and bid him go on his way."

The omission of the passage about Bancroft draining his bowl of caudle in the early morning, comes I suppose from Butler's respect for ecclesiastics, even of the Anglican persuasion. Tobie is very pious, but not at all nice in his lack of natural piety towards his mother.

Last July, when I neglected my duty in the Museum, we went to York, and I was much interested by the Matthew monument in the Cathedral.—Sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
Jan. 5th, 1902

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—If Dr Todhunter, who lives a long way off at Bedford Park, should call, know that he is

an old friend of mine, has published several volumes of really beautiful verse, and had some play, or plays, performed in London. He is a man of moods and may be very lively, or may sink into himself or smoulder into ashes. Craig is, I think, away at Portland, but will soon be back. After his sins in corrections of "Lear," he has been appointed by Methuen general editor of the Shakespeare—a happy mode of punishment!

I have got Thorndike's book, which is especially interesting to me in connection with "Cymbeline." If, by and by, you have a copy of your review, I should like to borrow it for a day or two.

Yesterday brought me a beautiful copy of the Cambridge edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, from Professor Woodberry. He has made me proud with a line of dedication. . . .

I think your emendation is a good deal strengthened by "Samson Agonistes," 45.

> "What if all foretold
> Had been fulfilled but through *mine own default*."

(I wonder, is there any principle underlying Milton's use of *my own* and *mine own* in different passages?)

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
March 7th, 1902

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—If you are given copies of *N. and Q.*, do please be so kind as to send me any number you can spare. I shall read any others in the Library. I am certain you will bring many interesting things to light. No doubt you have examples showing that *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* was a common theme for a jest.

Forgive my long lapse into silence. It is one of my faults,

for which I have often to ask the forgiveness of friends, but it implies no real forgetfulness.

"Arden of Feversham," I suppose, has yielded some new finds.

I was delighted to hear that you and Craig have met. He is enormously learned in Elizabethan language, and enormously generous in helping me and others.

I send two photographs—the mouth in one has gone wrong. The one among my books is really better, and was done by a coastguard sailor, who also took an open air one, of a donkey and a turf-seller at his head and myself at his tail, which I named, "When shall we three meet again?" but all the copies are gone.—Always most truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

TO THOMAS HUTCHINSON

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
March 28th, 1902

MY DEAR T. H.,—I ought to be effaced from your recollection in consequence of my long silence. My old pupil Harold Littledale is now Professor of Eng. Lit. at Cardiff, and he has a friend there of whom he speaks as possessing a remarkable Lamb collection.

Littledale writes to me that he feels that he is greatly your debtor for your Wordsworth work, and he would like to show his gratitude by putting you in communication with his friend.

I saw your unanswerable comment on Ainger in the *Athenæum*. No one keeps up the standard of editorial work I think as T. H. does.

I actually write from Cookstown Hotel, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow, where I shall probably be till this day week. I have had a good winter—no serious trouble with my chest. Last summer spent in Co. Donegal—with daily swimming in

the Atlantic (in vain efforts to reach Boston!) did me much good, but I have been very idle. I hope you are well. I shot a postcard somewhere into the air—but it never reached you.

Here in Wicklow the spring comes slowly up; but primroses, celandines, wood-sorrel, wood-anemones are to be found; and after a spell of north wind, which silenced all but the hardy lover the chaffinch, a west wind has come—and the thrushes are—wonderful to say—as perfect in song as they were when I was a boy. (Most other public singers have voices poorer than of old).

The only book I am reading is Spedding's huge "Life and Letters of Bacon"—it is a vast piece of tunnelling.—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF MAY 17TH, 1908

MY DEAR T. H.,—It was most good to get a letter from you. . . . Six weeks ago I had a bit of ill-luck, caused by what was folly in one so old. I swung myself into a quickly-moving tram-car, with one hand, and strained my back. I still stiffen and feel a certain weakness, but all considerable pain is past.

We were at Woodenbridge when your letter came—and I never saw so lovely a Spring. In particular I was enamoured of one wild white cherry tree and elected it—or was elected by it—as a lover, out of many only less pure and virginal. . . .

My dear T. H., be good enough to me to be strong and well if possible. I have lost so many friends—but *you* are extant, and that means a great deal to your affectionate,

E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
May 5th, 1902

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—Saturday, when you wrote, was my birthday, and you sent me a gift which—as my

wife exclaimed—will be "an ennobling and benignant presence." There is a space on the wall exactly designed for it and in a good light. I mean in my study. Our Blessed Lady of Melos will bring me grace. Once when I made sure I was alone in the National Gallery, here, I bowed before the cast of her, and discovered—by feminine laughter from an angle of the stairs—that I had been seen. The photograph is a perfect rendering of the original.

Did I tell you, that when I last saw Our Lady in the Louvre, two small French soldiers with baggy breeches and hands in them, were below her. Niké was gracious to them and promised them good rations and victory.

I really pity you—losing Mrs Sampson and your mother, but of course it is right. To us also it is like another parting, but something goes with the ship on the 12th, which I will call by the less demonstrative name—affection. And tho'—as I heard Goldwin Smith begin a speech—"I am very old," we may meet again.

I am always delighted to hear good tidings of France. There is a legend recited in public to my shame—by a rhetorical French friend, of how being penniless I—noble youth—tore off my medals to relieve the Parisians during, or after, the siege. (It is true I sold a gold medal with that object, but I fear half by way of bravado.)

I am trying to end up my "Cymbeline" for Craig. Then I believe I am to add a harmless unnecessary book to the many on Browning, but if so, I shall get a few good things to say from my wife.

The most interesting books I have read are Einstein: "The Italian Renaissance in England" (Columbia University), and Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne."

Yeats writes a little too extravagantly in its praise, but setting aside some needless affectations of Anglo-Irish peasant terms of phrase—it is very well done—and gives the finest pieces of Irish Legend in a single volume.

My wife is out doing something about getting people out of the slums into country homes for a while. She will write to Mrs Sampson—we only seem to be losing something—but in fact, the gain of our meeting abides.—Ever yours,

E. DOWDEN.

POLURRIAN HOTEL, MULLION,
S. CORNWALL
July 3rd, 1902

DEAR LYSTER,—This has turned out a great success. I am leading the life of a (water) dog—eating, sleeping, and swimming, and running about the cliffs barking joyously.—Ever yrs., E. DOWDEN.

POLURRIAN HOTEL, MULLION
S. CORNWALL
July 10th, 1902

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—No more welcome visitor could come to this haunt of Bellerus old—from which the guarded Mount is visible, than Elliott and Fry's editor of Milton—unless indeed the original should himself find it necessary to appear in person to verify allusions in "Lycidas." We had really wished for this photograph, and it seems to us both excellent.

We sailed from Dublin on June 20th, arrived next afternoon at Falmouth, seeing the Land's End and south coast on our way, and came here on the 29th. We are seven miles from the nearest railway station—Helston. Every day until to-day has been full of sunshine and sea air—we are now lost in a sea fog, but perhaps to-morrow shall again be saturated with sunshine. The place suits us well and has only two faults—a want of shade, and too many intervening

hollows between its rocky heights—which makes endless climbing inevitable. Every day until to-day I scrambled down the cliffs, swam out from a little cove, and tossed about on smooth Atlantic rollers for half an hour. There are few denizens in the hotel, but there is, of course, the old visitor who is on familiar terms with the host, and attendants, and knows all points of advantage; the sparkling lady who coruscates when any human male (even an old Professor) is present; and the ingenuous youth who recovers parasols let slide down the rocks by the ingenuous maiden.

I have Browning here, but I have not confronted him with the Atlantic. I don't know whether I shall at all be able to recover the old Browning sensations. With me Wordsworth has worn better than Browning—but I hope I shall be caught by the web. My falling away from Browning dates from "Pacchiarotto" (I hope I spell it as I ought). I seemed to have learnt by heart all he had to tell—and I did not want it said over in a more tangled way.

What I have read since I came here has been "Dombey and Son," for which I have to write an introduction for some American edition. I see in the *Bookman* that Swinburne is to write on "Oliver Twist," also to write on Dickens the first signed article in the *Quarterly*. I know Richardson and Fielding and Sterne pretty well, but Dickens and Thackeray very ill, and I must confess I find a good deal of poor melodrama in "Dombey."

Edith is always drawing herself up to her majestic height, with flashing eyes and swelling nostrils, as she might in the pages of the "Family Friend." But there are immortal inventions in the book too, and there is much philosophy in Miss Nipper's utterance, "I may be fond of periwinkles, but it don't follow that I shall have them for my tea."

It is a good and pleasant thing that you think my Pater right, for you know Pater. He seems to me a very sure-footed critic, because he was so patient in his study, never writing

until he had filled himself with his theme; while Matthew Arnold, who plays delightfully with ideas above his theme, never seems to me to have informed himself aright.

It was kind of you to tell me about the B. Museum "Deserted Village." The matter is a trivial one, of course, but my curiosity was stimulated by a long and careful note in the (New York) Arnold Sale catalogue of last year (I think), and I think no one probably has noticed that the undated edition has the misprint of one of the 8vo editions of 1770. I have a "Traveller" identical in form and imprint with the "Deserted Village," and I should not be surprised if both were about 1770, rather than 1780.

An American periodical, *The Bibliographer*, of which a few numbers have appeared, seems excellent. There is a beautiful facsimile of 1st ed. of "Comus" running through two or three numbers. I may send it some notes on eighteenth century Irish editions of Swift, Goldsmith, Gray, and others—which are sometimes curious. Just before leaving home, for example, I got an Irish pamphlet of Swift, containing, I believe, some paragraphs, not elsewhere to be found—not that it matters much!

Mrs Dowden has just written a letter to Mrs Sampson, which goes to America by the post which takes this to London.—Always most truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

POLURRIAN HOTEL, MULLION
S. CORNWALL
July 11th, 1902

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—What you too kindly say of my article in *The National Review* gives me more pleasure than if any other man had said the same. I may, being older, and with more leisure, have rambled more widely than you in some tracks of Elizabethan literature, but I look up to

you as far the more exact scholar, and as turning your knowledge to better account.

The "Arden-Kyd" notes are very remarkable and interesting. Will you not soon publish somewhere your study of "Arden"?

Just before I left home for this quiet resting-place in Cornwall I got the new *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* (which contains a reprint of "Every Man in his Humour" in its first form); and there, in some review of some book, I think I saw that Hooker also has "discourse of reason," and some other writer—I now forget who. Trench's "Select Glossary," I think, gives examples. I have had here for some time a *National Review* meant for you, but as I am not provided with paper or twine, and have a big envelope, I tear out my article and post it so.

Your *N. and Q.* articles ought some time to be collected and published as a pamphlet, if that were possible. I have Theobald's book, and from it Webb has got many of his parallels, I dare say. Webb is very amusing in his treatment of Ben Jonson's evidence.

Before leaving home, I sent off notes on "Cymbeline" to Craig. I had got very tired of them, and it was a pleasant surprise to hear that Craig liked them. I stay here for July. The waves are glorious, and on calm days I get a half-hour's swim—very good for one's sixtieth year!—Very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

MORTHOE, N. DEVON
Aug. 17th, 1902

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—If this reaches you before you leave for Dresden, it is only to wish you good speed—to say that we hope when you return to America, you will find Mrs Sampson in less broken spirits, and your mother well

—and to add the hope that you will sometimes send a letter across the Atlantic.

We are both strong and well, flourishing on sunshine and air and idle days—while you have suffered from over-work at the B. Museum. We stayed a month at Polurrian Hotel, then went for a few days to Tintagel, where, if I didn't meet King Arthur, I did meet Henry Irving. Then to the wildest North Devon cliffs, at Hartland Quay—not a place to stay at, though we found a fortnight slip away somehow; last here, to meet kinsfolk of my wife, but it is too neat and respectable a place for us. We think of buying or building a shanty in some quiet spot not too far from home, and in future years avoiding these wanderings to hotels and lodgings, which constitute a mitigated form of suicide.

Not that our holiday has failed of success; but with a fixed abode for summer I could have the gain of doing some work, which would be an added pleasure.

You must have got a great store of dramatic lore at the B. Museum, I should be more afraid to meet you than I was at first—only that we *have* met, and that our meeting cast out fear.

Send the Webster questions, but don't count on my being able to answer.

With my wife's kindest regards.—I am always yours most sincerely, EDWARD DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 9th, 1902

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—I thought I might mention to Craig the prospect you have of working on the Dictionary, and Craig, like the good fellow he is, asks "Can I do anything?"

I replied that I thought no aid was needed, and that he should do nothing unless you desire it. But Craig knows Dr Murray's fellow-worker, Bradley, and if you should think it of any use, I am sure he would write to Bradley.

Craig also asked me could he get the essay of a friend of his, Evans, on the German "Hamlet," and its connection with Kyd or Shakespeare, noticed in any review; and I suggested to him to speak to you as to the possibility of a notice in *N. and Q.*, or possibly in *The Athenæum*, for which I rather think Mr Knight writes.

I am delighted to think that Schelling's little book should be of the smallest use to you. I am sure you know much that Schelling did not know. I met him in America—a very nice young American of the best type. He has written a study of Gascoigne, and a study of Elizabethan literary criticism, and has edited two volumes of lyrics—one Elizabethan, one seventeenth century.

I am glad to hear that Mr Knight is going to print the parallels.

You say too kind words about my admiration of your work. I have nothing to do with it, for the admiration is inevitable. But I do feel very grateful to Shakespeare for having made us comrades.—Sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 20th, 1902

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—I believe you would be a very valuable helper in the Dictionary work. What is a scholar except an attentive and accurate reader? And I think you are that. Moreover, if you have a certain self-distrust, is not that a most important part of a scholar's equipment, meaning that he will be cautious and make sure of his ground?

Take Judge Webb, who has had a brilliant classical career, and was a Professor of Moral Philosophy, and has, of course, had a legal training. But all his scholarship has not taught him the wary walking, which a true scholar needs. A love of paradox, and a desire to shine, before the humble preparatory work has been done, spoils his abilities. It was your diligence, accuracy, and keen intelligence I chiefly referred to in writing to Dr Murray, and I spoke of these as leading to unquestionable discoveries.

But I don't know that a real scholar is so much distinguished by finding answers as by putting questions which lead to answers. I think you have a gift for putting good questions, and then your patient labour and your accurate memory help to solve them. But most people either put no questions, or wild and absurd ones.

This is a reply to your doubts, and by all means retain a just and exact sense of your own limitations, as part of your intellectual stock-in-trade.

I sent Dr Murray a question about the word *lock*, which I hope won't bother him. Imogen, embracing Posthumus, says, "Think that you are upon a rock, and now Throw me again." The attempted explanations of this *rock* seem nonsense to me, and the challenge "throw me again" suggested to me that somehow the word *lock*, in the sense of a wrestling grip or embrace, might come in. Craig's friend, and mine, Hart, gave me an example of "upon that lock," of 1675, in the wrestling sense. I want to learn from Dr Murray whether he has any Elizabethan example of *on* or *upon* a *lock*, meaning engaged in a wrestling lock. Perhaps I shall hear to-morrow.

This morning there came to me, "Notes on the Bacon-Sh. Question," by an American—Judge Allen. At first glance it seems a really valuable contribution to illustrating the legal terms of Shakespeare from Elizabethan literature. Judge Allen is an anti-Baconian, and says that some of Shakespeare's legal allusions are wrong—but the value of

the book seems at first glance to lie in the explanation of words and parallels from other Elizabethans.

Possibly "lobber" may be reserved for "lubber," and there appear as a variant—if it is such. But perhaps your "lobber" is a person who sends something (like a cricket-ball) *lobbing*. At all events—variant or independent—"lobber" ought to appear in the Dictionary.

I must end, and turn to—may I say an *infernal* kind of work, writing examination papers—which will occupy me for several toilsome days. You at least have not to torture English literature into horrid little questions.—Sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Dec. 31*st* 1902

MY DEAR J. E.,—

. . . . . .

The close of 1902 finds me in bed—now the sixth day—with a rather troublesome attack of bronchitis. I am just beginning to mend, but it will be a slow process.

It is a regal state, everyone doing me loyal service, and all lands sending tribute to my bedside—Scotland especially. The dour auld man calls wi' a muckle voice for bannocks and they are at hand, thanks to Misthress Alice, instanter, and he fills his auld kyte. And what the bannocks are to his devaimly body, a novel of Stevenson, with his ungodly Gospel of a kind of devil-dare Stoicism, is to his soul. Not that I am much of a lover of this gospel, but after the edifying ethical stories about formation of character, it is a change to be assured that a human being is just a bundle of passions which must play themselves, gallantly or meanly, out, and find extinction. The last I ended is "St Ives," which is really only tolerable to a state of second, and very

inferior, childhood. Some fine pages of "Weir of Hermiston" are now making amends. But it has indifferent pages too. . . .—Very affectionately yours, E. D.

. . . . . .

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
25th Feb. 1903

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—A wild but inspiriting gale is blowing from your quarter of the globe to ours, and we have had for weeks a large abounding western wind—perhaps you sent it to fill us with courage and hope of spring. To-day a faint mist of green was on the distant hedges, and a thrush was fluting on a rocking tree—a fine contralto he had, and he was a believer in some good thing.

This west wind has blown away one of the three things which the Welsh bard—whose name I dare not spell—hated most; not "old age" (one of the three things), but coughing. My three weeks in bed enabled me to widen and deepen my acquaintance with English fiction—I had just brains enough to get through one or two easy new books. But I could quite gather up the threads of half-forgotten older books. Among others I read again "The Scarlet Letter," which, however, one can never forget.

I confess I find myself often turning to America. The most interesting book I have read for a long time is Professor James' Gifford Lectures. You seem often less hide-bound than we are; more limber and alert for facts, better able to take advantage of the incidents of the ground, and marching less in solid formations. To apply my doctrine, if when Webster and his 40,000 pedlars—on which, or rather its solution and not the pedlars, (and I don't mean a solution of pedlars), I congratulate you—if when these are off the scene,

and you write a play as I hope, and if, as I hope not, you don't make a success of it, you will alertly turn to something else; and not perish of a miscarried drama—as I might under the like circumstances. Therefore be bold—be bold—(be not too bold), and venture on a play.

One of my bits of news is of an abandoned piece of work. A Mr Matthew of Sir Tobie's stock found me out, and told me he was writing Sir Tobie's Life. It is a great convenience at over 59 to get other people to do one's tasks; so I have handed over to Mr Matthew (who is of the kindred of the Faith, and believes in the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius) my MS. He is a pleasant correspondent, and his home is in Kent. Through him I got that pamphlet about which you were so kind, and which I so long sought in vain—Alban Butler's "Life of Sir Tobie Matthew."

Browning is so nearly done that I hope to begin it soon. And once I begin to write, I get on steadily—but it is an impossible task—there is no life, except for short intervals, and not much real mental development, but certainly a remarkable continuity of leading ideas.

Some American editor has asked me to write on some French author for a series, and I talked of Montaigne as a possibility of the future.

I have been lecturing—and with an interest in my subject—on the sixteenth century—from the Oxford Reformers onwards. Nine lectures have brought me on to the Elizabethan times. I was flanked on each side last Friday by Roman Catholic priests. Some Maynooth professor, giving evidence on Royal Commission, had described me as one of the dangers to Roman Catholics entering Trinity College, and I quite assent, for my desire is to get the students to sympathize with what is good wherever they may find it. Perhaps I owe one visitor to this evidence, the other was good old Father Nolan, who comes for a snooze.

The "Bibliographer" (Dods, Mead & Co) comes to me.

Last year it gave in two or three numbers a delightful facsimile of "Comus" (the 1st edition). I believe this February number has a note of mine—two or three pages—called "Swift, a recovered text"—but I have not seen it yet.

In your letter of Nov. 19 you spoke of Mrs Sampson as beginning to regain something of her old spirits. I hope this gain confirms and extends itself.

With very kind regards to her from us both—and to you.—I am always most sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
March 23, 1903

DEAR MR DOBELL,—Traherne is a beautiful and luminous spirit, and you have done all your part in a way worthy of the subject. I have still a good deal to read—but the prose passages alone make it evident that Traherne takes a high place among those who have seen and felt noble things, and told what can be told of them in words of extraordinary beauty.

It is a happiness to your friends as well as to yourself that you have given this good gift to those who value gifts of this kind.—Very truly yours, E. DOWDEN

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 27th, 1903

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—One thing makes me really unhappy—the thought that any of your time, which is so little and so precious, should be designed for any direct and special gain

to me. I always look on your glossary to "Edward II." with some pain as well as pride. I am very much in earnest, and want you to let me see things; but want you to copy nothing, for my own sake as well as yours, because I shall get more in the end this way.

I am interested in what you tell me of *Peele's Jests*. Perhaps writers have been suggested, but I don't know of such suggestions. Saintsbury, I think, says that many of the Jests are found in an earlier French book.

No one I know would appreciate your work more than Littledale. He was my most brilliant student ages ago. Then he spent many years in Baroda, and was a mighty hunter before the Lord. I have a vast tiger skin outspread before me with holes of his bullets in it. He is full of vigour, and keen for discovery. We met last year on the North Devon coast.

I am, and have been on my torture-wheel of College examinations, and shall be until the end of next week. Torturing English literature into questions is as painful to an honest examiner as to be examined. I emerge from my torture-chamber to scribble this line, and now I return to it. —Always most truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

TO CÆSAR LITTON FALKINER

Sept. 24th, 1904

MY DEAR FALKINER,—I have myself wished to read something on Spenser in Ireland, and I have long known Joyce Fraser's article, but I know nothing else except some pages of Dean Church's "Spenser" in which he does not adequately recognise the dangers and difficulties of Irish life, and perhaps some reflection of this in Spenser's poetry. I have Grosart's wild wilderness of a Life, which of course contains some valuable things.

I think Englishmen in Ireland in Spenser's time would be an interesting subject of study, especially the English men of letters of whom there were several.

I hope we shall have a good meeting of Unionist Alliance, to express our views in a vigorous way.—Ever sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

TO REV. MAURICE FITZGERALD

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
Oct. 4th, 1904

DEAR MR FITZGERALD,—I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of thanking you for sending me such a good gift as your letter. I believe my chief pleasure is in finding Southey loved and honoured aright. But, of course, I am also greatly pleased to think that my little book is connected with this feeling that has grown up for Southey. And though I wrote it so long ago, I like my little book still, for, as you know, it is saturated with the spirit of the letters. Let me therefore ask you to have a part in the great pleasure I received soon after it was published from a letter of Sir Henry Taylor, which assured me that the Southey of the book was really the Southey whom he had known so well. It was in a great degree that the old man's youth—a majestic old man Sir Henry was—came back upon him, and made him generous to me—and for two or three days agitated him more than Lady Taylor liked to see. The impression made on Sir Henry Taylor, by Southey was, however, not merely because he was young. All his mature judgment justified his early admiration. He thought Southey, taking him, as a whole, the greatest man—not the greatest poet, or the greatest thinker—but the greatest man, deficient on no side of his nature, of his generation. And I am not sure that he was wrong—

though one thinks of Wordsworth—and thinks of Scott—and hesitates.

Your idea of a "Doctor" reduced to smaller dimensions does not shock me, and it seems quite practicable. Would you not yourself try whether a publisher would entertain the idea? A copy of the one vol. edition, marked in the margin, would not be troublesome to prepare.

A few weeks ago I picked up here in a second-hand book-shop, Southey's copy of *Monumenta Boica*, with several pages of his notes in it.

In Warter's 4 vols. of Southey's letters there is a long letter of exultation and fun about this book.—Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
March 25th, 1905

DEAR PROFESSOR SAMPSON,—I received "Webster" long since, read your Introduction with the sense that it was the most illuminative word to me that I had ever read on Webster—setting things right which I had imperfectly conceived and adding things that were new—and I looked at what you wrote in my copy with a sense of "How can this be?" and yet with a wonder that was happy.

Shall we meet this year, meet both Mrs Sampson and you? And when shall we see your verse?

I wrote my book on Montaigne with pleasure. It may be published this spring or early summer. But I don't know.

My lectures have been rather arduous, to a class ranging from 40 to 60 in a big room, in which I have to stand. For two months I have been much vexed with insomnia, and for the first time in my life have been a chloral drinker; but now for two nights I have had a moderate amount of sleep without drugs.

We hope for good to come, and are not either of us unduly depressed.

Come, dear Martin Sampson, and let us see something better than two photographs. Our love to Mrs Sampson.—Ever most sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

ROSAPENNA HOTEL, CARRIGART
CO. DONEGAL
July 13th, 1905

MY DEAR LYSTER,—The first nine holes are far from uninteresting. First hole, I should say measures about 540 yards. A sliced drive goes out of bounds, and a pulled ball finds its way to some wet sands where one finds a bad lie. I reach the green generally in 3 wooden club shots, and with two putts all is right. The bogey however is 6.

To reach the 3rd green a long drive is necessary, which brings you within a cleek shot. The 4th is a very fine hole. A long straight shot is necessary to avoid disaster, but if one's tee-shot is true it is not difficult to carry the green. A good 3 is not to be despised at this hole. For the ninth hole a full drive followed by a good iron shot and then a short mashie shot generally does the business.

I send the National Library lists of books: I hope we get the *Golfer's Annual*, or shall I present my copies?

Note.—E. D., finding himself in a hotel wholly devoted to golf, of which he is supremely ignorant, writes the above. The little skit vastly delighted Dr Ingram.

ROSAPENNA HOTEL, CARRIGART
CO. DONEGAL
July 17th, 1905

DEAR MISS MACANDREW,—My answer to your kind hope that I am well is that I am at a very lively hotel, full of

golfers, fishers, players of bridge, sippers of brandies and sodas,—the most comically inappropriate place for me who kill nothing, play nothing, and only am a bibber of tea. But the air from the Atlantic is soft and round and full, and the violets and emeralds and sapphires of the Atlantic bay are a festival. I steal behind a sandhill with a book—and watch the rabbits scudding on the sand-slopes.

I look forward with desire to your book. Here I have all Mark Rutherford's books. The third time of reading a group of Renaissance books, Italian and French—on what ?—on Love! (much Renaissance Platonism)—a Wordsworth, a Shakespeare—Spinoza's Ethics, and, as a piece of my shop-work, Ben Jonson. I shall not need all these, but I feel I have an account at the Spiritual Bank—on which I can draw to any amount.

We shall be turned out of this hotel on August 1st, and I hope we may go somewhere in search of lodgings where dinners can be despatched in a few minutes, and tea can be had at all hours.—Always very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO HERR PAUL TAUSIG

August 17th, 1905

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been away from home and moving from place to place—or I should have thanked you before now—for the copy of the Shakespeare translation, and for the additional copies which your publisher kindly sent me. The first is made especially valuable to me by the kind and generous words you have written in it. But I cannot admit that I am as your letter says, its "*only begetter*." This translation is my *grandchild*; but *you* are its father.

I like my grandchild much; I cannot be sufficiently grate-

ful to you for all the care and patience you have shown in your work, and for making me known to readers in Germany. Accept my most cordial thanks. I trust the book may be successful, and I am sure that whatever faults it may have are mine, not yours, for you have done your part admirably.

The Italian translation is published by Hoepli at Milan. The translator is a daughter of the historian Count Ugo Balzani.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
Oct. 3rd, 1905

DEAR MISS MACANDREW,—What I said of Honoria's "Patchwork" might be said over again of Honoria's "Joseph." Perhaps you haven't cleared fences enough to have heard of a Joseph, but you will remember the great painting of the vicar's family in which Olivia wears a Joseph —that, however, was of green, I think, with gold lace. But the coat adds colours from Italy and from art. Still it is books and art as a part of life, and it is not that Honoria reads G. H. Lewes and Swedenborg, but that she has the *vivida vis*—Burke speaks of it—which makes a good reader and a good visitor to the Carpaccio room.

I like to see myself not as a live professor, but as a bit of colour in the coat. And I found myself late—for I started at Florence and worked my way back to the Home mead. There is something very Olympian in the bare unaccommodated "Dowden"; but he lived indeed a very long time ago; and I can even glory in an adjective derived from that ancestor—even "Dowden'sche" in German—and they may any day add—Macandrew'sche—though you are not yet your own ancestor.

Why should you send to Mudie for my "Montaigne"? far better don't, and read "Montaigne" himself. There are advertisements of Oxo in which a large ox looking at a small

pot of Oxo exclaims mournfully—"My poor brother." My little book is Montaigne reduced to a little jar of Oxo-Montaigne. Better for a reader like you to observe him browsing in his home mead—unless you are afraid of cattle.

Those books I took to Rosapenna were not a success. The "Best Friend" also called "Mark Rutherford" depressing—which depressed me. But what he does is sustaining—he takes life on a low level, and shows that it can be made to yield precious things—a sunset—a sight of the stars—the love of a woman not supremely interesting except for love. His art often fails—his humour wants fineness often, and has a touch of resentment in it, but he encourages us to live.

We left Carrigart and went to Capel Curig, first to a rough enough inn—the big hotel full—and then to a farmhouse—and walked and walked in the Snowdonian region. I took nothing but Goethe—and I am always happy with him. The procession may sweep by unseen—but could one be better off than with him? and on hopelessly wet days I induced the B. F. to start on a verse translation of the divine "Iphigenie" which proceeds well. That is my best deed of 1905.

I have written a long letter, but you may stop at any point, but this moment I have the October *Century Magazine* before me, and have been much interested in the portraits hitherto unreproduced of Shelley—and in the explanation of Shelley's "Tan-yr-allt ghost." It is worth your seeing.

G. H. Lewes I met with George Eliot. The best word he ever wrote is in a letter to me, where he (on his death-bed, I think), speaks of George Eliot as "*dearer to me than life itself.*"

—Very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Dec. 24th, 1905

MY DEAR J. E.,—It is a real pleasure to have the photograph of you, which we like better than any other, and in which you look so well and strong and "almost fascinating."

. . . . . .

If you know any Walter Scott specialist, he may be able to tell me what I cannot learn from books. I got lately from Leipzig (for 5 marks) a quarto of 79 pp. "Tales of Terror," Ballantyne, Kelso, 1799. I find it mentioned in *Dict. Nat. Biog.* under M. G. Lewis as "not forthcoming." But at the Scott centenary was exhibited from the Abbotsford Library "Apology for Tales of Terror," the first book of the Ballantyne Press—12 copies only—all for private distribution. My book, "Tales of Terror," is in every respect identical except as to title—it is made up of Scott, Lewis, and Southey—and page for page corresponds with "Apology for Tales of Terror." My copy has the Duke of Roxburghe's arms on it.

Could one learn anything about it? Was there an edition called "Tales of Terror"? or was the title "Apology, etc.," changed in some of the 12 copies? Don't bother unless you happen to know some Scott bibliographer. . . .—Very affectionately yours, E. DOWDEN.

We are much occupied with Unionist work. On Jan. 3 a great "demonstration." Mr Walter Long to speak—E. D., if well, to be in the chair. We are sending 100 speakers to England, and hundreds of thousands of leaflets, etc.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Feb. 21st, 1906

MY DEAR J. E.,—

. . . . . .

I am in no hurry for the return of "Tales of Terror," but if you happen to be in Johnston's you could save yourself trouble by telling him to send it, whenever it suits him, direct to me—and so you need have no more bother.

I got lately another book which ought to interest Scottish bibliographers, the first subscription 4to of Thomson's "Seasons," London 1730. The chief authority now on Thomson is a French writer Léon Morel. In his book (p. 86 note) he describes this édition princeps as "extrèmement rare." "La Bibliothèque du British Museum n'en a pas." But Edinburgh Univ. Library has one, which Lord Buchan gave (his father's copy as a subscriber), and which was crowned with laurels on one occasion. This copy he describes. Mine corresponds with Morel's description except in one particular. The "Seasons" is followed in both by A Hymn, Poem on Sir I. Newton, and "Britannia," 2nd edition, paged separately. With this ends my copy. But Morel speaks of an *Appendix of* 4 "*petites pièces de vers.*"

Possibly Mr Johnston may know the book. It would be curious to know whether this Appendix appears in other copies. Mine has the appearance of being complete. Among subscribers, beside Pope, Walpole, and others, is *King's College Library, Aberdeen*, where may be a copy. If, when you happen to be in Johnston's next, you raise this point in bibliography he may be able to solve it. But take no trouble, for the point is one that I am not much interested in.—Ever affectionately yours, E. DOWDEN.

The number of copies of this 4to subscribed for is 454. Mr Pope took 3 Books.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
May 4th, 1906

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—Though you didn't know it, your letter came last night as a delightful birthday present to me. It is only the simple truth that I in no way deserve the honour of having my name associated with the books which Mr Bullen is publishing; but I may get good things without deserving them, and feel all the more grateful. So all I say is that grateful I am, and value the honour as highly as I and others honour your work. Believe me much goes into these few words.

Your latest article in *N. and Q.* is packed with interesting parallels. *We*—to quote "Comus"—tread on these things with our "clouted shoon" and never notice them, and you gather them and find out "their strange and vigorous faculties."

I hope you keep strong and do not work too much. When the volumes are out and applauded, I think your friends ought to see what can be done towards securing a Civil List literary pension. Unluckily I am known to be active in opposition to Home Rule—still, this is not a thing into which politics enter, and Bryce, Morley, and Lord Crewe and Birrell, are men of letters. (And as regards myself the truth is, I am much more of a Liberal, and more of a democrat than many a supporter of the present Government.)

I have been exhorting Craig, whose design of a vast glossary may weigh him down, to make a select glossary of certain Shakespeare words of which his materials give him happy illustrations —— a 7s. 6d. or 10s. book. This could be accomplished, and the half-a-loaf would be very good to get. If ever the greater work were achieved, this could be absorbed into it. But Craig and I are not young,

or even middle-aged, and he gets crushed by his mass of matter. I want him to aim at something practicable, as at least an instalment.—Sincerely and gratefully yours,

E. DOWDEN.

CASTLEGOLAND, CLOONEY, GLENTIES
CO. DONEGAL
July 5th, 1906

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—I am now in company with a large society of gulls, and a large city of rabbits, but not a human creature who has ever heard the name of Nashe or of Marlowe. Your letter keeps me aware of the existence of my proper world. That *Dido* ripping passage had connected itself in my mind only with the Player's speech in "Hamlet."

I am rejoiced to hear that you are well. For myself, I am never better than when I am working without pressure, but too forced a pace kills me. Here I can only amuse myself, I have some volumes of Goethe, and I am trying to get a chronological view of his lyrical poetry. But the editors, both yesterday and to-day, make me sorry to be away from my books with pleasant invitations to do what cannot be done here.

I don't think I told you that just before leaving home I found a copy of "Polimanteia" (1595)—which makes the second mention by name of Shakespeare, and this copy, unlike others, gives the author's name. He is not as supposed Wm. Clerke, but a Wm. Covell, who wrote about Hooker —and Protestant controversial books, a Cambridge man. He mentions many contemporary authors, speaks of Nashe's quarrels with Harvey. Boas quotes his reference to Kyd. I don't think Churton Collins quotes, what seems a reference to Lyly, "Lylea clouded, making his own tears," or something of that nature. Grosart reprinted a piece of the book.

To-day a letter comes from E. K. Chambers about the proposed foundation of some new Society (I suppose) for publishing things connected with Elizabethan drama. Pollard and Ker are concerned in it, so it will be in good hands. Of course they must do something other than Bang's "Materialien"—but what I don't know. I have no doubt that your concordance-making gives you an immense advantage over other Elizabethan students. All good wishes to you from my wilderness.—Always very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

CASTLEGOLAND, CLOONEY, GLENTIES
CO. DONEGAL
July 12th, 1906

DEAR MISS TRAVERS,—This is delightful news that you are coming to Ireland, and that we may hope to meet you and your father and mother. I know Ballybunion only by name, but I hope it will make Ireland lovable. It has one fault, it is far from Glenties. We have just come in from enjoying some rain, and I have said "There are now three courses open to me. I may read a speech of Earl Roberts on National Defence—or write a discourse on "Immortality" (this needs an explanatory note by and by), or write to Miss Travers"; and I have been advised to take the last course. See that one of the 23 packages (eleven of which will be lost en route) contains a complete toilette from hat to shoes, suitable for the enjoyment of rain—not for defence from rain—but for delight in rain. As for fairies they have all been exported for the London market. But Mr George Russell, whose "Songs by the Way" and "the Earth Breath" you may know, and certainly would find pleasure in knowing—has seen the ancient gods of Ireland on a certain hill-top in view from our upper windows (I mean in Dublin). But I am

afraid they, too, are getting tinned ("canned" is the word in Chicago) for exportation.

. . . . . .

Here we are well off. We are in a side chapel of the Great Cathedral paved with the waters of the Atlantic blue, grey, green, purple. There are three of these side chapels —bays of the bay—and all manner of curious oratories shaped of the finest sifted sand. The choristers with their treble voices are the gulls, and the seals—of which we are told there are hundreds—are the monks; every now and then a black head is thrust up, and I have swum in their sweet society. Every day of spring-tides a miracle is performed—an island well out from the shore, becomes mainland, on which island is a ruined chapel; round this, from point to point, kneeling, go men and women with beads and blessed muttering—hastening away before the reverse miracle is accomplished and the mainland becomes again an island. We heretics—who never go to church—have looked on, sympathising, and sometimes the last of the devout have to wade with lifted garments through the incoming tide.

Two days ago we wandered over a headland with sea cliffs —radiant day—and every colour was intense and every inch vivid with orchis, or flag, or wild thyme, or small voluptuously-scented white roses (out of the strong comes forth sweetness). We debated whether to stay for a sunset, or come indoors for an evening meal, and thought to settle the question by Wordsworth's authority—

> "Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
> Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food."

but a doubt remained as to whether half a tapioca pudding reheated, would be described by the poet as "*Man's proper food.*"

The nearest hotel is two miles away. A charming and

beautifully placed hotel (five miles) attracts visitors. We are in perfect solitude, eight miles from a railway. We have had Fogazzaro's "Il Santo" in a French translation for company—and half loved, and a little loathed, the Saint—and now at the petition of the editor of the *Contemporary*, I turn from the saint, to the sinners of Ibsen's plays, bu' perhaps nothing except some irritation of the grey matte of my brain may come of it. . . .

I rejoice to hear that there are subjects shaping themselves for you—it is probably wise to let them go shaping themselves in silence for a time.

My discourse on Immortality, which came in incidentally at the beginning of this letter, has reference to a letter arrived to-day from an unknown Professor . . . . at Ohio—very eager for me to buttress up his shaken faith—and why I should be chosen as his Prophet, who know nothing, neither of us can divine! I have an intense desire for an hour in another world if I could do a thing there—but it might be very queer to live for ever. But I shall not say this.

As to the little old volume of Poems, the simplest thing to say or do is, neither to disparage them as if I were superior to the writer, nor to profess myself indifferent to them because they are of a long-past time, but to send them to you, and you needn't either commend or the reverse, unless you please. Even still, if a thing comes to me I set it down in verse for my own pleasure. The 2nd edition was in part burnt in a fire at Kegan Paul's, and next morning I saw the charred relics of many minor poets. My best adviser and friend often urges the publication of a volume partly old, partly new, but in this one matter I have thought she might be mistaken. I suppose when I return home will be time enough to send the little book.—Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO PROF. ——

FRAGMENT

I hardly dare touch upon what you say in part of your letter, and shall only venture on generalities, which are platitudes till put into action. The central fact in everything, of course, is to keep oneself at the highest that lives within one (what Wordsworth would call "God's immediate presence in the soul"); and then whatever joy comes with that may be welcomed as the best thing in life; and, of course, this is inconsistent with any wrong done to another. Also I feel that any peculiar happiness requires that one should perform more diligently and perfectly all duties unconnected with such happiness. In rare cases it is possible to lift up one's heart to a high region and maintain it there; and if that is not possible, devotion to some good task (not to use the big word "great cause") may come and replace one's private joy. But nature is very wise in what you call the "conventional ending," being the best ending for poor folk like most of us. It is indeed no ending, but the most blessed of beginnings. I write as a priest, which I am by order of nature and nature's training, but can, as I say, utter only the generalities as to first principles which ought to determine action.

This is more than enough.—Ever very sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

CASTLEGOLAND, CLOONEY, GLENTIES
CO. DONEGAL
July 24th, 1906

MY DEAR LYSTER,—I sign the National Library book lists. The pilfering is only one of the incidents to set over against the great advantages of the way in which your management

has helped the readers. I suppose every library suffers some losses in this way. I hope the pilferer has shown a refined taste in his selection!

We like this place better than any other of our Irish haunts, and it is our second visit. I get a swim almost every day—sometimes in company with seals who (they are very human creatures, lifting up their heads like monks, out of the waves) congregate in one particular bay—where salmon may be chased.

The weather has been much of what it ought to be in the west—opaline weather—with changing dusks and brilliances. I have been "leppin' and tearin'[1]" through Ibsen—and am now impatiently expecting more Ibsen which I ordered from the *Times*. I wish I had *not* been taught trigonometry—and *had* learnt Norwegian, so that I could enjoy "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" in the original. My fellow-student has ended her translation of the three parts of Grillparzer's "Golden Fleece."

We have once met the Gwynns, who are about two miles from us. Seals, gulls, and rabbits are our only intimates. The sandhills are a Venusberg of rabbits. We have not seen any of the Irish gods. And the fairies have all been tinned and exported to the London market.—With our kindest regards, ever yours,

E. DOWDEN.

TO MRS HEAD, SISTER OF W. J. CRAIG

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
Decr. 13th, 1906

DEAR MRS HEAD,—Your previous letter had in a measure prepared us.

I cannot tell you how greatly I cared for my dear friend,

[1] Quotation from "Edgiana," by H. H. West.

your brother. Never was there a sweeter, more lovable nature, united with great learning—never anyone more generous of his wonderful stores of knowledge. How often I shall miss him and think of him—and with not one recollection to impair my affection.

. . . . . .

Mrs Dowden has my own feeling in her degree for your brother, and truest sympathy with you.—Very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO PROF. W. MACNEILE DIXON

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
Jan. 10th, 1907

MY DEAR DIXON,—Yesterday I saw Cowl, and to-day you come in your letter—friends still (which should accompany old age). And I have lost a good friend in W. J. Craig—so the want is felt.

We keep well. I had a week in bed in December, and lost three lectures—but I am nearly as well now as I was before the spell of bronchitis. Last summer we were on the Donegal coast—gulls and seals were my confidants—and we drank in sunshine and sea-air, and I had my little swim almost every day.

I have also written a good many new lectures—virtuous at my age!—and now they go round the two years—though I may not go the round again. I am adding still—from a new bad habit, I suppose.

I have discovered that one can hardly be more useful than by just humbly keeping the students for an hour in living contact with one book; so I try to convey into these lectures just some of the life of a single book, and don't generalise or give views, except in *vivâ voce* digressions. But I try to avoid mere condensations and analyses, and aim at

the life of the book—and so have to feel it as a living thing. One gets, perhaps, thus unambitious and vital, as the real things become more real.

Your hands indeed are full. Ward kindly asked me to do the summing-up chapter of the two Cambridge volumes on Elizabethan Drama, but it would have taken me six months to do 25 pages, so I declined. I believe I am booked, like you, for a volume "On Lyrical Poetry" and I wish I had said "No." I wrote on Ibsen in the summer and articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* on Elizabethan Psychology, and some MSS. of Hayley I got about Cowper . . . . and I wrote for another American Review something on unpublished poems of the Countess of Winchelsea.

1906 took from me Garnett and Craig, great losses to me. I fear, but don't quite know the facts, that Atkinson is greatly, greatly broken. As to the Commission, I felt very much out of it personally—but I joined my fellow-professors in a memorial on their position. I keep hammering away at Unionist work, and wish there were younger men on our side to carry on the work.

My wife and Hilda did more in 1906 than I. Hilda published six songs, the music by her; and my wife published a translation of "Iphigenia," and preserved I think Goethe's sense and spirit in a great degree.

. . . . . .

This is all my news; it is no news that I am still and always, dear Dixon, affectionately yours, E. DOWDEN.

Feb. 10*th* 1907

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,—My wife has written to Mr Fletcher and told him to quote anything she may have written as he pleases.

I have read over his MS. and can add nothing to it.

Browning's own letter[1] is the fullest statement. Probably he didn't think out all the details so as to make a perfect harmony.

But he must, I suppose, have raised the question "What do we mean by matter"? and he would, I suppose, come to the conclusion that it can mean only certain experiences of what we call "mind."

I think in his elder years Browning nestled comfortably into an acceptance of our ignorance of many subjects, on which in his earlier years he would have passionately pronounced.

But these things are not worth saying to Mr Fletcher, and don't apply directly to his questions.

I rejoice to think you keep, on the whole, strong and well. I have had more than a touch of bronchitis, but now I cough but little. We are all astir about an Irish University scheme outlined by Bryce. We have nothing to say against other ways of meeting the demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, but in Ireland to make our old College and University, founded embodying the principle of entire religious equality and freedom in teaching, research, and publication, part of a system including Colleges embodying the principle of ecclesiastical authority in teaching, research, and publication, would be simply fatal.

And the absence of express tests does not make an institution one whit less hierarchical.

We want, in the interests of freedom of thought, to drive this fact into the mind of the British public—no easy thing to do! We may set forth the matter in a document and seek for signatures of weight.—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

[1] This refers to a letter which Browning wrote in 1881 to Dr Furnivall, No. 28 in Wise's "Letters of Browning."

It is inserted by Prof. R. H. Fletcher of Grinnell College, Iowa, U.S.A., in his book on Tennyson and Browning.

To Prof. W. F. P. Stockley, Cork

March 7th, 1907

My Dear Stockley,—I think S. Lee is right when he says that only a small proportion of Elizabethan and Jacobean plays were printed and that it is questionable whether any of Shakespeare's plays were published under his supervision. The playhouse authorities deprecated the publishing of plays. As soon as Sh.'s name became an advantage to a published play it was put on the title page, but not previously.

Tyrrell and Mahaffy were both impressed by Webb's chapter on the community of scientific ideas between Shakespeare and Bacon. You may remember I showed in the *National Review* (1902) that there was not an idea in common between them which was not the common property of the time. (Tyrrell then published a retractation). I could do it more fully now. The fact is certain. I hope you will come across a paper of mine on "Elizabethan Psychology" which will appear some time this year (1907) in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

I have been making out the reasons which determined the choice of subjects for the "Waverley Novels," from "Waverley" to "Nigel," and it rather plays havoc with theories of moral and spiritual development. The choice mainly turned on chance of popularity, desire of a change, and accident of an external kind.—Ever yrs. sincerely,

E. Dowden.

Written on Hotel paper with view of
Roche's Hotel, Glengarriff
Co. Cork
April 14th, 1907

My Dear Miss Travers,—This view tells you where we are; very faithful it is, but without the gold of gorse, the

grey and brown of lichens, and the young greenery of spring—wood-sorrels, wood-anemones, primroses, violets, spurge in the woods, and leaping streams. We have just come in from a ten miles walk; we had our lunch of India-meal bread and milk in the house of a little old rheumatic man of eighty, who lured us into his house, with a courtesy worthy of a peer; and wished us good luck and the grace of the Virgin when we left. We return to Dublin soon. As usual, when I was free, we drifted into the wilds. For one day we were in London—or rather part of a day, the morning being given to Eton, sitting in the sun, and inspecting rare books in the library. That afternoon I had to speak at a Unionist Defence Meeting in the beautiful Hall of the Middle Temple. We dreaded Easter and trippers, and returned to Dublin, and thence after Easter we came here.

The Bryce University scheme seems dead before it was born; we can easily have a better which may do our old University no hurt. The Bryce scheme has met with universal condemnation from all academic bodies in the United Kingdom, and from the most eminent Fellows of the Royal Society—Lord Kelvin, Huggins, and some hundreds more. Socially, we heretics "and the salt of the earth" can get on charmingly—but our educational ideals are not capable of conciliation. We do not put Herbert Spencer and J. S. Mill and Hallam on an *Index*, nor grant a student special permission to read them. In other countries there is a healthy body of sceptical lay opinion—in France and Italy, and even Spain. In Ireland 400 laymen in treaty with Trin. Coll. instantly submitted when the Bishops declared against them. Young men are indeed breaking away, but to satisfy the Bishops is what a Government can alone aim at.

We had a visit not long ago from W. B. Yeats. He gave us an amusing account of the wars of the Theatre. Learned as I thought myself in the feuds and factions of the Separatist parties, I could not follow the account of the ramifications

of hostile party within party. I fear W. B. Y. is a little losing his finer self in "movements" and petty leadership. Still he smiled over the whole story, and was only half engaged in the strife. I wish that he were wholly out of it, and consulting his genius. Certainly for one who does not live in the midst of the embroilment, it is an act of temerity to touch even a fragment of it. W. B. Y. comes and goes and is always intelligent and interesting—but after all, wisdom is better than folly, and he ought to be attending to his highest self.

What of the coming poet, painter and musician? The making of splendid names excites me—and "Tuscany" is a splendid name, if not for a poet, for a dog.

And what of "Laus Amicitiæ"? I never contributed a pair of friends to your allusive passage. Jeremy Taylor says a woman may be as true a friend as "any Roman Knight" (in a little book, addressed if I remember aright, to "the matchless Orinda). But Gibbon, in his "Autobiography" (and Gibbon had an admirable friend in his stepmother from whom he expected the dagger and the bowl), laments his infant sister because the only unalloyed friendship possible between a man and a woman is that, he says, of a brother and a sister. Your case of Mrs Taylor and J. S. Mill is hardly to the point. They would soon have been husband and wife had it been possible, and a friendship with this feeling held in restraint is not at least a *simple* friendship. Moreover, it was one of those cases where the woman is the husband and the man the wife. She had spiritual virility—he cherished and fostered her thoughts and feelings—which entered into him, and he brought forth their children (Political Economies, Logics, and Emancipation of Woman). I perfectly understand his joy as a wife—and his pride in her as his husband—and her joy too in her woman's spiritual virility. But that was other than a simple friendship.

We have made no summer plans. Perhaps we may

wander abroad. Perhaps we and you may meet somewhere in July. Our love and kindest remembrances to your father and mother.—Ever yours, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 9th, 1907

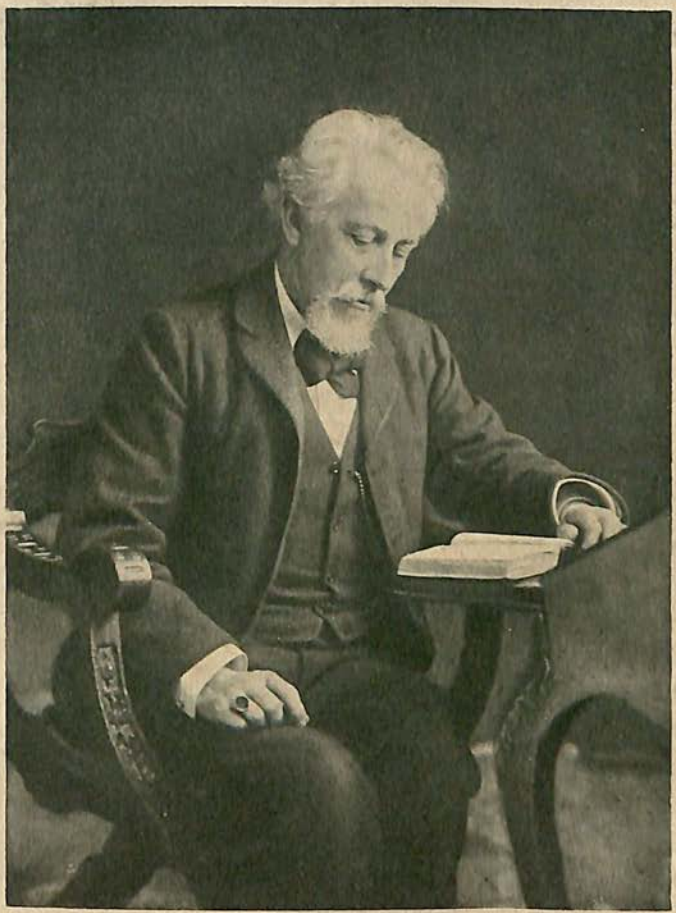
DEAR PROFESSOR MACMECHAN,—I got from the publishers, but I am sure it is to you my thanks should go, a copy of your "Select Poems of Tennyson." Both the Introduction and such notes as I have already read give me great pleasure and satisfaction. I am rejoiced to find something of wisdom and sane enthusiasm to meet a certain refluence, inevitable, I suppose, but sometimes unreasonable, with respect to Tennyson's poetry. It is amusing to hear the fine scorn with which some young writers speak of the whole "Early Victorian" or "Middle Victorian" art and literature—that time of great men and the making of splendid names! Of course it is all right that the world should go on; but I should suppose if one were a fine fellow oneself, it would be all the more reason to hold one's father in honour?

I have found enough in your notes to make me piously resolve to read every one of them, and I think I shall keep to my resolve.—With very sincere thanks,—most truly yours,
E. DOWDEN.

To W. H. TRIMBLE

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 9th, 1907

DEAR SIR,—Your kind gift came while I was away from home, and when I was moving from place to place. Now



Edward Dowden

that I have read "Walt Whitman" and "Leaves of Grass," I can say that I am truly grateful both to my friend Mrs Shenstone and to you. The book serves as a valuable Introduction to "Walt Whitman," and is not only sympathetic but sane. I confess that some of his American admirers would rather enfeeble than reinforce my loyalty to Walt if I allowed them. When I turn to himself I find my loyalty undiminished.

I have written nothing on Whitman of which you do not know. The old article I wrote came at the right moment, and that was its merit.

What a laborious task you have undertaken in the Concordance of "Leaves of Grass," but I am sure it will have an interest as the basis of a more intimate study of Whitman's language, and ideas as connected with language.—Very truly yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
Nov. 30th, 1907

MY DEAR LEE,—I am truly sorry to hear that Wm. Graham has been ill, and I trust that your kindness on his behalf will have all the success it deserves.

Graham has brought a clear, vigorous mind to bear in subjects of the highest importance—thinking in an independent way—and writing with spirit in a style that stimulates the reader and summons him also to think. He was valued by Carlyle in his older days, and I remember seeing a letter from James Martineau in which he showed his appreciation of Graham's work. He received an Honorary Doctor's degree from the University of Dublin.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
Dec. 16th, 1907

DEAR MR TAUSIG,—I am to blame for my very long delay in replying to your kind letter and the Shakespearian notes.

First as to your questions. I should think that the pictures in Trelawney's book could be used by you, but you had better inquire of the publishers.

Many thanks for mentioning to me Alfred Neubauer's book —which I must get, but up to the present I have been so very busy that I postponed ordering it.

The edition of "The Alarum for London," which I read, was by Richard Simpson—published many years ago—I should think between 20 and 30 years ago—and not easy now to procure. Ingleby's "Century of Praise" is to be made the basis of a more complete record of the same kind.

I know the nonsense of Carl Bleibtreu, and Peter Alver—and about a year ago I noticed Bleibtreu's book in a London newspaper the *Standard*. The theory was so absurd, and so wholly unsupported by evidence, that it hardly deserves notice.

Mrs Dowden is now at work on Grillparzer's "König Ottokar," but I do not know whether she will care to publish it, or the "Golden Fleece." It interests her, however, and interests me too. She sends you her kindest regards. We had a pleasant holiday during the summer in the south of England on the coast of Cornwall.

If I can be of any use to you in the Trelawney translations I shall be very glad, and I shall hope to answer any questions without much delay.

I have read your Shakespeare notes carefully. That on "Lear," iii. 1. 15, seems to me an ingenious guess, but I believe that "bids" is right and requires no emendation. I think it expresses briefly what is fully expressed in lines 5-7.

Lear bids wind or waves—whatever may will—to "take all." This phrase *take all*, which occurs in "Antony and Cleopatra," iv. ii. 8, seems to be taken from the language of gaming. It occurs as a gaming phrase in "A Warning for Fair Women."

As to Hamlet's letter—I think it can be shown from other passages that Shakespeare, like Bacon, believed that the earth was the fixed centre of the universe or of the solar system, and again, like Bacon, believed that the sun revolved round the earth and—like Bacon also, believed that the stars were "fires or flames as the Stoic held"—(Bacon's words). These were the generally accepted ideas in England at the time. Even Milton, at a much later date, seems to waver between the Copernican and Ptolemaic astronomy. On the whole, I incline to accept as right the interpretation of Delius.

With all good wishes from Mrs Dowden and myself for the new year, believe me, most truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO PROFESSOR F. F. ROGET

"I never heard before of Francis Brune, but this book gives me complete assurance that I have been unacquainted with a very remarkable writer. I cannot say how much it interested me or how admirable I think it. The writer seems to be as well acquainted with the pulses of a woman's heart as with those of a man's; and every side character stands out in the round, living and true, almost as much as Vaussore himself and the two chief women of the book. And to add to this, it is admirably written. Francis Brune (if that is really his name) has attempted a most difficult theme, and I think with an extraordinary measure of success."

The writer sent it to Professor Dowden under his pseudonym of Francis Brune, through his publishers.

The above is E. D.'s response. Francis Brune has now given his own name—Professor F. F. Roget, of the University of Geneva.

"This book, of which only a limited number of copies was printed, as it was intended to be a curious book, rather than a book catering for the million, has been out of print since 1904.

I thought that this episode might possibly interest you as throwing some true light on the late Professor's well-known intellectual preferences for a kind of literature that could not be suspected of "cheapness."—Yours very sincerely,

F. F. ROGET.

What follows here is extract from Professor Roget's letter to Mrs Dowden, etc., etc.

Feb. 25th, 1908

DEAR MISS TRAVERS,—I don't know that it will be to the disadvantage of "Thyrsis and Fausta" that the reviewers should have had time to read it. I hope the delay means that it has been given to reviewers who are expected each to give it a separate article, instead of disposing of it off-hand, as one of a cluster, at the rate of six lines per poet. Of course I read it with renewed interest. . . .

You mustn't say anything to me disparaging of Mrs Hemans, for she wrote many beautiful things.

. . . . . .

This year brought us in a sudden way a sorrow—tidings by cable of the death of a very able and a most lovable man, my wife's brother, with whom she at one time expected to live.

He had done Japan good service, and received whatever honours can be given to a foreigner. We learn from Prof.

Milne that all modern studies of earthquakes are based on "West's formula"—whatever that is; but what we do know is that a territory for one's affections has been cut off.

I ended my game at translation some time ago, and the whole "West-Eastern Divan" has been now spoilt. Into a volume called "New Studies in Literature," I put not far from 200 pp. on certain Goethe subjects—and a Clarendon Press, "Hermann and Dorothea," has a study of that large-bodied young woman who slipped so appropriately into her pretty lover's arms.

My chief piece of wicked amusement was, as President of the English Goethe Society, to deliver an uncompromising attack on our hero—and to print it in "Cosmopolis," I think, and to find it taken seriously. You British understand Jest *and* Earnest, but not always our Jest *in* Earnest, and Earnest in Jest.

Our love goes to you. I must turn to the Elizabethan plays: I am now discussing one to my boys and girls.—Most sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Sept. 7th, 1908

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—Keep "Sylvester" until you are quite done with it. My books are enhanced in worth by having proved of any use to a friend.

I think you cannot have heard of H. C. Hart's death—some disease of the arteries affecting the head.

A great mine of various kinds of learning is gone. He was a very good botanist too—was naturalist of some Arctic expedition. I believe his papers will be sent to me that I may advise as to whether they could be made useful. He

was a very diligent student of Ben Jonson. In his last letter to me he mentioned his visit to you.

I have lost a still nearer friend, whom you do not know, by an Alpine misadventure—Falkiner. He went out for a walk by himself, and did not return—next day his body was found. He was editing Swift's Letters for Bell, and Moore's Poet. Works for the Clarendon Press.

Yesterday, Dr Murray, now Sir James Murray, of the "New English Dictionary" was here. I didn't speak to him of you, because I was not sure whether the thought, at one time under consideration, of your becoming a worker on the Dict. had wholly passed out of view or not.—Always sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Nov. 12th, 1903

DEAR DR INGRAM,—Certainly, I shall be much interested in Goethe's religious opinions. Everything turns on *date*. After his visit to Italy he was very anti-Christian—not so at an early date, and he was an admirer of Christ at a later. In 1866 I had my own conviction that G. was pronouncedly non-Christian. A long and interesting correspondence between Anster and myself—*via* R. P. Graves—went on, Anster making the most of G.'s Christian utterances. I thought I'd work out that side, and did something, very badly, in two articles in the *Contemporary*—which are valueless.

There is a good story of Carlyle who went once with Browning and his wife to Paris; Browning fighting nobly with railway officials, Carlyle sitting and smoking. Walking with Browning near Paris, he passed a Crucifix and expressed his feelings: "Ah, puir fallow, *your* pairt is played out."

Robt. Buchanan says that Browning was charged by him with being a Christian teacher, and thunderingly denied that he was a Christian.

The truth about Browning is that he was a vehemently anthropomorphic Theist in his later years—didn't deny, and couldn't say he believed the Christian story—but shoved it all behind him, and kept to what he regarded as its result—the faith in God as a God of Love—and his acceptance of an unqualified anthropomorphism (as our best provisional conception) he took as an equivalent for the Christian story, which might or might not be a fable.

Browning makes an attack on the Comtist faith in "Ferishtah's Fancies"—and one to which a reply is very obvious—: If we laud and thank Humanity it is because we have moral perceptions of good and evil by which we recognise what we owe Humanity. We really are lauding and thanking ourselves.

He doesn't consider whether we may not owe these perceptions to the moral evolution of the race—Ever sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

P.S.—The pietist in Lavater provoked Goethe into a wish to rub him up the wrong way.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Dec. 28th, 1908

DEAR PROFESSOR MACMECHAN,—Your most kind letter, written when I had only said what, as true, I could not but say, is a pleasure to have and to hold. All good wishes go to you for 1909. The cause which made it wise for you not to apply for Birmingham is a happy one. The appointment there, I believe, is an excellent one. E. de Sélincourt's

"Keats," and his ed. of the MS. of "Hyperion" are, I think, evidences of a good scholar and a fine critic.—Always very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Feb. 17th, 1909

MY DEAR TODHUNTER,—I have gone through your notes carefully—but not with the German before me—because I haven't the translations. I can see at least that in several instances *my* notes were hasty, but if I have helped at all, I shall feel considerably proud. I think you passed a brilliant examination. I gave you 95 per cent. I don't remember giving more than 80 to any other candidate. Do not let yourself get caught into "Faust." What I want next is to hear that you have got back your strength, and are rifting your narrative poem with gold. There is a scent in your own poems which brings back, as scents do, my past, but beside this egoistic reason, I value them for their own sake. However, you taught me a lot in those old days, and I see the rather sombre Sir John Rogerson's Quay with an illumination around it. I am really quite ready to be taught a lot more.

I suppose you know that J. B. Y. is in America, and I am told, enjoying it immensely. I often hear through my daughters of W. B. Yeats, but rarely see him. Lately I made the acquaintance of Padraic Colum. George Russell (A. E.) tells me of another poet—Stephens—who (he says) is of high promise, and more a realist and less a dreamer, than other Irish poets—Ever affectionately yrs.,

E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Sept. 11*th*, 1909

DEAR MR CRAWFORD,—I can hardly wish, except for the sake of our dear Craig's memory and work, that you should tackle such a difficult job as that you suggest. I always urged on Craig the publication of a small "Select Glossary," giving only chosen words where he had very happy illustrations. That might find a publisher, and if there were any profits they ought to be yours. But Craig's own great design, I think, would be taken up now by no publisher, and it would be madness to waste part of your life on what could not reach the public.—Our kindest regards, very sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
Nov. 16*th*, 1909

DEAR MR FITZGERALD,—I have received—and in the most delightful form—the "Southey." I have also read, with care, the Editor's Preface. A more wise and sound piece of criticism I do not know. You have pleaded Southey's cause in the way which ought to serve him far more than anything of extravagant eulogy. And I cannot but hope that you will win readers for what is so well worth reading. The whole, which I have explored (though I have kept the notes for later reading) is in a true sense complete, for everything of value is here represented—and represented adequately—while anything omitted is on record—and all important aids to study of the man and his work are pointed out.

I can indeed congratulate you, and though I am not disinterested, I believe I say what I say as sincerely as if you had not written those kindest of words at the close of your

Preface, which (may I say ?) move me deeply as one of the very best rewards for what I tried to do when I was young. I do not like to add more, lest I should have to rebuke myself in " Hamlet's " fashion,

" Somewhat too much of this."

Most sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

Feb. 21st, 1910

DEAR MR M'CURRY,—After you went away I lay down with a most grateful feeling of all your kindness, and I had a sleep on my sofa of the most refreshing kind.

Your penny book on sleeplessness seems to have many useful hints, and I keep it a little longer. As to reading, I believe what interests and occupies one's mind is best. I got so much out of the habit of reading contemporary novels that I should find them hard work, while I read with no effort and deep interest, Prof. Wm. James' Gifford Lectures on " the Varieties of Religious Experience " for the second time. I am sure you would also be interested in it.

No, I didn't myself know the lady who drew W. Wordsworth from memory. She was a neighbour. And my friend R. Perceval Graves (curate of Ambleside, then) knew her family and knew W. Wordsworth well. It was an undergraduate essay, in which I expressed my feeling for W. Wordsworth, that brought me that dear paternal friendship of R. P. Graves—one of the gentlest, manliest, sweetest and purest of spirits. He had a fine bust of Wordsworth in his drawing-room.

Would you care to add to your autographs a bit of Southey's writing. It is one of his innumerable notes from books—the pencil marks at top are his son-in-law's, Mr Warter's.

It was a happiness to Mrs Dowden as well as myself to

have that kind visit from you. It did us good—and we felt that virtue proceeded out of you.

Believe us both gratefully yours (and I'll sign for her),

E. D. and E. D. DOWDEN.

The latter meaning Elizabeth Dickinson Dowden. Her mother was Dean Dickinson's sister, and her father Dean West of St Patrick's. (We are horribly ecclesiastical in our connections.)

March 7th, 1910

EXTRACT

I wish you all success with your Belfast Lecture. Aubrey de Vere often said to me that Ireland had never sufficiently taken W. Wordsworth to heart. . . .—Always yours affectionately,

E. DOWDEN.

March 29th, 1910

EXTRACT

DEAR MR MCCURRY,—Cordial thanks. The lecture is full of excellent and interesting matter. The anecdote about Wordsworth's drollery is new to me. That alteration you notice in the "Cuckoo" poem was the result of many intermediate changes. Wordsworth's worst text is, I think, that of 1836, when he prepared an edition for being stereotyped. He made a good many improvements but also many unwise changes—from which he reverted in 1845.

Mrs Dowden and I go to-morrow to Woodenbridge, a place we know and like. It is a little too early for the wealth of spring flowers.

I keep well and cheerful, though my sleep is so very much curtailed. I return the interesting lecture.—Most cordially yours ever,

E. DOWDEN.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO PROFESSOR W. STOCKLEY

March 25th, 1910

. . . . . .

I feel as you do the discouragement of the hasty and erroneous verdicts on literature I often read. But it is partly because my youth is so remote, and I know I often erred myself on the way to something a little nearer the truth. My chief error I think was in too ready submission to an author whom I was right in admiring with qualifications —and now the qualifications force themselves on me. I should like, for instance, now to set forth my reservations as to Goethe, Walt Whitman, George Eliot, and others. My sympathies were too facile, though in large measure, I think, right. Leslie Stephen was free from this defect and could douche his admirations with cold water.

As to the Baconians—nothing disturbs their assurance, and the assurance goes with amazing ignorance. This week an eminent Baconian writes to me of Barclay's "Argenis" which he has just heard of.

I must have said to you that my moral certainty as to Bacon arises from the fact that he *had* an imagination and showed it—and an imagination which, so far as I know, has never been held by anyone in common with the wholly different Shakespearian kind of imagination. One produces the "Wisdom of the Ancients"—and the other "King Lear."

TO CAPTAIN CREAGHE CREAGHE-HAWARD

May 14th, 1910

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am glad you allow me to call you by this name. I must write a line to thank you for your kindest of letters.

I am very glad to hear what you say of a possible citizen army in Ireland. Certainly the constabulary seem to have always been loyal to authority. It would be very invidious for a Unionist to treat Ireland with disfavour and distrust, and I have not a doubt that England ought to rouse herself (though I fear the chance is small) to carry out such limited proposals as are made by the National Service League. If England—then I suppose, logically, the rest of the United Kingdom. And yet I have my misgivings.

I am trying to carry on my lectures and even to write a little, but under difficulties—I cause, of course, anxiety to my wife, which harms her. Still I look well—but I have had only one good night since October.—Ever most sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

To A. E. MORGAN

June 21st, 1910

EXTRACT

As to Baptism, I distinguish between essence and form—and, I think, without sophistry.

The essence of the rite is highly to be applauded—the dedication of a new life to whatever one believes best and highest. The form may be transitory or obsolete. I think, however, one may desire that the form were different, it is clearly understood that submission to it may in many cases be made for sake of the essence, and that nowadays such submission implies no violation of truth. For many persons the form is, in itself, all it ought to be, and for their sakes one would not have it changed.

For others it is the mere husk of the vital essence. I should enrol a child in the band of the dedicated, and regard the form as secondary, to be submitted to for sake of the substance.

I look on what I call the Highest as inconceivable by us

in its own nature, and I should make use of any anthropomorphic conceptions, as a symbol of that reality; for we can never escape anthropomorphism, and it is the shadow, while recognised as such—around which our best thoughts and feelings must gather in tending towards what, in itself, is beyond all conception. I think any religion better than none; but I should pitch my poor conceptions as high as I could, and know them to be but shadows of the Divine. We live through illusions into reality, and the process of human progress is not through an aggressive attack upon our highest illusions, but through their gradual purification and elevation, and always keeping them at their highest.

Reversion to lower illusions—transcended in the progress of time—I think would be treason to truth. But if people's best thoughts and feelings gather about these, I should be slow to attack them; and yet, sometimes they must be attacked for the sake of what is higher.

This is all I can say, and it may not be applicable to other persons than myself.

We leave home soon for some change. I think of late I get more sleep. Where we shall go, I know not.—Ever yours,

E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR,
DUBLIN
Oct. 20th, 1910

MY DEAR SHORTER,—Your kind gift, following so kind a visit, delights me. I know a good deal of Mrs Shorter's work and know also the rank it has taken in the esteem of those whose esteem is worth possessing. Already I have had pleasure from this book of 1910, which I had not seen (for during twelve months I have fallen into arrear even with the books of my professorial trade), and I reckon with

certainty on more enjoyment to follow what came yesterday evening.

Cordial thanks to her first, and to you also—giver of a good gift. With my wife's kind remembrance.—I am, very truly yours, E. DOWDEN.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
—— 1910

MY DEAR GRAVES,—I am very glad to hear of the "Shakespeare" for reading circles—a really needed thing—and how can I but be greatly gratified by your kind thought of dedicating the first volume to me?

Of course, I say "yes" with a grateful feeling. It reminds me of old evenings when we had readings at your uncle's house. I am not yet even quite done with Shakespeare work—for I am writing short Introductions to the "Plays and Poems," for the popular "World's Classics" edition of the Oxford University Press.

Three volumes (of nine in all) will be issued this autumn. With my wife's kind regards.—Ever sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

SONNET

TO PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.

Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin

"Because, when mine with too uncertain knock
Craved access to the Great Enchanter's heart,
A golden key you gave me to unlock
The marvellous shrine of Shakespeare's Mind and Art
In memory too, of those Ambrosian Eves
Around his hearth who was my other father

Your friend beloved, when with the falling leaves
  Shakespeare's good Dublin lieges he would gather—
His Salmons, Stokeses, Ingrams, Fergusons,
  Darleys, Mahaffy's, Todhunters and ourselves
To be his Lears or Hamlets for the nonce;
  His Portias, Rosalinds—his Fools and Elves—
'The Shakespeare Circle,' doubly thus your due
  Dowden, is henceforth dedicate to you."

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

October 14th, 1910

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, RATHGAR
Oct. 26th, 1910

MY DEAR GRAVES,—You could not have gratified me more than by associating me with your uncle and his Shakespeare readings—I never think of him without love and gratitude. I am not responsible for the too kind words about my own book; but I thank you. . . . It has had—you will like to know—a long life—and still is bought, at too high a price (for which I am not to blame), in as good numbers, or rather better than in former years.

It is very unlikely that Todhunter was omitted from the "Ambrosian evenings" though I cannot distinctly recollect his presence. He could not have been absent, especially when he was lecturing at Alexandra College.

Of course you may quote from anything I have written. I spell *Shakespeare* so whenever I now can. Autograph signatures in Elizabethan days count for little and in the "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" we have Shakespeare's authority for *Shakespeare*.

I think your fourth line is best as in your own handwriting. I return the typed copy and keep your MS. as a pleasant autograph of A. P. G.

I get on with my little job and am now at the Sonnets. More than half of the whole is done. With my wife's kind remembrances.—Ever sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

TO A. E. MORGAN

HIGHFIELD HOUSE
Jan. 23rd, 1911

MY DEAR MORGAN,—It is delightful to get good news of you—you three. First, give Mrs Morgan our affectionate remembrances; and next, give *Miss* Morgan (who, after an anniversary of her birth will soon be coming out) a greeting on my behalf of the kind that fathers bestow—and congratulations on her liking the world. Congratulations to you also on your finding the Exeter work congenial, but I fear you have too much of it for entire pleasure.

Now as to Shelley—I daresay J. Todhunter in his book on Shelley expounds this passage, and I daresay one or two annotated editions do the same (one of these is American) but I will play off my own bat.

I think one must abstain from defining hardly each particular consoling Spirit. Each tells a fragment of the whole. Remember that one of the designs of "Prometheus" was to sustain what Shelley thought the better part of the French Revolution, in a time of reaction. This especially bears on the 5th and 6th Spirit's speeches.

First.—The early and radiant period of a Revolutionary movement.

Second.—Love your enemies at even the cost of your life. (Perhaps a warning to the Spirit of Revolution.). *Cf.* "Revolt of Islam."

Third.—The thinker who leads up to the great enfranchising movements. The Dream precedes the Deed.

Fourth.—As the thinker gives thought, so the poet inspires it with passion and with ideal visions; (which Shelley thought of great practical value, though not swiftly to be realised).

Then comes the spirits which sustain hope in a counter-revolution like that of Shelley's own day. (A comma after *madness* is right).

Fifth tells, as does the "Revolt of Islam," of the victories of the counter-revolution.

The close means that such benignant fortitude as that of Prometheus enables one to endure all present horrors.

The Sixth continues this strain with special reference to the error of supposing the millennium is coming this bout. The false hope of a sudden triumph of all that is best is a "monster," who, as Love, promises immediate triumphs for right, but really deceives, and "the shadow Pain" remains after the erroneous dream.

The completion of the comfort is added by the Chorus—a final victory will come—a spring after winter.

This is what I make of it—and it seems to be Shelleyan in spirit—I mean my interpretation.

. . . . . .

POST CARD FOLLOWING LETTER

I wrote my Shelley exposition in the Examination Hall. I meant to look whether the Furies in any way are parallel to the consoling spirits, but forgot.

. . . . . .

—Ever yours, E. D.

EXTRACT

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR
May 1st, 1911

. . . . . .

We are now in very fair order, and my books are on their shelves, but I don't myself know my way thro' the

different regions they inhabit. My daughter is the guide of the old blind bookworm. And indeed I grow less blind and less bookworm. I have been preparing for what will probably be my last set of lectures on Elizabethan subjects, and I grow more and more to think that young students should read only what is great and vital—and all the historical and scientific dealings with minor authors do not nourish the soul.

To Miss Emily Devine

Rockdale, Rathgar
May 11th, 1911

Dear Miss Devine,—I cannot rightly say how grateful I am to you and your friend the good nun for what you do on my behalf. My friend of the Carmelite College told me a thing that touched me, which I will repeat, for I am sure there is nothing to move my vanity in it, but rather the reverse. An old Ursuline nun showed him a bit of verse copied into a blank page of her breviary—by whom she did not know—but she said, "Poor man, I hope he is happy, and I remember him in my prayers." The scrap of verse happened to be by me, as my friend Mr Lappin told her. . . .

I am a heretic in educational matters, and I think one learns most from what one likes best. I learnt all sorts of things which I very soon forgot, and, unless the learning things I didn't care for was good as discipline, I believe I got little good from them; but the things I loved when young I love better now.

I think you asked me which of Shakespeare's women I care for most. In different moods I would give different answers, but I edited a whole play for love of Imogen, and I cherish the hope that I restored to her the true word she

utters when she embraces her husband who had thrown her to the ground.

"Think that you are *upon a lock*,
(not rock), an old phrase for a wrestler's grip,
and now Throw me again."

If I have made Imogen utter the right word at such a moment, I am rewarded for all the dull editorial work.—Sincerely and gratefully yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

EXTRACT

I am afraid we in college lectures give too much of the history of literature, and too little of literature itself. I should like to have a small class, sitting round a table, and go through chosen poems from such a book as the "Golden Treasury"—trying to deepen the feeling for what is beautiful in literature, rather than the talk about books and authors; which may tend certainly to broaden, but does not do much to deepen, one's sense of what is best in poetry.—Very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR
May 18th, 1911

DEAR MISS TRAVERS,—I have now read a great part of the "Letters from Finland"; and "Marius Fitzgerald" can say in all truth that it is a very interesting and well-written book. Everywhere an ignorant person like myself is informed, and always in a manner so bright and vivid that information is no burden, but quickens as well as fills the mind. I am sure it will not have dulled your faculty for verse, and you can feel happy in having written a book which will co-operate with the movements for change coming

upon the England that we love, or ought to love. "Eileen" has also read part of the book and her verdict is the same as mine.

I cannot think we are going to have another Restoration period as you suggest (that is a reproduction of the ill side of Restoration literature). But in truth that was a great period; when literature indeed became a servant of the senses, but science grew and flourished and led up to Newton and others. Our recent literature seems to me often grim through a sympathy with the hard realities of life. And perhaps this is more needed than the anxieties that we—not you—old Victorians had about the things of the spirit. The soul can never be lost; its claims in the end must prove themselves paramount, but it seems to me cruel to forget the needs of suffering humanity for the sake of one's own private spiritual welfare; this last will come indirectly, and to lose oneself, and so to find oneself, seems to me to be like that which the best of all our masters, Christ, would commend. I see that the world is going to be a very different world from that of my early days, and that I shall not live to know how very different it will be; but my faith is that it is going to be a better world.

We left Highfield House at the end of March. This is brighter but has only a little paddock of a garden. With a view—if I should live—to my retirement, we needed to economise, and E. D. D. bought this house—not because it is our exact choice—but as a compromise between our own wishes for the country and the wishes of others for suburbia. For very long now I have suffered from chronic insomnia, and find my lectures very difficult. But it is quite a possibility—as far as we can see—that I may recover. When I am free we may try a sea voyage, but I'm not sure.

Meanwhile, and always, such untellable good surrounds me that I can only wonder and be grateful.

I will end here, for I have been writing many letters.—

With most cordial thanks, truest good wishes, and love from E. D. D., I am, very sincerely yours, E. DOWDEN.

TO CAPTAIN CREAGHE CREAGHE-HAWARD

GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL
CARAGH LAKE
August 1911

MY DEAR CREAGHE,—You see I do as you bid me. (And why shouldn't you drop the "Professor" which is only a casual adjunct of the human creature E. D. ?)

. . . . . .

We had planned at some time to drive over some afternoon to Glenellen, and still hope before we leave Caragh to do so, but leave everything for the present indefinite. . . .

We like the quiet of this place much, and have found a delicious bog, with some firs on its edges, to which we stroll and lie under the firs swishing lullingly over our heads, and there read, or stare at the sky between the fir branches.

And every night but one I have had a long division between day and day without any poisoning of my brain by drugs.

We have, among the 15 or 20 folk here, a Lieutenant-Col. Sawyer, who seems to me a very able man of action (making a man of books feel rather small), and a Sir Harry Prendergast, to whom I have not spoken yet, but who—(a very old "Who's Who" tells me) seems to have done great things in India and Burma—an old veteran not far from 80.

And there are most patient fishers who spend days on the lake, are proud when they return with three trout, and are profoundly learned in flies. . . .

I forget whether I told you that we moved from our house to one near it—Rockdale, Orwell Road—but I must have told

you, I think. It belongs to my wife, and I, who indulged in fiery Unionist politics, am not even a voter!

With our kindest regards to Mrs Creaghe-Haward, and wishes for your complete recovery,—I am, very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

Sept. 25th, 1911

EXTRACT—TO REV. MAURICE FITZGERALD

We keep hoping about Home Rule. If the bill goes through the Commons, I hope the Lords will throw it out. There may be a General Election before it could become law. I much doubt, however, that Home Rule would throw the Government out. If the Labour Party should revolt and run candidates against the Liberals, we might win some seats. I don't believe that Ulster means only bluff. They are a very determined folk—and the men around Carson are serious, resolute, and trustworthy men.

At all events I gave much time during 25 years to resisting Home Rule, and now I am *hors de combat*, or almost so.—Very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 18th, 1911

DEAR MR DOBELL,—I know now a great deal more about Frances Wright than I did before your loan of this interesting collection which I intend to return in a few days—certainly a remarkable woman, whose memory is worth keeping a record. But I should not suppose that dramatic poetry lay within her range. I note all you mention to me, but I will not, at present at all events, trouble you to send me the

things you mention. I cannot for some time attempt more than my College work, but I should like to make some account of Frances Wright an occasion for printing extracts from her letters to Mary Shelley. Lady Shelley, however, made a needless mystery of her "Shelley and Mary" volumes, and I don't know whether permission to make extracts from them could now rightly be obtained.

Meantime, thanks to you for helping to make real and living to me a figure that previously was only a shadow stirring a good deal of curiosity in me. No wonder she interested Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter.—Very truly yours,

E. DOWDEN.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Nov. 9th, 1811

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I have let a week pass since you wrote to me so kindly, and each day have expected to find the illustrated edition of "The Sensitive Plant" in my College Rooms, but each day I have been disappointed. Perhaps I shall see it there to-morrow. Meanwhile I have seen the beautiful book in my bookseller's, and can assure you that I shall value it not only for the giver's sake but for the gift's. I have been dissatisfied because I had not thanked you, or explained my silence. I will let you know the moment it arrives, and I keep your kind inscription to paste over Lady Desborough's name.

I don't think I wrote to you since the distant date when "Father and Son" appeared. I cannot tell you how much that book interested me. And it made me reverence and esteem the Father, and set down his ruinous errors not to his character but to his creed.—Always, dear good friend, most sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

Jan. 21*st*, 1912

EXTRACT

DEAR SIR,—There is a chain of evidence showing that Shakespeare discovered himself to English readers, and theatre-goers, and never was lost sight of by them, though some periods were more enthusiastic than some others. For the continent I think Voltaire may be, as you say, called his discoverer, but Voltaire's feeling towards Shakespeare varied from time to time.

The fragment of truth in what Heine says is that the Germans were early in the field in viewing the totality of Shakespeare's work, and the relation of each part to the whole. But Coleridge, with perhaps some help from Schlegel, was also early in the field in this matter.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR
Feb. 25*th* 1912

DEAR MR FITZGERALD,—Thanks and thanks and thanks for the book. It has been in my hands only a short time, but I have read the admirable introduction, explored the notes, read a good many letters, and made a hasty survey of the whole. I think you have represented, as far as possible, the complete man, and I believe this book will do much to bring new friends and allies to Southey. He seems to be giving much and generously to a reader through the pages I have read. And it is no slender sheaf of letters—550 pages admits a great deal.

I see the quite undeserved thanks to me, and I am glad that my name—even with no good right—appears in connection with your book.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR
June 2nd, 1912

EXTRACT

. . . . . .

As for me, in some ways I feel stronger, but my sleep is very uncertain. Many days are spoilt by the poor nights, but yesterday Mrs Dowden and I drove to the hills, and we enjoyed the glory of June and the silence of the hills. It is something to be able to say that since last autumn I have not missed a single lecture—only seven remain to be given—and perhaps the change when we leave home may be a gain. But indeed the chief fact is that I have lived a long life—and have now, with such good cheer as is possible, to accept what is a natural part of the whole—(and I shall get well if I can).

Though probably I shall never give them again, I have enjoyed writing and talking a large number of wholly new lectures. My last attempt has been to trace the protest against the dangers of our material civilisation with its horrors, from Wordsworth and Southey down to Ruskin's sociological ideas and William Morris' socialism. The subject might be made into an interesting volume. Carlyle's "Chartism" and "Past and Present"; Disraeli's "Sybil" and "Coningsby"; Mrs Gaskell's "Mary Barton" and "North and South"; Kingsley's writings as "Parson Lot," and his "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" had all to be glanced at. And with this the transcendentalism of Carlyle and Emerson, and Newman's protest against Liberalism in religion. So I have had something to do—and I have also contrived to write a little Introduction to the "Ring and the Book" for a publisher.

I congratulate you on reading Bradley. Both he and Walter Raleigh have written very kind things to me.

TO PROF. LILY E. MARSHALL

GWEEDORE HOTEL, CO. DONEGAL
Aug. 14th, 1912

DEAR PROFESSOR MARSHALL,—Thank you for your letter. You show good critical insight in saying that my "Andromeda" is my "Eurydice." They had one and the same source.

I have written enough verse to make large additions to the old volume, but I think poetry has taken new ways, and I could hardly now hope for an audience, though the book long ago was received with a kindly spirit.

I forgot to say that my Dublin address is—Rockdale, Orwell Road, Rathgar, Dublin. Should anything bring you to Ireland and I were at home, it would be a pleasure to me to act as a cicerone.

Yes, I can well imagine your joy in passing on Shelley's gift to Italian students. It is a noble kind of charity.

Here we are in delightful wilds—moorland, mountain, a swift river for fishing men, and the sea four miles away.

It pours a good deal, but a summer of heat and glare would not suit the place.

Possibly a week hence I may return to Dublin, and in a day or two start off for another little wandering in Wicklow, or perhaps in Wales.—Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO THE SAME

POST CARD 1912

It is good to be remembered in Via Carroccio, Milan. I have not at all forgotten Italy, Milan, and the Professor. Nor have I failed to watch in catalogues for the old volume

of poems, but no copy has yet appeared. I have been "buried among leaves" like Wordsworth's bird (perhaps it was his stock-dove), but my leaves have been those of students in for Honours Examinations. Yesterday this part of my work came to an end. Thanks for the Leonardo card (both sides of it).—Yours, E. DOWDEN.

GWEEDORE HOTEL, CO. DONEGAL
August 1912

DEAR MR LAPPIN,—I can report well of myself. With a few interruptions I have had a long spell of excellent sleep—and no drugs. It may not last, but so far, so good. We have been here nearly three weeks, and have enjoyed our stay all the more because the weather has been cool. The charm of this region lies in its fine sweeps of moorland, and its swift rivers brown with peat stain, and the colour, often sloe-blue or plum-bloom, of the mountain heights. We have walked much more than we did last year, and if "beauty born of murmuring sound" passes into one's face, we must by this time have grown beautiful. Yesterday we lay for two hours by a brown river tumbling in cascades, and both fell asleep. My joys have been greater than those of the anglers who grumble at their wants of success.

I am glad to hear of the life of St Francis. Lately I read one of Sabatier's books about him; to include him and St Thomas is an achievement which I fear would be impossible in what I once called the "Anglican paddock."

We had as our special companions here, however, a dignitary of the "Anglican paddock," the Bishop of Leicester and his wife and daughter, whom we liked not a little. Every day he conquered some new mountain, and he loved a good story with charming innocence.

I saw in the *Spectator* a review of Conrad's "Reminiscences." Here I found a volume of Warren Hastings'

letters to his wife—a husband's ardent love-letters, and I learnt to feel some of Macaulay's injustice to a great wronged man. But most of my reading hours were given to Spenser, and once again I went through the " Faerie Queene " (though I can't say, as Southey did, that I have read it once a year).

What you tell me of the Carmelite nun is beautiful, and will live in my memory—such lives and such approaches to death are the mountain heights like ours here in Donegal which have not only the strength but the beauty of colour which our pedestrian lives lack.

I must give you thanks for the beautiful variant reading of Longfellow which you send me. I am only sorry that our good Bishop Clayton has departed to conquer mountains at Glenties—for he would have enjoyed the quotation. It is new to me, and you need not think of that advantage of coming to the provinces to which the Bishop touchingly referred—that of being able to reproduce the most venerable chestnuts! Kindest regards from us both—Very sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWDEN.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR, DUBLIN
Sept. 3rd, 1912

DEAREST HILDA (or rather in part HESTER),—Between perils of land and water you have not, so far, fared well. But good days will come! I hope before this reaches you the missing trunk will have come to light. . . . We shall not leave home certainly before Friday, Aunt Bessie is writing to Recess, Mallaranny, and Newrath Bridge (Rathnew), asking whether they have rooms. My inclinations tend toward Recess. I don't want to look at the sea, as it was unkind to Hilda, and the Twelve Pins of Co. Galway will be useful if my braces give way. . . .

On Friday I went to the Horse Show, but did not see the

horses. I only visited the lace, metal, furniture, and book-binding quarters, and thought well of them. On Saturday we went to the "Playboy"—nice little theatre, creditable actors, and large audience. But I was disappointed with the play. I liked the idea of a young hero who goes romancing and romping thro' life to the judgment day, and thought the idea that women are enthusiastic for the strong man a good idea for comedy. But I can't think that killing one's da with a loy was a sufficient proof that Christie was the strong man, in spite of all the attractions of parricide. I am heretical enough to think Synge's other plays finer than the "Playboy"—and I would place first his magnificent "Deirdre," which puts him in the first rank of tragic poets.

Yesterday I was at Dollymount. With a full tide, a north wind, and drifting smoke above the city spires, and the Wicklow mountains making a grey background, the outlook was very fine.

Iden Payne's company is giving attractive plays, Bernard Shaw's, and a brutal tragedy by Masefield, which I'd like to see, but fear the theatre might spoil my sleep (which has so far continued good). I am sorry I didn't go on Saturday to the "Mousme," I'd have liked the little Jap girls and the songs better than Pegeen and Christy.

I hope you have the spirit of enjoyment and will extract every thing delectable that you can from London.—Ever your loving, E. DOWDEN.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR
DUBLIN
Oct. 20th, 1912

MY DEAR GOSSE,—You are indeed kind to me! Tho' No. 8 of the 50 copies of your "Life of Swinburne" might have gone into some better hands, it could hardly have given

more pleasure, or gone into hands more grateful. You have succeeded in giving charm to an article for the *D.N.B.* (so indeed did Swinburne himself to articles in the *Encyc. Brit.*). I never met him, but had a few letters from him, and have recollections of his kindness and a certain magnanimity. And it was a surprise of pleasure to me when looking into "Chamber's English Lit." vol. 3, I found a cordial word from him there about my "Life of Shelley."

We have a cousin of Swinburne here in Dublin—now a widow—Mrs Maude, who has spoken to me now and again of "Algy," but I cannot recall anything memorable beyond her tone of affection.

My thanks go on wings to you faster than the post will take this letter.—Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

P.S.—One of his short poems owes its origin to a letter of mine. I wrote to Swinburne, Kipling and Alfred Austin for songs for Unionists in Ireland. Swinburne at once sent the song, but required that the music should be by Sullivan, who could not be brought to give it. The song had something about "black as . . . creed of priest—which, I objected, would not do for our Catholic Unionists. He replied that his text for once should be "like the opinions dearest to the heart of Mr Gladstone, and could be changed to order." "Beast" took the place of "priest" in the revised version. Austin's verses were, for singing purposes, more suitable, and were set to music. Kipling wrote that if the song came to him he'd send it (which never happened); but he thought we "needed drilling a damned sight more than doggerel!" My reply was that the two were not incompatible.

To Captain L. Creaghe Creaghe-Haward

Rockdale, Rathgar, Dublin
Dec. 4th, 1912

My Dear Creaghe,—We shall enjoy your large gift of snipe twice as much because it is delightful to be remembered by you. We send you cordial thanks, and I hope we may assume that you are strong and well. Our summer wanderings last summer did not bring us near Kerry. We went northwards—first to Portsalon, where we did not golf—and then to Gweedore, where we did not fish. But other men fished, and we did not (to be scriptural) enter into their labours, but their labours entered into us. Barring colds, my wife is flourishing, and since July 2nd, when we left here, my sleep has been better than for three years—not too good, but on most nights a living wage. Only I went into this long tunnel of insomnia young for my years, and if I come out of it, shall come out older than I ought to be. By something of an effort I went out last Friday to a big Unionist meeting at the Rotunda. The chief speaker was the bulky Ulsterman who flung the book which hit Winston Churchill. The last *Punch* says that the two have been much together since—and, as probably you have seen, gives their portraits, the big man and the little. Ronald M'Neill spoke well, and the meeting was a success, and for four hours that night I slept the sleep of the just.

Give our kind regards and remembrances to Mrs Creaghe-Haward.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

Edward Dowden.

TO E. H. DOWDEN [1]

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR, DUBLIN
Dec. 27th, 1912

MY DEAR LIZZIE,—Your discovery is most interesting and remarkable, and it is especially remarkable that J. E.'s daughter should have made this addition to her father's find.

I think you ought to write a letter to *The Athenæum* telling all the facts. It is too interesting an incident not to be put on public record.

Of course, Maggs is to be envied if he purchased Shakespeare's "Poems." I daresay it was the edition of 1640. Maggs issues delightful catalogues. . . . . .

They used to flatter me with the idea of what costly books are on my shelves—which, in fact, are copies so poor as to be valueless—and I felt proud to have some book wanting a title or an index which would, in a fine copy, have cost pounds instead of pence. My latest pride is a first edition of one of Pascal's scientific books, but I haven't succeeded in deluding myself into supposing that it is as valuable as it is scarce. . . .—Ever yours lovingly, E. D.

. . . . . .

DR GEROTHWOHL

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR
Dec. 30th, 1912

MY DEAR GEROTHWOHL,—All good wishes go to you from us all. I have been better since June—never sure of good nights, but very fair nights come, and I lectured a large class without fatigue.

[1] E. D.'s Niece.

It was a true pleasure to see Morgan, who gave me a cheering account of you and your activities.

I shall be very glad to get your Vigny article. If the second also appears, I hope the interval between the two will not be long. Your kind thought of connecting my name, at some future time, with your collected studies gives me already some pride, and the pleasure of thinking that there will be this visible sign of our friendship. We all miss you. Rudmose Brown[1] is far off, but I sometimes meet him on Saturdays at the twopenny book-carts, where we both flatter ourselves that we are finding treasures.

I am not happy about T.C.D. and Home Rule. We are a pawn in the game, and I prefer being a Unionist to being a Home Rule pawn. From the Academic point of view, I don't think it matters much. Our popularity will depend on our catering better for the educated public than our rivals. I don't want * * * * * * to be the next Provost, or Commissions to come from over the way in College Green. But I feel attached, at my age, by such a slender thread to the College, that I believe I ought to accept the decision of those who have a future before them.

Cowper was, at heart, essentially a social creature, tho' he may sometimes praise solitude; and Nature for him was a very attractive female companion, another Mrs Unwin, a charming, pious, interesting, elderly lady, with all happy ways of attracting and soothing him, which he studies, as he might those of the sober Mrs Unwin or the brighter Lady Hesketh.

Wordsworth had many kinds of feelings for Nature, but the most Wordsworthian, I think, is the self-transcending rapture.

She was a sister and a wife, and a spirit and an Egeria—a source of repose at times, but above all of rapture, and a wisdom that comes through rapture. For Shelley, Nature

[1] Professor of French in T.C.D., successor to Dr Maurice Gerothwohl.

was a desire, and if attained was still unattainable with always an au-dela—"love's welcome an adieu"—"love's conquest a pursuit."

There is some touch of the opiate effect of Nature in the first stanza of Keats's "Nightingale"; and Nature, as a sedative and cooling influence after the heats of the world, appears almost constantly in Matthew Arnold. There is a hard, dry, accuracy in many descriptive passages of Crabbe—but not at all in the Gautier manner. I haven't mentioned any particular passages, so many contend for first place, but I shall be curious to see your selections. You know, perhaps, V. de Laprade's book on "Le sentiment de la Nature" (one vol. on modern poetry); I reviewed it about 1866! and thought it interesting.

In Inge's Bampton Lectures on Mysticism there's a chapter on the mystical feeling for Nature. I'm afraid that I haven't yet hit on what you want; for Wordsworth's feeling is not like Nirvana, but rather the religious mystic's joy in Union (with God); and M. Arnold's feeling is also unlike Nirvana. But I may think of something better, and if so I will let you hear of it.

We one and all send our heartiest greetings to you. I shall rejoice if we meet in 1913.—Ever yours, E. D.

To J. B. Yeats

Rockdale, Rathgar
Jan. 8th, 1913

My Dear Yeats,—I was delighted to get your destructive criticism on America and American Society, in which, as I hope in any criticism of my own—there was construction always in view. There was so much in it, that I will not go back upon it, lest I should have to write an essay instead of a letter; and what I really want is to send you every good

wish—not loud but deep—for 1913; and to say how very good it is to me to have, after so many years, a place I like to have in your memory. Miss Purser was here yesterday and she seemed to think that America had captured you for good; but I will not believe that, and expect to see you in the full tide of perennial youth, making me feel for an hour a little less old. You have probably meetings with Lady Gregory and the Abbey Theatre Company in New York. Yesterday a young Mr Boyd was here who has been firing letters off in the Irish *Times* against the present management; and he met here, I believe for the first time, Lennox Robinson, who had been his antagonist—instead of war the gladiators met most amicably—and went away together. Now that I am old, I am acquiring more young friends than I did when I looked up to and loved such seniors as Dr Ingram and R. P. Graves, whose memories live with me still. One of my late acquisitions is a girl who teaches in a Catholic Convent in England, and who has so innocent, though unwise, a devotion to the old Professor, that I am willing to think it is not quite foolish. And another is a young Carmelite, who, after having taken solemn vows, and donned clerical dress, and acquired the title of "Rev.," found he had not true vocation; and by the grace of Rome has been permitted to appear in a secular hat and coat, and turn to a secular profession. I did not pilot him through the difficult rapids, but I think he felt he had a friend who entered into his anxieties; and now he seems to have got into smooth water and remains a devout Catholic.

Last Sunday, one of my visitors held forth on Christianity as a religion of sorrow, and all its art the product of the paganism in it. I mentioned, from a somewhat detached point of view, that it was a religion of joy—but since then I have read an article in the *British Review* on W. B. Yeats' "Fairies," in which the writer admiringly mentions that W. B. Y.'s God is joy, and that W. B. Y. is a Pagan.

The Fairies, who sided neither with God nor Satan, are without souls and signify the passion of and for Joy in the Universe. The writer is a great admirer of the Poet. I, on the contrary, think that Paganism had become a very melancholy thing in its period of stoicism, and that the spring of joy—both terrestrial and other—lay deep in the catacombs, and afterwards blossomed (but I am mixing metaphors) in the face of St Francis. But I mention this only as an ascertainable historical fact, not as a dogmatic truth.

I didn't know what nonsense I was going to spin when I took up my fountain pen, and I have spun enough. But my letter has the merit of being legible. So indeed have your letters. All the strokes and loops in what you scribble are present in idea. It was only in our dear Craig's epistles that they never existed—and yet I was a successful Craigian graphologist. His letters greatly educated me in conjectural readings. Points of light suggested themselves at wide intervals, and I had only to supply enough of learning and of love to attain the true text.—Ever affectionately yours,

E. DOWDEN.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR, DUBLIN
Jan. 27th, 1913

MY DEAR LIZZIE,—I am glad to hear that an account of your 1637 Prayer-Book leaves is likely to appear (though I am sure you could have done it admirably yourself).

Thanks for the catalogue leaf. A 4th folio of Shakespeare was sold in Dublin last week for £39, 18s. I didn't enter the field, not having £39, 18s. to spare, and having a 4th folio wanting the preliminary matter and two plays, which is good enough for the likes of me.

If you happen at any time to see a catalogue with anything cheap and tempting, I couldn't resist the pleasure of seeing

it, but as a fact, I feel guilty if a succession of catalogues come, and I make no purchase. At my age, I ought to be selling my worldly goods, not buying. Yet on Saturday, I bought in a little hole on the Dublin Quays, the following—

(1) "The Double Falshood"—a play Theobald published, believing it was by Shakespeare, 1728.

(2) "La Libreria del Doni," an early bibliography of Italian books—Venice 1580.

(3) "Quadrins historiques de la Bible"—a volume of beautiful little Bible-pictures ascribed to "le petit Bernard," Lyons, 1558.

(4) "Poètes les plus distingués de l'Allemagne," Zurich, 1789, by Mr Pfennenguer, Peintre—portraits of Goethe, Lessing, and a dozen more—a book I had never heard of, and (5) a reprint of Naunton's "Fragmenta Regalia," 1824, of which I have the first edition. Portraits of Elizabethans —Sidney, and others—in this.

Let us, you and I, next summer forsake our families and tour together in search of the ash-buckets of the United Kingdom. Next year we will extend our tour to the Continent. I will examine the books and leave the book covers to you, which is generous. You will find new founts of type of Caxton, and I may discover the first Quarto of "Hamlet" bound up with Bills of Mortality of the year of the London plague. . . .

Lastly, I send congratulations on your getting possession of J. Edinburgen. of 1636. Love from everyone to everyone, and not least from E. D.

ROCKDALE, RATHGAR, DUBLIN
March 2nd, 1913

MY DEAR LIZZIE,—Many thanks for the catalogues. I have just sent an order for seven things, and told Mr Orr that

you had sent the catalogues. I am sure the book I most hunger for will be "away." It is Coleridge's, "The Friend," in the original numbers, which must be very rare in that condition.

I am glad to know about the Elizabethan plays, though I am not now working in that direction. S—— has often written to me, and forgives me for believing in the drunken Stratford clown, and I forgive him for his Baconian heresy, because he was one of the happiest caricaturists of Gladstone in the early days of Home Rule.

We all keep well, and for the last few weeks most nights have brought me very fair sleep. My term's lectures are more than half over. Possibly we may take a little Easter holiday somewhere, but Aunt Bessie will not come with me if I go grubbing in ash-buckets, so I shall—if we go—be obliged to look at hawthorns and primroses, or waves. . . .

—Love to all from E. D. D. and E. D.

NOTES ON LETTERS

WORDSWORTH'S "STANZAS WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S 'CASTLE OF INDOLENCE'"

PAGE 180. The suggestion that William Calvert was "the noticeable man with large grey eyes" was withdrawn by Dowden in 1892 in his note on the poem (Poetical Works of Wordsworth, Vol. I. page 383): "Wordsworth describes his own character in the first four stanzas, and describes Coleridge's countenance and character in the last four." Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, Sunday, 9th May 1802, runs: "After tea he wrote two stanzas in the manner of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'"; and on Tuesday 11th May: "William finished the stanzas about C. and himself." [From the context no one but Coleridge can be meant by C.].

PAGE 185. "The Tail Kenn is a beautiful incredible fairy-king of a saint." *Talcend* lit. "adze-head," a nickname of St Patrick; referring to the strange tonsure of the ancient Irish monks.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

LIMITS of space forbid here detailed biographical chronology. Perhaps, for guidance of readers, it may be well to indicate slightly the course of Edward Dowden's life.

His birth was in Cork, May 3rd 1843. His childhood under the eye of grave, noble, God-fearing parents, Spartan in their stern strict simplicity of life: munificent both in charities and in the education of their children.

Edward, the youngest, being delicate, was much under his mother's care. Three years his senior was John, the only living brother, whose life-long relation with Edward has its record in letters here published. There were two sisters: Margaret, six years older than Edward, and Anna, the eldest of the family.

He was educated at home mostly by private tutors—a good deal by himself in the long hours in which he browsed to his heart's content amongst the books in the "Old Cork Library." The slender, shy, dark-haired lad was a notable figure remembered there. When aged 16 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and obtained the highest distinctions in mental and moral science—a list of honours quite unprecedented.

His marriage with Mary Clerke, October 23rd 1866, had as its sequel long years of home happiness.

At the beginning of 1867 he was appointed Professor of English Literature and Oratory in the University of Dublin: a post held by him during the rest of his life.

His friendship with E. D. West which began in 1867 was unbroken in its inner continuity, though not without *apparen* vicissitudes.

Four children were born, of whom two daughters and a sor survive. Busy years, uneventful outwardly, followed in suc cession—much prose-writing, lectures, articles in magazines books. Verse had flowed, in swift spontaneous welling, through 1872 and 1873—at rarer intervals afterwards.

Friendships with men, old and young, were a good gain. Some of these are seen in these letters. Amongst names that

do not appear here is Walt Whitman's—his friend—though they never met in the flesh.

Occasionally came brief excursions of travel abroad or in the British Isles: and occasionally in the midst of toiling days of work, a holiday in the fields or at the sea would break the monotony. Much of his work brought with it its own strenuous interest.

Unsought came many honours, collegiate and public, and E. Dowden, though always unassuming, grew to be regarded as leader and "Chairman" in all affairs in which he took part. In political activities he filled an important place both as leader, and as humble steady worker.

And so the long years went on—until on October 21st 1892, the happiness of his home was broken by the death of a beloved wife and mother. His sorrow, bravely borne, was deep, but he never let it hinder his fulfilment of all duty in work.

In September 1895 with reverent conservation of the past, Edward Dowden and his old friend E. D. West, entered into an engagement of marriage, and joined their lives in December 12th of that year, after which they were never a day apart until April 3rd 1913.

In those seventeen years and a half, E. D. had comparative ease from writing for bread-winning, but his literary activity was vigorous, and many books were produced.

Holidays were taken in each summer for two months in Cornwall, Wales, Western Ireland, or elsewhere; and at many an Easter-tide, a fortnight or so in the country gave him what his soul delighted in—the vision of the Spring; the bluebells, the wild cherry-blossoms, the gold of the early gorse, at Glengariff, or in Co. Wicklow.

In some of those years the fountain of his verse came welling up afresh. Hence the sequence of one hundred and one Lyrics called "A Woman's Reliquary," and some other poems.

Twice with E. D. D. he crossed the Atlantic to and fro. In 1896 in response to an invitation to the Princeton University Sesqui-centenary to give six lectures and receive honorary degree—(an addition to his many others). Amongst other friends then made at Princeton, New Jersey, was Professor Woodrow Wilson, now President of U.S.A.

In 1911 as a health restorative in insomnia, a sea trip was taken to Quebec, from which some benefit resulted temporarily.

Insomnia during three years continued obstinately recurring, again and again, causing much distress.

The last year of E. Dowden's life had the great gain of a remarkable revival of health and spirits. From midsummer 1912 sleep returned and he became once more "*livsglad.*" And that restoration remained up to the end.

As final token of the renewed gladness in life I may cite here the first verse of an unfinished little poem, written a few days before April 3rd, after seeing daffodils—an acre or so—in blossom in the grass.

> "I have seen God's light and beauty—a new birth
> Of wonder, that my soul and senses fills;
> Nor scaled the Heavens; but trod enraptured Earth,
> And revelled with the reeling daffodils."

A second verse was begun—and partly indicated in a line or two—Let no one seek to finish it.

This Index has been compiled by Mr J. D. M'Quisten of the National Library of Ireland.

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